13 March 1982 US $1.95 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 62c NZ 70c Den Kr 10.75 Fr NF 6.80 Ger Dm 4.50 Malaysia $2.25 Spn 175pts IR 45p (inc. VAT)

NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

The world's most jaundiced pop paper

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HAIRCUT 100

The Mellow Yellow Boys

by Paul Morley

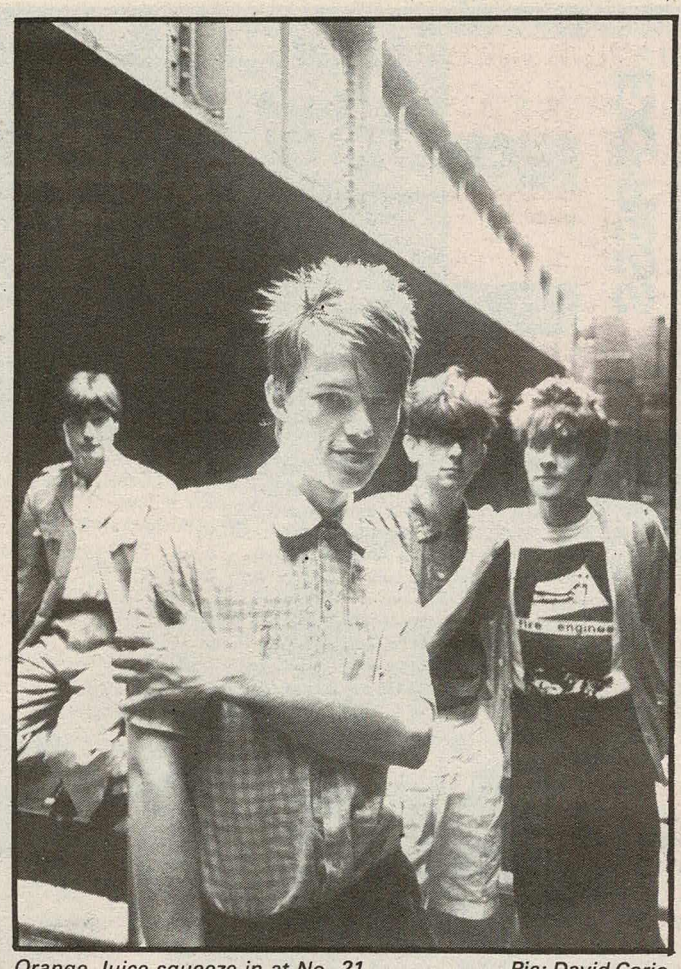
GIL SCOTT-HERON
PHILIP K. DICK TRIBUTE
BOOMTOWN RATS
WIN A JUBILEE VIDEO
ALAN VEGA
NEW TOWN NEUROSES
MONSOON

RUDI · GRAHAM PARKER · FUN BOY THREE
MAD MAX 2 · BIRTHDAY PARTY · THE FALL

The clean cut image of Haircut 100. Photo: Anton Corbijn.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT**	**Tight Fit (Jive)**	5	1
2	7	MICKEY	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	3	2
3	3	LOVE PLUS ONE	Haircut 100 (Arista)	7	3
4	4	CENTREFOLD	J. Geils Band (EMI)	4	4
5	5	T'AINT WHAT YOU DO (IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)	Fun Boy 3 with Bananarama (Chrysalis)	4	5
6	1	TOWN CALLED MALICE	Jam (Polydor)	5	1
7	8	SEE YOU	Depeche Mode (Mute)	4	7
8	12	DEUTSCHER GIRLS	The Original Adam & The Ants (EG)	2	8
9	6	SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	5	4
10	16	CARDIAC ARREST	Madness (Stiff)	4	10
11	18	CLASSIC	Adrian Gurvitz (RAK)	2	11
12	17	RUN TO THE HILLS	Iron Maiden (EMI)	3	12
13	19	GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY	Bow Wow Wow (RA)	3	13
14	25	POISON ARROW	ABC (Neutron)	4	14
15	10	I CAN'T GO FOR THAT	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	6	10
16	14	STARS ON STEVIE	Starsound (CBS)	2	14
17	11	MAID OF ORLEANS	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	8	4
18	9	GOLDEN BROWN	Stranglers (Liberty)	8	2
19	23	SOME GUYS HAVE ALL THE LUCK	Robert Palmer (Island)	2	19
20	(—)	SEVEN TEARS	Goombay Dance Band (Epic)	1	20
21	20	NEVER GIVE UP ON A GOOD THING	George Benson (Warner Bros)	7	15
22	(—)	MUSIC FOR CHAMELEONS	Gary Numan (Beggars Banquet)	1	22
23	(—)	JUST AN ILLUSION	Imagination (R&B)	1	23
24	(—)	QUIEREME MUCHO (YOURS)	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	1	24
25	(—)	BAAL'S HYMN	David Bowie (RCA)	1	25
26	15	ARTHUR'S THEME	Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)	8	4
27	(—)	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Jets (EMI)	1	27
28	21	SENSES WORKING OVERTIME	XTC (Virgin)	7	8
29	22	THEME FROM HILL STREET BLUES	Mike Post (Elektra)	3	22
30	26	HEAD OVER HEELS	Abba (Epic)	4	14



Orange Juice squeeze in at No.21 *Pic: David Corio*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	1	**LOVE SONGS**	**Barbra Streisand (CBS)**	8	1
2	4	DREAMING	Various (K-Tel)	3	2
3	18	PELICAN WEST	Haircut One Hundred (Arista)	2	3
4	(—)	ACTION TRAX	Various (K-Tel)	2	4
5	7	NON STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)	13	5
6	3	PEARLS	Elkie Brooks (A&M)	16	3
7	5	ARCHITECTURE AND MORALITY	Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)	17	2
8	10	ALL FOR A SONG	Barbara Dickson (Epic)	5	8
9	2	DARE	Human League (Virgin)	20	1
10	6	ENGLISH SETTLEMENT	XTC (Virgin)	4	6
11	8	PRIVATE EYES	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)	5	6
12	29	WORD OF MOUTH	Toni Basil (Radial Choice)	2	12
13	9	FRIENDS OF MR CAIRO	Jon & Vangelis (Polydor)	6	7
14	(—)	CHASE THE DRAGON	Magnum (Jet)	1	14
15	(—)	20 WITH A BULLET	Various (EMI)	1	15
16	12	DEADRINGER	Meatloaf (Epic)	17	1
17	16	MESOPOTAMIA	B52s (EMI)	2	16
18	11	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	19	9
19	20	LA FOLIE	Stranglers (Liberty)	7	10
20	24	FREEZE FRAME	J. Geils Band (EMI)	2	20
21	(—)	YOU CAN'T HIDE YOUR LOVE FOREVER	Orange Juice (Polydor)	1	21
22	13	THE MAN MACHINE	Kraftwerk (Capitol)	6	5
23	21	THE VISITORS	Abba (Epic)	12	1
24	19	FOUR	Foreigner (Atlantic)	11	6
25	(—)	SEE JUNGLE	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	1	25
26	(—)	WESTWORLD	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)	1	26
27	(—)	ANTHEM	Toyah (Safari)	19	1
28	25	GEORGE BENSON COLLECTION	George Benson (Warner Bros)	8	23
29	(—)	SPEAK AND SPELL	Depeche Mode (Mute)	2	29
30	15	PHYSICAL	Olivia Newton-John (EMI)	3	15

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**See You**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
2	(2)	**Getting Up**	Pigbag (Y)
3	(4)	**Never Surrender**	Blitz (No Future)
4	(3)	**Jet Boy Jet Girl (EP)**	Chron-Gen (Secret)
5	(5)	**I Won't Close My Eyes**	UB40 (Dep Int)
6	(7)	**Object, Refuse, Reject, Abuse**	Dirt (Crass)
7	(8)	**Love Song**	Damned (Big Beat)
8	(6)	**Street Of London**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)
9	(25)	**Chaos UK**	Chaos (Riot City)
10	(16)	**Do You Believe In The Westworld**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
11	(9)	**No Survivors**	GBH (Clay)
12	(22)	**Revolutionary Spirit**	Wild Swans (Zoo)
13	(13)	**Party Fears Two**	Associates (Situation 2)
14	(12)	**In Britain**	Red Alert (No Future)
15	(—)	**Dancing**	Zounds (Rough Trade)
16	(21)	**Mello Love**	Marc Bolan (Marc On Wax)
17	(20)	**Banned From The Pubs**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (No Future)
18	(—)	**Riot Squad**	Transistors (Open Circuit)
19	(19)	**A Bunch Of Thyme**	Foster & Allen (Ritz)
20	(—)	**Megga City/Work**	Spizz Energi 2 (Rough Trade)
21	(—)	**White And Green Place**	Maximum Joy (Y)
22	(10)	**Everything's Gone Green/Mesh/Cries And Whispers**	New Order (Factory/Belelux Import)
23	(18)	**Atmosphere**	Joy Division (Factory)
24	(26)	**Beat The Beat**	Mari Wilson (Compact)
25	(—)	**Destroy The Youth**	Charge (Kamera)
26	(17)	**Saturday Night Special**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
27	(28)	**Got To Get Out (EP)**	Court Martial (Riot City)
28	(—)	**Kick In The Eye (EP)**	Bauhaus (4AD)
29	(11)	**Drowning In Berlin**	Mobiles (Rialto)
30	(30)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead 12"**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(16)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(14)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
3	(1)	**Sextet**	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
4	(4)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
5	(7)	**Fourth Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
6	(3)	**Contradictions**	Thomas Leer (Cherry Red)
7	(6)	**Not To**	Colin Newman (4AD)
8	(9)	**Machine Gun Etiquette**	Damned (Big Beat)
9	(29)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party Lydia Lunch (4AD)
10	(2)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
11	(5)	**Too Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
12	(13)	**Incontinent**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
13	(21)	**Crumbling The Antiseptic Beauty**	Felt (Cherry Red)
14	(12)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(8)	**Still**	Joy Division (4AD)
16	(10)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Ace)
17	(24)	**Live In London — Tape**	Fall (Chaos)
18	(11)	**Wa Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
19	(—)	**True Democracy**	Steel Pulse (Wiseman Doctrine)
20	(15)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
21	(—)	**Live In Sheffield**	Pressure Company (Paradox)
22	(22)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)
23	(19)	**On Stage**	Exploited (Superville)
24	(18)	**Anthem**	Toyah (Safari)
25	(23)	**LC**	Durutti Column (Factory)
26	(—)	**Fire Of Love**	Gun Club (New Rose)
27	(27)	**Unknown Pleasures**	Joy Division (Factory)
28	(—)	**DJ Clash**	Nicodemus/Toyan (Greensleeves)
29	(17)	**Signing Off**	UB40 (Graduate)
30	(—)	**Pedigree Charm**	Lora Logic (Rough Trade)

Compiled by NME from a nationwide survey of independent record shops

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Rubadub Partner**	Jimmy Cliff (Oneness)
2	**Tribute To A King**	Tradition (Solid Groove)
3	**Jehovah**	Matie 16 (Music Hive)
4	**Buck Up**	Malcolm Campbell (Solid Groove)
5	**Ain't Got No Love**	Tyrone (Solid Groove)
6	**Baby Love**	Tamlins (Reggae)
7	**Stormy Nights**	Rolands (Plantation)
8	**Turn Your Love Around**	Raymond Simpson (JB)
9	**Shut Me Mouth**	Ranking Dread (Greensleeves)
10	**Open Up The Door**	Charisma (K & City)
11	**Simple As That**	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
12	**Warrior**	Junior Brown (Shaka)
13	**Let Go This One / One Spliff A Day**	Antony Johnson & Billy Boyo (Greensleeves)
14	**I'm Falling In Love**	Donna Roden (Ital)
15	**Tomorrow Is Another Day**	Barrington Levy (Greensleeves)

REGGAE LPs

1	**Wise & Foolish**	Misty (People Unite)
2	**New Chapter**	Aswad (CBS)
3	**Look How Me Sexy**	Linval Thompson (Greensleeves)
4	**Wah Do Dem**	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)
5	**Two Bad DJ**	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)

Bonaparte Records, 284 Pentonville Road, London W.1.

US SINGLES

1	**Centrefold**	J. Geils Band (EMI America)
2	**Open Arms**	Journey (Columbia)
3	**I Love Rock'n'Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4	**Shake It Up**	The Cars (Elektra)
5	**That Girl**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
6	**Sweet Dreams**	Air Supply (Arista)
7	**I Can't Go For That**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
8	**Mirror Mirror**	Diana Ross (RCA)
9	**Leader Of The Band**	Dan Fogelberg (Epic)
10	**Take It Easy On Me**	Little River Band (Capitol)

US LPs

1	**Beauty And The Beat**	The Go Go's (IRS)
2	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
3	**Freeze-Frame**	J. Geils Band (EMI America)
4	**Four**	Foreigner (Atlantic)
5	**I Love Rock'n'Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
6	**Ghost In The Machine**	Police (A&M)
7	**Hooked On Classics**	The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (RCA)
8	**Quarterflash**	Quarterflash (Warner Bros)
9	**Private Eyes**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
10	**Physical**	Olivia Newton-John (MCA)

(Courtesy Billboard)

CANADA

1	**Tainted Love**	Soft Cell (PolyGram)
2	**Centrefold**	J. Geils Band (EMI America)
3	**I Can't Go For That**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
4	**Our Lips Are Sealed**	Go-Go's (IRS)
5	**Letting Go**	Straight Lines (CBS)
6	**Open Arms**	Journey (CBS)
7	**I Believe**	Chilliwack (A&M)
8	**Tonight I'm Yours**	Rod Stewart (WEA)
9	**Shake It Up**	Cars (Elektra)
10	**Cool Night**	Paul Davis (Arista)

(Courtesy Canadian Broadcasting Corp./Billboard)

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Chanson D'Amour**	Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
2	**Boogie Nights**	Heatwave (GTO)
3	Knowing Me Knowing You	Abba (Epic)
4	**Torn Between Two Lovers**	Mary MacGregor (Ariola)
5	**When I Need You**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
6	**Sound And Vision**	David Bowie (RCA)
7	**Romeo**	Mr Big (EMI)
8	**When**	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
9	**This Is Tomorrow**	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)
10	**Baby I Know**	Rubettes (State)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Without You**	Nilsson (Decca)
2	**American Pie**	Don McLean (United Artists)
3	**Beg Steal Or Borrow**	New Seekers (Polydor)
4	**Got To Be There**	Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
5	**Son Of My Father**	Chicory Tip (CBS)
6	**Alone Again Naturally**	Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
7	**Mother And Child Reunion**	Paul Simon (CBS)
8	**Meet Me On The Corner**	Lindisfarne (Charisma)
9	**Blue Is The Colour**	Chelsea F.C. (Penny Farthing)
10	**Look Wot You Dun**	Slade (Polydor)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Release Me**	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
2	**Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields**	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	**This Is My Song**	Petula Clark (Pye)
4	**Edelweiss**	Vince Hill (Columbia)
5	**On A Carousel**	Hollies (Parlophone)
6	**There's A Kind Of Hush**	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
7	**Here Comes My Baby**	Tremeloes (CBS)
8	**Georgie Girl**	Seekers (Columbia)
9	This Is My Song	Harry Secombe (Philips)
10	**Detroit City**	Tom Jones (Decca)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Wonderful Land**	Shadows (Columbia)
2	**March Of The Siamese Children**	Kenny Ball (Pye)
3	**Tell Me What He Said**	Helen Shapiro (Columbia)
4	**Let's Twist Again**	Chubby Checker (Columbia)
5	**Can't Help Falling In Love**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
6	**Wimoweh**	Karl Denver (Decca)
7	**The Young Ones**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	**Rock-A-Hula Baby**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
9	**A Hole In The Ground**	Bernard Cribbins (Parlophone)
10	**Twistin' The Night Away**	Sam Cooke (RCA)

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Clare & Co set off with Subway Sect

IMAGE IN NATION

ALTERED IMAGES have been lined up for a major UK tour climaxing in two prestige London shows. As a prelude to their outing, a new Epic single 'See Those Eyes' is released on March 19, followed next month by their album 'Pinky Blue'.

Tour dates are Newcastle Mayfair (May 6), Bridlington Spa Pavilion (7), Leeds Tiffany's (9), Lancaster University (11), Liverpool University (12), Manchester Apollo (13), Hanley Victoria Hall (14), Bristol Locarno (16), Exeter University (17), Cardiff Top Rank (18), Birmingham Odeon (20), Norwich East Anglia University (21), Aylesbury Friars (22), Brighton Top Rank (24), Poole Arts Centre (25), Derby Assembly Rooms (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), London Hammersmith Odeon (30) and London Hammersmith Palais (June 1).

Support act on all dates — except Aylesbury and the two London shows, for which special guests will be announced later — are Vic Godard & Subway Sect.

Ticket prices are £3.50 and £3 (Hammersmith Odeon, Birmingham and Manchester); £3.25 only (Hammersmith Palais); £2.50 only (Exeter); and £3 only (all other venues). They are on sale at box-offices and usual agents — and additional outlets are HMV, Virgin and Volume Records of Newcastle and Spinning Disc of Sunderland (for Newcastle Mayfair); Virgin, Rival and Revolver of Bristol (for Bristol Locarno); and Select-a-Disc of Nottingham (for Derby Assembly Rooms).

Clare pic: Francesco Mellina

Ballet boys spend Easter hols on South Coast

SEASIDE SPANDAU!

SPANDAU BALLET climax a short set of live dates in England and Scotland with two seaside specials in Brighton and Bournemouth over the Easter bank holiday weekend.

The group play at the Conference Centre in Brighton on Good Friday (April 9) and at the Winter Gardens in Bournemouth on Easter Saturday (April 10).

The Bournemouth show is one of a series of club-orientated events in the town at Easter, staggered over the whole weekend so that fans have a chance to attend all the shows: Blue Rondo A La Turk are set to appear there on Easter Sunday with Animal Nightlife playing on Good Friday, although venues for the two shows are still being finalised. There is also a possibility of Spandau adding a second Bournemouth show on Easter Monday.

The Spandau dates are the culmination of an eight-stage mini-tour the band are undertaking in late March and early April, following the release this week of their second album 'Diamond'. They are also playing Glasgow, Edinburgh and Irvine in Scotland and Scarborough, Manchester and Liverpool in England, although these six dates are being advertised locally only.

Said manager Steve Dagger on Monday, "We want to try and do something a bit different, so the group will be playing unusual venues and doing something a bit special. The ticket for the Edinburgh show, for example, includes admission to a party in a different club afterwards."

Blue Rondo are also going 'on the road' this month, as we reported last week, and have now confirmed several dates: they play Leicester Arena (13 March), Manchester Heroes (17, provisional), Norwich Pennies (18), London Southgate Royalty (20), Derby Blue Note (25), Canvey Island Goldmine (26) and Windsor Safari Park (27) before joining Spandau in Bournemouth.

Spands pic: Virgina Turbett

Rats V Deep in concerts

THE BOOMTOWN RATS return from a month-long jaunt around Europe, starting this weekend, to play their biggest-ever UK tour — opening in mid-April and taking in 26 major concerts. It ties in with the March 19 release by Phonogram of their new album 'V Deep', produced by the band and Tony Visconti, and recorded in Ibiza.

Their schedule is Derby Assembly Rooms (April 16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Glasgow Apollo (18), Aberdeen Capitol (19), Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Liverpool Empire (22), Lancaster University (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25), Norwich East Anglia University (26), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Manchester Apollo (29), Leeds University (30), Birmingham Odeon (May 1), Bradford St George's Hall (2), Sheffield City Hall (4), Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Oxford Apollo (6), Brighton Top Rank (7), Southampton Gaumont (8), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Cardiff Top Rank (12), Stoke Kings Hall (13), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (15), Guildford Civic Hall (16), Portsmouth Guildhall (17) and St Austell Cornwall Coliseum (19).

Ticket prices are £4.50, £4 and £3.50 (Hammersmith); £4 only (Guildford and Hemel Hempstead); £3.50 only (Brighton, Cardiff, Lancaster and Stoke); and £4 and £3.50 (all other venues). They are on sale now, except at Bristol.

Solidarity gig blown

THE FIRST of the two Solidarity benefit concerts, planned for London's new Fair Deal venue in Brixton this weekend, has been called off. Scheduled for Saturday night (13), it was scrapped by the organisers last Friday, because they were unable to find a suitable big-name act willing or available to headline at short notice.

The predicament was caused by the withdrawal a few days earlier, of the band who had been confidently expected to top the bill — The Boomtown Rats. Before leaving on their Far East tour, they indicated that they wanted to play — but on

■ *Continues over*

Bow Wows wild in UK

BOW WOW WOW, conscious of their current chart success with 'Go Wild In The Country', have interrupted their lengthy U.S. commitments in order to return home for a two-week visit — and they're playing a couple of shows this weekend at Cambridge Corn Exchange (tomorrow, Friday) and Aylesbury Friars (Saturday).

They spend next week recording tracks for their album, scheduled for release later in the year, and complete their stay by headlining a London date at the Empire Ballroom in Leicester Square on Monday, March 22. They then return to the States, where they'll be on the road as support to The Police.

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Pirate stations form alliance
Bruce not to retire sensation..... p.8
Hugh Cornwell's acting debut..... p.5
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Break the sound barrier.

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NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1 England. Annual subscription $97.00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing; U.S.A. Postmaster: send address changes to NME, Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, N.Y. 11003, USA.

CHRIS BOHN gets caught in the Monsoon and takes shelter with Indian singer Sheila Chandra. Portrait: Anton Corbijn

I HEAR a sweet, naive voice of reason and it flows from the lips of a 16-year-old Asian girl.

Don't worry, this isn't an introduction to the latest in a long line of child gurus, leading the way to Nirvana from the back of an armoured limousine. This voice more modestly belongs to Sheila Chandra, ex-pupil of *Grange Hill* and presently singer with Monsoon.

Monsoon are an Anglo-Indian fusion led by one-time Status Quo arranger Steve Coe and their first major single — 'Ever So Lonely'/'Sunset Over The Ganges' — looks set to chart, if sales eventually match its current airplay. An exotic blend of the oriental — sitar and tablas — and the occidental — guitar and keyboards — it is immediately appealing, persistent without being too pushy.

It's a long way from the corny cultural crossovers like those well-meant George Harrison instigations of a decade ago, which inevitably only reached Western ears. The more obvious participation of Indians makes 'Ever So Lonely' the most positive Anglo/Indian pop form yet and one that might this time be listened to by both English and Asian communities.

Steps have been taken to bridge the wide cultural gap before, by the provocative Alien Kulture and the muddy gloom-mongers Safe House, but Monsoon's is the first to slip straight into the mainstream — well, since the insipid Biddu.

However, Sheila is sussed enough to know the record's most immediate attraction is its novelty value.

"People are bound to take it first of all as a novelty," she asserts, "something different, that they haven't heard before, and they'll compare it to something they know, like George Harrison. But I hope they'll go further than the comparison and realise there's something more to be explored in Indian culture than George Harrison."

Getting through to the Indian community might have proved more problematic, if Sheila wasn't Indian herself. Born of an Indian father and half English/half Indian mother, she's grown up with the two cultures and has a pretty good grasp of the difficulties Indian kids have relating to both. She has had the advantage of a mother who encouraged her to attend stage school, which led to her winning a part in *Grange Hill's* second series and her eventual meeting with Coe.

"Steve had a lot of Indian friends, which obviously had an influence on his writing, and he wanted an Asian singer," says Sheila. "He heard some demos I made for Hansa Records (which came to nothing) and arranged a meeting."

The closeness of the Indian community has always mitigated against a cross-fertilisation of ideas, especially in pop and rock. Pop music as it is often represented is quite often alien to Asian ideals of familial loyalty and stricter morality. Sheila herself has suffered slightly because of different standards.

"There was once a mention in *Jaws* in *Sounds* with all these puns about saris and that's fine," she recalls. "They mentioned Tandoori and after that they needed a word starting with 'T' to continue,the alliteration that meant pretty girl. It read Tandoori temptress, though temptress wasn't perhaps the best word to use.

"I realise it wasn't meant literally," she laughs, "but obviously you have to be a bit careful because an Asian might take it the wrong way. I was a bit taken aback when I saw it. What people have to realise is that with this type of (mixed) music they'll need a whole new attitude to deal with it."

Hers was only a slight case of misunderstanding, other Indian kids' embracing of Western culture could lead to greater, more disruptive tensions. 'Ever So Lonely', hopes Sheila, might have some soothing effect. "Young Asians have always said that it would be easier for their parents to accept pop if there were an Indian singer."

Conscious of her role as community representative, she thinks her presence might counter the media myth of dissolution, thus facilitating easier communication.

"If this record is successful it could add another more moderating influence," she conjectures. "It could become a talking point in the Indian community. Before, Indians often got their music from Indian language film soundtracks, so they would always have different topics of conversation from English youth. This record might provide a common denominator."

Or it might turn out to be just another novelty hit. Time will tell if 'Ever So Lonely' has a more lasting impact. Wait and see.

Solidarity blow

■ *From previous page*

returning home, they found that their TV and European commitments this weekend prevented them from doing so. And with virtually no time to make alternative arrangements, the promoters had little option other than to scrap the show — even though the supporting line-up was already booked.

The Rats' manager told *NME*: "We didn't want to let anyone down, but we felt that we would by doing a rushed show, so depriving the audience of the standard they expect from us. We are still strong supporters of Solidarity, and we'd like to arrange a charity at the Fair Deal as soon as we can."

Meanwhile, Sunday night's R&B concert for Solidarity goes ahead as planned at the venue — with **The Blues Band, Jools Holland & His Millionaires, Alexis Korner, The Cheaters** and **Pinski Zoo**.

● Latest booking at the Fair Deal is a special reggae bill next Tuesday (16) with **Junior Delgado, Black Slate** and **One Blood.**

ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

Quite right! Part Three of this NMExclusive competition is nowhere to be found in this week's issue. Would you believe Eastman Kodak are suing us for that duff review of Heaven's Gate last year? Of course you wouuldn't, and even if it was true what kind of cockamamie excuse is that? But sincerely, photo fans, all you aspirant Antons can bet your Fujirama tripods that Part 3 of the Rock Photography Competition will appear in next week's *NME*.

TED POWER'S HISTORY OF ROCK

Hey — 3 must be our unlucky number! Dr Power regrets that due to his rigorous research work into this week's subject of "DRUGS" he is, uh, like, y'know man (inane giggle), kind of unable to, uh, deliver his copy on, like, time. But hey, everything's still cool, isn't it? Probably not, but Part 3 will be hot next week, honest.

YE OLDE NMEX-PRESSWORD

Normal service will be resumed as soon as we've worked out 17 across. Don't miss it in next week's fabulous absence-packed *NME*!

Found dead in Hollywood hotel

Belushi mystery

COMEDY ACTOR John Belushi, known in Europe primarily for his roles in *Animal House* and *The Blues Brothers*, was found dead last Friday, March 5, in an hotel on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard. He was 33.

The cause of death was unknown. Widespread initial reports spoke of a heart attack, while a security guard at the hotel stated that "it looked like he choked on his tongue", but after an autopsy the next day the LA coroner refused to make any comment to the media, and his findings are not expected to be made public for some time.

Belushi was a celebrated comic talent in the US, where his live appearances on the *Saturday Night Live* TV show — notably as a crazed Samurai warrior — won him a huge following in the mid and late '70s.

The son of an Albanian emigre, he had started his career as part of *National Lampoon* magazine's stage revue, and his over-the-top role as the bovine Bluto in *Lampoon*'s hugely successful *Animal House* in 1978 made him an international star.

Subsequently he became, with *SNL*'s Dan Ackroyd, one half of The Blues Brothers — a celebrated parody of the J. Geils school of white rhythm'n'blues, although neither the movie nor the LP matched *Animal House*'s success.

He also appears in *Going South* with Jack Nicholson, *Old Boyfriends*, Steven Spielberg's 0248much-trumpeted hugely expensive box office fiasco *1941*, *Continental Divide*, and *Neighbours*, his last film.

Most of the characters played by Belushi were slobbish. "Most movies today make people feel inadequate," he said. "I don't do that."

Belushi worked and played hard and his well-known love of all-night partying fuelled rumours about the circumstances of his death. He was in Hollywood to work on *Noble Rot*, a comedy about wine-making, and was hanging out with Robert De Niro who was in the same hotel at the time of his death. A bizarre TV news sequence showed a newscaster talking to De Niro through a locked door. "Are you talking to me?" said De Niro. "Go away, I'm not saying anything."

Belushi leaves a wife, Judy. They had no children.

— CAPTAIN NEMO

Jake and Elwood — the Blues Brothers: Dan Akroyd (left) and John Belushi

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

THE MACPHERSONS

MADNESS TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

Big Brothers are watching you. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

SUGGSY

FILMS
Performance (1970)
Raging Bull (1980)
Take It Or Leave It (1981)
Being There (1979)
Casablanca (1942)
Fingers (1978)
Prisoner Of Second Avenue (1975)

BOOKS
The Chronicles of 'Judge Dread'
All of Roald Dahl's
The Guinness Book of British Hit Singles
Brighton Rock ..... Graham Greene
Sherlock Holmes ..... Arthur Conan Doyle
Shogun ..... James Clavel
The Gentle Eye ..... Jane Brown

TELEVISION
Documentaries
Films
Music
Pro-celebrity golf
Football

PEOPLE
Basil Rathbone
James Fox
Lee Perry

LPs
Handsome ..... The Kilburns
Talk Talk Talk ..... Psychedelic Furs
Rhythm Breaks The Ice ..... Bette Bright
In Dub UB40
Forces Of Victory ..... LKJ
Motown Chartbusters Vol 3
Four Top On Top
Christmas LP ..... Phil Spector
Revolver ..... The Beatles
Six Dynamic Hits ..... Various Reggae Artists
The Best Of Otis Redding
The Best Of The Upsetters

SINGLES
Huffety Puff ..... The Kilburns
Bernadette ..... The Four Tops
The Sweetest Girl ..... Scritti Politti
Wet Dream ..... Max Romeo
Vietnam ..... Jimmy Cliff
The Lunatics Have Taken Over The Asylum ... The Fun Boy Three
Hello Hello I'm Back Again ..... Gary Glitter
Warrior Charge ..... Aswad

BETTE BRIGHT

FILMS
In Cold Blood (1967)
The Night Of The Hunter (1955)
To Kill A Mockingbird (1962)
The Seven Year Itch (1955)
The Last Picture Show (1971)
The Thin Man series (1934-47)
Topper (1937)
Raiders Of The Lost Ark (1981)
Suddenly Last Summer (1959)
The Apartment (1960)

BOOKS
Titus Groan ..... Mervyn Peake
Gormenghast ..... Mervyn Peake
Coffins ..... Truman Capote
The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B ..... J. P. Donleavy
Puckoon ..... Spike Milligan
Diary Of A Nobody ..... George and Weedon Grossmith

TELEVISION
Coronation Street
Minder
Jim'll Fix It
The Old Avengers

PEOPLE
Harvey Keitel
Jack Lemmon
David Bowie
Adam Faith
Barry Humphries

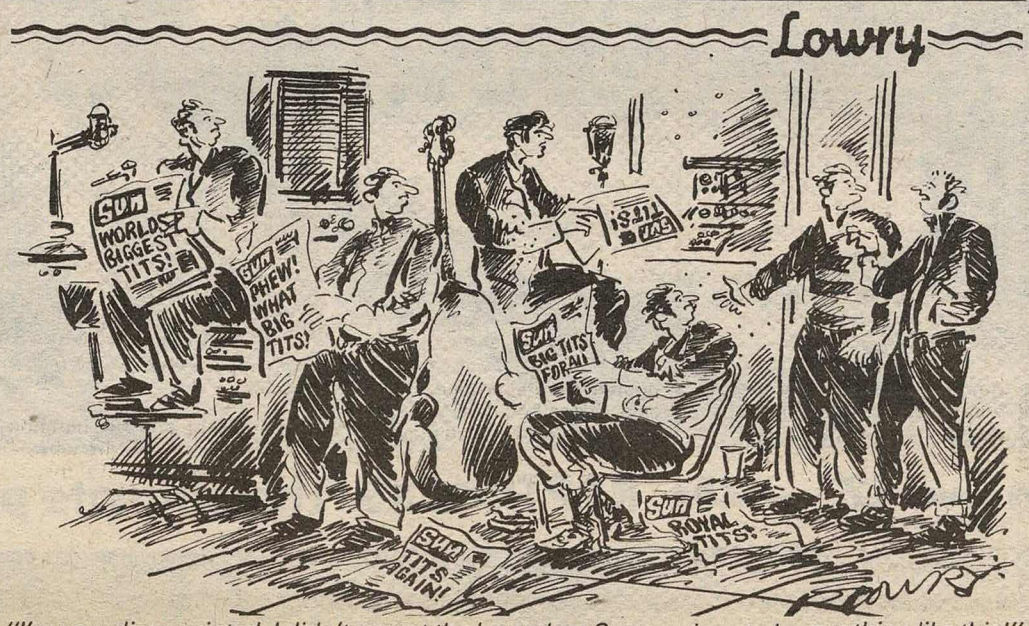
LPs
Marquee Moon ..... Television
Otis Blue ..... Otis Redding
A Girl Called Dusty ..... Dusty Springfield
Banana Blush ..... Sir John Betjeman
Everything ..... The Beatles

SINGLES
Rescue Me ..... Fontella Bass
Think ..... Aretha
Ashes To Ashes ..... David Bowie
Gotta See Jane ..... R. Dean Taylor
Tell Me It's Just A Rumour ..... The Isleys
Nine 'Till Five ..... Dolly Parton
I Want You To Be My Baby ..... Billie Davis
Typical Girls ..... The Slits
See Emily Play ..... Pink Floyd
Witchcraft ..... Frank Sinatra
Wordy Rappinghood ..... Tom Tom Club
It's My Life ..... The Animals

Cornwell joins Hoskins onstage

HUGH CORNWELL of The Stranglers makes his stage acting debut in a modest way, when he joins Bob Hoskins and Stephen Rea in a play called *Charlie's Last Stand* at London's Almeida Theatre in Islington. Written by Gown Granger, it's a short work lasting only 25 minutes, and it's being performed on Sunday, April 4. But as Cornwell says of his acting ambitions: "At least it's a start!"

WIN A JUBILEE VIDEO—PAGE 30



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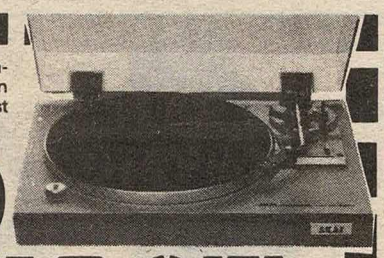

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ADRIAN MADDOX takes Rudi to the seaside for a ride on the swings and roundabouts of pop's fairground of fortune

(Blurb courtesy of Dr Adolphos Amadeus Anwar 'Ted' Power's 'Popular Music: A Guide To Good Journalism')

Rudi L-R: Brian, Paul, Graham, Ronny. Pic: Alastair Graham

HEY, MISTER! CAN YOU TELL US THE WAY TO THE BIG TIME?

ON A COLD Valentine's night, five young men are sitting in a grey car in the middle of a seaside car park. They are talking cheerily about pop music. Four of these people are Rudi. Outside this group it is very, very dark . . .

YOU MIGHT know Rudi through their incredibly weak performance on *Something Else*. It's not something they look back on now with much enthusiasm themselves. As ever with Rudi, the public eye focused on them at a particularly inopportune moment; this time their rhythm guitarist had left and they were thrashing about (in many senses) adjusting to the new format. But apart from these jinxed public appearances, Rudi's pedigree is impeccable.

They were the first independent band in Northern Ireland and they were the first to open up venues in Belfast, showing the way for the pearls and scum that followed. Yet they've still to hit the Big Time they ironically extolled so long ago.

They never seemed to get the breaks that the other wretched mumchancers had; why didn't their magic win through? Ronnie (bass) and Brian (guitar) explain the proverbial bottom line.

"We made stupid mistakes with gigs and records. 'Big Time' (the first single) was a fluke that turned out sounding not too bad . . . we knew nothing at all about studios. It's not so much bad breaks: I believe that, to an extent, you create your own luck and we didn't do that."

How had Good Vibrations helped, or otherwise affected them?

"It gave us exposure — from being a 'Belfast' band to being a band that had possibilities to do other things, like the Peel sessions. But Good Vibes made bands over here overestimate themselves, the usual music biz way — rush in, exploit what you can and forget it all in two weeks. For what we put in we got very little back."

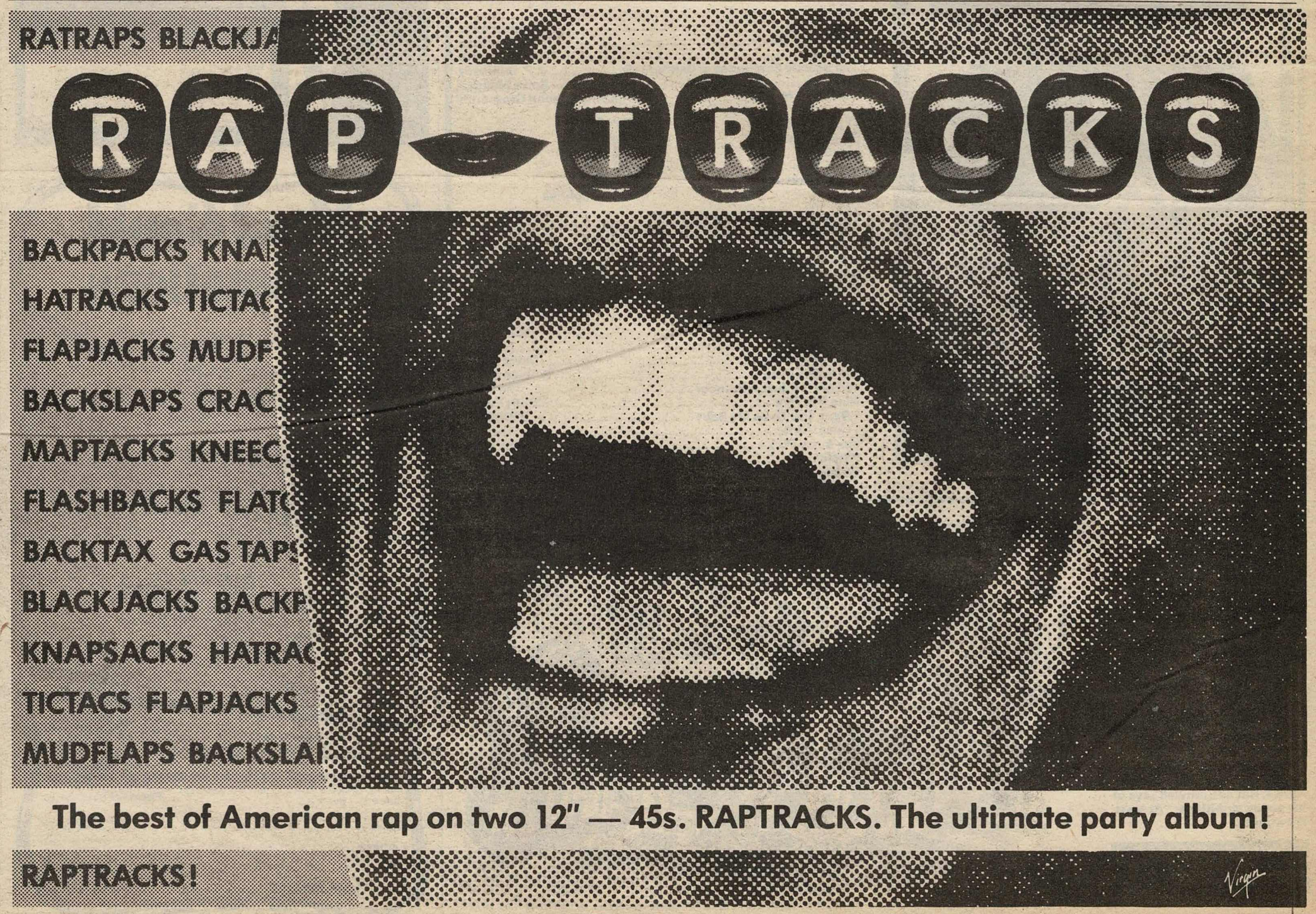
Well, are *you* going to last where other Good Vibes outfits vanished?

"I think we've already proved that. Our last single ('When I Was Dead') sold more than any other ones did. That's the facts, and that single got about two reviews, not one article, nothing hardly saying it was out, not one advert — and yet that single sold more than all the others put together."

Time to be proud indeed. The conversation turns to the new punk. Rudi can recognize its criteria, but emphasize their own methodology when confronting the 'system'. It was an approach adopted after initial forays into London during '78 and '79.

"It was a shambles. We believed we'd go over and get a major deal straight off. We didn't understand that you have to prove yourself before. You've got to be competent as musicians, competent as songwriters, which at the time we just weren't. We were only wee boys starting off in a band and possibly we were overexposed.

"If anything *had* happened to



us we couldn't have handled it anyway. We'd been brought up on what they'd all been saying for ages in the press . . . pick up a guitar and be famous sort of thing. In England people get a band together, get their image, get their manager, get their publicity, write a few songs to fit in and then churn the whole thing out playing a week of gigs: if it doesn't work then throw it out of the window and onto the next thing. Now I think that being able to play live is at least 50% of it all!"

I press them further on this pop puritanism, the rock work ethic. Why are you so 'strict'?

"I enjoy playing live, more than in the studio. The thing is, you're putting something that doesn't exist up against thirty years of the English music business. A business that treats places outside London like a parasite, filtering all the good off. It goes out and just takes. The Northern Ireland music industry doesn't exist."

So?

"What it means is that London can stomp all over somewhere like Northern Ireland. Make it think it's special, use it up then wear it out and go onto the next big thing. A band should be able to subsist in NI, but people over here are educated to think that to be successful they should go to England.

"If anything's going to come out of here the bands have got to be of a better standard. I think the ability's there but they just haven't the professional facilities."

Are Rudi stronger now?

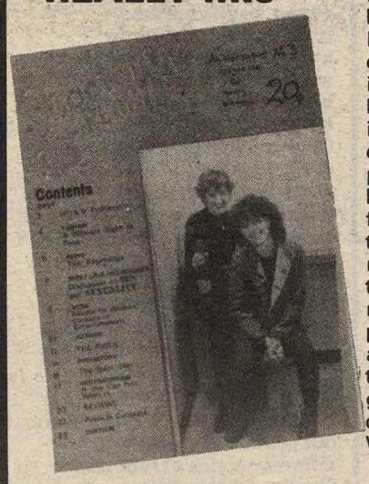
"One thing we've learned is that you've got to be responsible. Now we're writing the songs we always wanted to. It's not the lowest common denominator anymore."

Rudi are supporting The Jam on twelve Midland dates and, unusually, they're being paid for it. All their record are released now on the Fletcher/Weller Jamming label and their faith in the set-up is brilliantly crystallized in the new single 'Crimson'.

I think Rudi are 'there' at last.

ON VALENTINE'S night, a grey car pulls out of a seaside car park. Young men have been talking charily about pop music. Far away they can hear mighty abstractions crashing on a distant shore; honesty, decency, responsibility.

This is what little girls REALLY like



SHOCKING PINK is the alternative *Jackie;* afloat since '79 as "a magazine made by and for" an independent group of young women under 20. Their third issue is a bumper — it includes a West Indian reader's datebook of British race riots; an excellent discussion on sex and power in relationships; the Au Pairs' Lesley and Jane interviewed in the Ladies'; plus *SP's* usual deft parodies of *Jackie's* photostories and plugs. Excellent Contacts' pages, and film / book reviews relevant to the magazine's stance and readership. The good news is that full employment has made some space in the *SP* production / editorial team, and for new contributors to the mag itself. Contact the group at: SHOCKING PINK, c/o 90 Cromer St, London WC1.

—CYNTHIA ROSE

Disc prices go whacko!

WOULD YOU willingly part with nine blue Wellingtons for the privilege of hearing Jimmy Edwards serenade 'Love Bug Crawl' through his side whiskers?

For such was the asking price for a copy of the cane-wielding comic's classic on lilac label Mercury — date unknown — when train spotters of the vinyl variety convened at the Cambridge record fair last Saturday afternoon to compare catalogue numbers in the city's Kelsey Kerridge Sports Hall alongside teenage quiffs in pursuit of Narvel Felts, '60s nostalgics rediscovering Reprise, the odd mod bod and sundry other students of the popular voice — though disdained by a considerable contingent of the Cherokee tribe clutching sleeping gear and stationed in the town centre in anticipation of Theatre of Hate at the Corn Exchange later that evening.

As usual the London Label was most comprehensively represented at the fair, with prohibitive prices being asked for a copy of Charlie Gracie's debut LP (£80), an EP of 'Rhythm and Blues with Howling Wolf' for £24 and Johnny Work's 'Country Songs — Work Style' at £18. Then there is Dale Wright's 'She's Neat' single for the label selling at £28.

Other rare EPs included Nellie Lutcher's 'Real Gone' on US Capitol and Amos Milburn's 'Rock'n'Roll' on Vogue.

Closer home, a copy of The Shadows' pre-'Apache' Columbia recording of 'Lonesome Fella' in 1959 fetches £18, while a demo of their 'Maroc 7' — from the film of the same name — recorded in 1967 is catalogued at £30. Meanwhile, a tenner secures a 'Personal Message From' leader Cliff on Serenade flexi.

— OBSERVER

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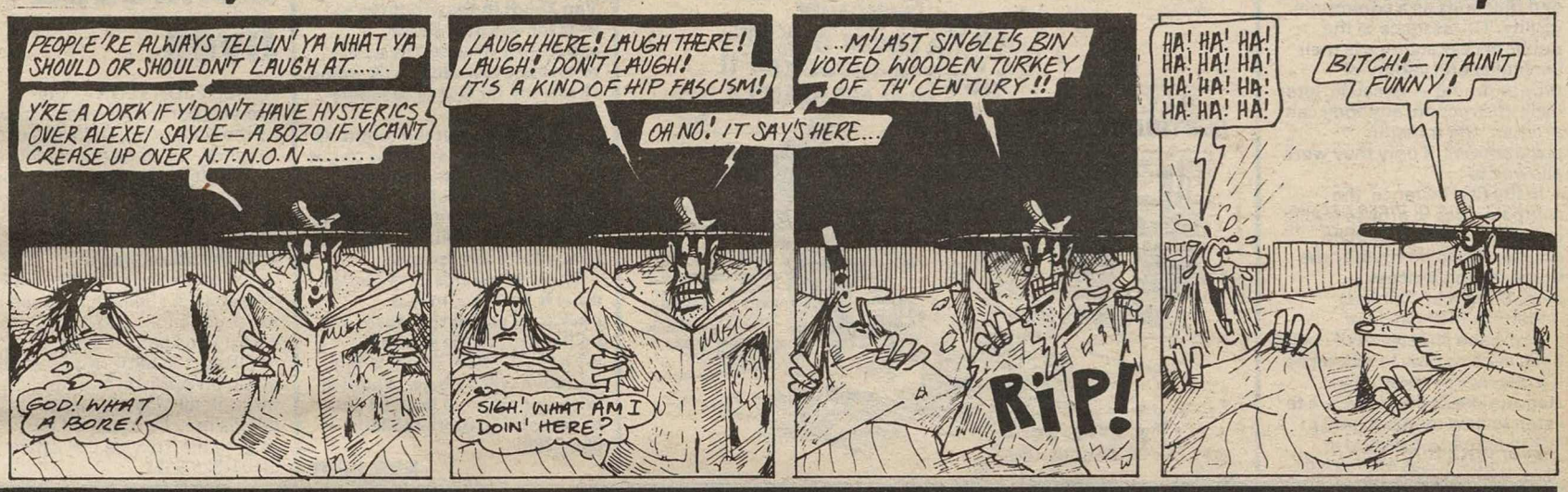
INSTALLATIONS and MAINTENANCE

And in this week's Old Pub Rockers' Free Enterprise Zone ... Left: a good year for the hoses, suggests The Porker of Stretford. Right: would you buy a used service station from this man?

Jackson
PROPERTY SERVICES
Graham Parker
Branch Manager

The Lone Groover — Benyon


PEOPLE'RE ALWAYS TELLIN' YA WHAT YA SHOULD OR SHOULDN'T LAUGH AT.....
Y'RE A DORK IF Y'DON'T HAVE HYSTERICS OVER ALEXEI SAYLE—A BOZO IF Y'CANT CREASE UP OVER N.T.N.O.N.....
GOD! WHAT A BORE!
LAUGH HERE! LAUGH THERE! LAUGH! DON'T LAUGH! IT'S A KIND OF HIP FASCISM!
SIGH! WHAT AM I DOIN' HERE?
...M'LAST SINGLE'S BIN VOTED WOODEN TURKEY OF TH'CENTURY!!
OH NO! IT SAY'S HERE...
RIP!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
BITCH!—IT AIN'T FUNNY!

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Pirate stations from new alliance

"FREE THE AIRWAVES" is the name of a new campaign launched in London last week by an alliance of pirate radio stations and the community radio pressure group London Open Radio. And the object of the campaign is open access radio.

London stations involved so far comprise Rebel, Zodiac, Phoenix, Invicta, London Music Radio and Alice's Restaurant, but one of the pirates' first aims is to enlist people from farther afield. "Once some of the stations out of London join," said a campaign spokesman, "The word would get round without depending on the *NME*." And there are already plans for a national lobby, aimed at persuading the government to legislate in favour of open access radio.

So what is "open access radio"? As distinct from the independent commercial stations, OAR is non-profit making, run on collective lines, and functions as a community facility. The essence of the public access stations is their versatility and variety of programming — because, after basic instruction, anybody can produce and transmit programmes. If only they were allowed to . . .

In the first instance, the campaign has to arouse public interest in the idea of open access, and to de-mystify the broadcasting process — something that's already underway in the form of information sheets full of useful hints such as how to edit tapes. It's also worth noting that stations like Zodiac are keen to listen to new material, and to talk to people interested in learning the tricks of the trade.

Free The Airwaves campaigners fall into two categories.

There are the community stations, who favour the legal method of lobbying Parliament — to date, some support has been received from Labour and SDP MPs. Then there are the pirates, who make their protest by going ahead and transmitting illegally. Their ideal would be a proliferation of stations filling up the waveband, forcing government action to recognise some part of the free radio network — a tactic which met with considerable success in Italy a while back.

If you are interested in any aspect of the campaign, you can write to Free The Airwaves, c/o London Open Radio, Beauchamp Lodge, 2 Warwick Crescent, London W2 6NE. But do enclose an SAE.

— KEVIN SUTCLIFFE

'Bruce to quit' rumours quashed

ONE OF THE more provocative rumours to surface of late loomed within earshot of *NME* last week when a "reliable source" (aren't they always?) said that some time in the last fortnight, Columbia Records received an unexpected call from a Mr Bruce Springsteen, one of their more renowned artistes. Springsteen, a fellow not given much to extensive bouts of chatter on the telephone, nonetheless apparently went to a nearby kiosk to inform a "high-ranking official" at CBS that he had seen the future of rock'n'roll, and its name was *not* Bruce Springsteen.

In a brusque hail of parched phonetics, Springsteen is said to have informed his label that he would not be continuing his career as grit-teethed proletarian troubadour articulating the myriad joys and sorrows of all red-blooded blue-collar Americans the length and breadth of the Big Country. In fact, the word from "The Boss" was "retirement" — for two years anyway, by which time, come 1984 *("if", to* quote sages Zager and Evans, *"man is still alive")* then he would be willing to at least "reconsider his options".

Meanwhile, to placate all dependents, Bruce was finally ready to allow the official release of a live album.

However, checking the story out provoked an entirely different series of reports. Finally, a call to Barbara Carr, Bruce's personal PR, provoked a hearty denial.

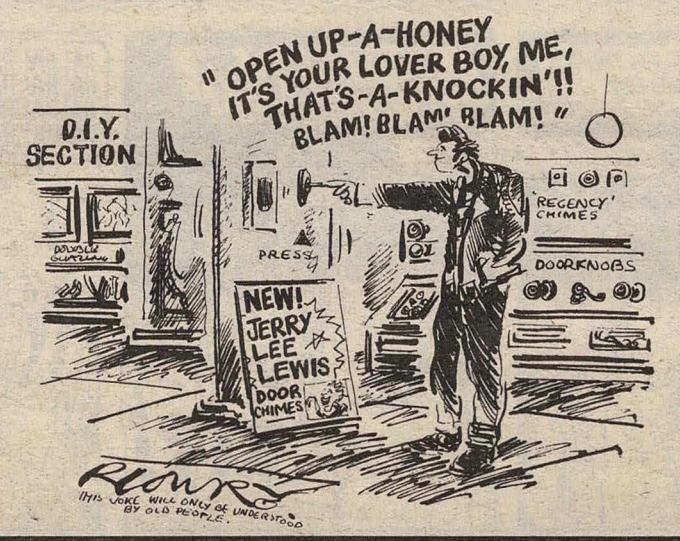
To wit: Bruce was *not* digging soil to build himself a fall-out shelter, but was in fact digging through his old dog-eared party-down records to swipe some more feisty "chops" for Gary US Bonds' second comeback album. With fellow layabout Miami Steve Van Zandt in the producer's seat for this one, Bruce apparently dropped by and re-wrote a few old Brill Building chestnuts for Gazza to testify over.

In fact, Springsteen might be using the Bonds sessions to get the feel of a recording studio again, as he's booked to return in spring or summer to resume work. No live album is planned in any form whatsoever.

Then, when this next studio opus is finished, mixed packaged and in the stores, he'll return to the stadiums with the E Street Band. In fact, so active will he be, it would be wise to postpone that '84 date to something more realistic — like 1989!

—NICK KENT

Lowry


" OPEN UP-A-HONEY IT'S YOUR LOVER BOY, ME, THAT'S-A-KNOCKIN'!! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! "
D.I.Y. SECTION
REGENCY CHIMES
DOORKNOBS
PRESS
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THIS JOKE WILL ONLY BE UNDERSTOOD BY OLD PEOPLE.

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

RTZ for KO?

MUCH OF Britain's nuclear output is produced by reactors fuelled by uranium — and almost fifty per cent of that mineral in this country comes courtesy of the notorious British-based mining conglomerate Rio Tinto Zinc, who have a multi-million pound contract to supply the CEGB.

But a group of campaigners contend that the uranium is being stolen from the people of Namibia — in defiance of the United Nations and the International Court of Justice — since the apartheid South Africans illegally occupy Namibia. CANUC (the Campaign Against the Namibian Uranium Contract) appeal to "all electricity users" in the UK to join them in urging the government to cancel Rio Tinto's contract (begun under Labour in '68 and recently extended). For further info — including the direct method of buying into RTZ at £5 a share to make your voice heard — contact GANUC c/o NSC, 2B Brewer Road, London N7.

Hellhound lives

ROBERT JOHNSON — the pre-war performer often known as the King of the Delta Blues Singers — is to be the subject of a new play at London's Tricycle Theatre, at 269 Kilbourn High Road. Written by Bob Mason, the play is called *Love In Vain*, after the title of one of Johnson's songs — which will, of course, be heavily featured in the production. Although casting has not yet been finalised, the performances will begin on April 15, and run through till May 15. Ticket details may be obtained by ringing the Tricycle box office on 01-328 8627.

☐ BRIGHTON No Nukes Music have a gig at Oxford's Caribbean Club on March 13, with ranting poet Seething Wells (just in time for the release of his debut EP on rADical wallpaper, in conjunction with Attila the Stockbroker and available through Rough Trade). Support will be provided by ABA, and escapologist Captain JJ Waller.

London NNM is presenting a mini-tour with The Androids Of Mu, in support of the Greenham Common Women's Peace Camp. Their four dates (on March 18, Newcastle University; March 19, Bradford College, Bradford; March 20, Fighting Cocks, Moseley, Birmingham) culminate on March 21 at the Common's Music Gate.

Southampton Youth CND is planning a gig at St Matthews Hall, St Mary's Road, Southampton on March 26. It will be headlined by Polemic Attack with Laughter In The Garden and Opius also playing. Admission is only 90p. Over Easter, Southampton YCND will be marching to the Women's Peace Camp at Greenham Common. That will be over Good Friday (April 9) through Easter Sunday. Contact them c/o Kevin Terry, 117 Dursledon Road, Hedge-End, Southampton, Hampshire SO3 4BU; (042 121) 3318.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

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AROUND THE SOUNDS WITH BASF.

3. REGGAE

Some say that reggae began life as a mistake; Jamaican musicians tried to copy American R & B and wound up with a lopsided rhythm with strong hip appeal and heavily dependent on the third beat of the bar.

An over-simplification, no doubt. Reggae is folk music – probably the healthiest living strain – and its antecedents must go back further, certainly as far as Calypso and South American music and probably beyond.

Toots Hibbert, he of the husky soulful tones, can claim the honour of first spreading the actual word. His "Do The Reggae" appeared in 1968.

The rhythm has been around since the 50s. Christened Ska initially and subsequently renamed Blue Beat and Rock Steady, it reflected the Jamaican obsession with the genial R & B beamed across the airwaves from New Orleans.

The sound system operators – mobile deejays and then some – began cutting their own sides and signing up the local talent, usually on less than favourable terms.

Characters like Prince Buster – deejay, songwriter, producer, talkover artist, record salesman and bizarre spinner of words – were the forerunners of today's dub maestros who replace the vocal line with a battery of apocalyptic sound effects and stentorian speechifying.

Reggae is a rough, ready and unregulated business where swindlers and opportunists have traditionally abounded.

A business captured in the film "The Harder They Come" in which singer Jimmy Cliff played a young musician on the make, caught between an unsympathetic police and an exploitative music business.

Bob Marley would have recognised the hero's plight.

Although The Wailers – Marley, Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer – had been popular in Jamaica from the 60s on, it took a British record company (Island) to establish Marley in the world's eyes as reggae's premier performer, songwriter and ambassador.

Jamaican artists had achieved British hits before (witness Desmond Dekker, the idol of the original skinheads), but these were mainly one-shots.

Marley's reggae was tougher, its beat more pronounced, its lyrics more militant and, to white rock stars like Eric Clapton and Mick Jagger, instantly attractive.

A brilliantly-crafted string of Marley hits ("Exodus," "No Woman No Cry," etc.) sparked off rock's affair with reggae.

A fascination which has struck commercial gold for The Police and influenced countless others: bands like UB40 and The Beat where the musical fusion is even more obvious.

Although a stream of very talented artists came to the fore in his wake (Burning Spear, Gregory Isaacs, Black Uhuru and Peter Tosh to name but a few), Marley's sheer force and charisma completely dominated the world of reggae up until his death last year.

With this pre-eminence went his passionate and eloquently expressed belief in Rastafari (with its emphasis on roots, repatriation and ganja).

A personal belief which helped to provide many young black people with a new and strong identity.

But reggae is more than rasta. Reggae is something rock long ago ceased to be: a natural, emotional music – radical in both sentiment and structure.

Above all, a sound rooted in the experiences of everyday life.

NEXT WEEK: JAZZ

BASF. THE BEST SOUND AROUND.

BASF

Issued by BASF in the interests of better listening.

DAVE HILL lets down his inhibitions with The Mood Elevators. DAVID CORIO snaps them up

ON THE UP ELEVATOR

THE MOOD ELEVATORS are from Birmingham, have released a single on Go-Fleet Records, and are buddies with The Beat. They were offered the chance to record, *and* a successful support slot by Wakeling, Ranking *et al* after a mere four gigs in their home town. Three years back, such a pedigree meant an immediate flock of followers, and some soaring hits.

These days though, such acclaim is no longer automatic, but 'Annapurna'/'Driving By Night', their edgy debut single was a large indie hit, and it helped them win a session for Radio One's Richard Skinner; a session which earned a repeat "by public demand." And in the meantime the three young Moodies have embarked on the epic trip through the nation's colleges and quainter dives, wakes people up and wearing people out. Live, they are stupendous.

Dave is your compere, guitarist and singer: "There's this slogan we used to use on posters," he blushes, "Let Down Your Inhibitions With The Mood Elevators!"

Well, we all have our cross to bear.

"...but that *is* the sort of thing we aim for."

I saw them apply a mighty kick-start to a hideous gaggle of drunken students in an austere college hall. Theirs is a colourful sound, an insistent and exhilarating blend of neat yet nervy tunes, dense, peppery rhythms, and a ricochetting two-part vocal style. They are friendly, frenetic and brilliantly instantaneous.

Jenny is your drummer, singer and primary talker: "We really *enjoy* playing live. All that adrenalin! We've played to everyone from Sieg Heiling skinheads at one gig (she scowls) to loads of long-haired students."

Unvogueishly perhaps, they value the accumulated perspective and experience of their "hundreds" of gigs. They certainly know how to massacre disinterest, and turn apathy to empathy with glorious ease. See them, and go right off being bored.

The next Mood Elevators single will be a sprightly desecration of 'Georgie Girl', the creaky Seekers hit, and producer Ranking Roger has added one of his dashing toasts to the flip. The single is a dandy and may well score a useful hit. But will it define them as, well, chirpy enough, but short on the Real Substance?

"I think we've got as much substance as any of the good commercial groups around," asserts Jenny, glancing round the lager-laden bar-table for support. David writes the songs. What do they contain? "Well, most of them are about personal politics. Very much *personal* politics. We want people to relate easily to what the songs are saying. We want them to say yeah, that's just how I feel!"

Are they just another bout of three-minute nothingness?

Jenny: "I don't think we're about the three-minute pop song. We experiment with songs as we play. Most bands in the world do songs of three or four minutes. It's just because we aren't incredibly trendy that people might say that! The *structure* of our songs are not *cliched* at all."

I promise not to mention it again.

A group for 18 months, they've been musicians" since the age of ten." Shy bassist Malcolm (you'll have noticed he's the quiet one) was an all-purpose factory worker. Dave's *curriculum vitae* will be forever enhanced by his stint as a Blackpool bingo-caller: "had to leave cos the season ended." Jenny (guaranteed no Honeycombs-type novelty angle, thank you) went to drama school. Not for long though: "Yeuuch! Everything I hate about people."

As you will guess, the Moodies have their politics. "We don't just sit back and pretend the rest of the world doesn't go on," says Dave. But they prefer to air their wider world concerns in the benefit scheme of things, unwilling to over-reach and degrade themselves with overt, but susceptible 'political' songs.

They've done plenty of expenses-only shows for RAR (whose faddish angle worries them), CND and even Rock Against Whaling! We all enjoyed our short outburst of establishment-baiting, but agreed that the post "77 years revealed the deflating polemical pitfalls awaiting the righteous, but ultimately fallible and contradicted pop group.

Lots of enthusiastic mail at The Beat fan-club HQ is evidence of their broadening base of support, and suggests that the Hit is on its way. Even our retarded national jocks should be able to handle 'Georgie Girl'. The Moodies like the idea of that.

The charts are very stupid, but must be seen as one of the crucial popular battlegrounds. We need good groups to invade them, or else we're stuck with Gillan, Gillan, Gillan. Something best not thought about.

The cavalry are coming. The Mood Elevators are the *livest* group I've relished in too long a time. They're refreshingly, importantly genuine, determinedly positive, deceptively light, furiously therepeutic and one of the fastest blasts around. Embrace them as your daily emotional vitamins. They are the sound of waking up.

VIDEOSYNCRASY

Rough 'n' ready video power

ONE THING about Leicester-based video film-makers C. B. Video: they certainly aren't soft when it comes to the hard sell. As the press handouts that have deluged the office in the past fortnight proclaim: "We at CBV make the videos that make bands . . . and the only thing unprofessional about our operation is the charge we make for the video."

Unfortunately, that's a slight exaggeration. Despite their success in getting local busy-pop band The Sinatras onto an early evening slot on BBC Midlands last week, CBV's sound and vision both leave something to be desired — at least on the evidence of their work with H M stereotypes Flyte, solo whimsy-ist Kevin Hewick, and The Sinatras themselves.

Still, the price seems fair: either £150 plus expenses or the gig takings, depending which press handout you read. Midland bands looking to work with a rough'n'ready, enthusiastic video team, contact Paul and Steve o1. Leicester 703112 — but check out the goods first.

□ LEEDS VIDEOBORES who yearn to hear New Order, Bauhaus and Talking Heads played through a disco sound system while they gawp at the visuals might like to amble along to Belindas Club, which has been turned over to the Up-Zone Videotheque every Monday night for the past month. According to organiser Neil Howson, the Up-Zone boasts an interesting selection of compilations from the likes of Factory, 4AD and Final Solution, which are shown around the club on four TV screens (with more and bigger to follow). Howson is also planning a Factory night and a video all-nighter, as well as taking Up-Zone around other clubs and colleges. Bands and video)makers who want to get their product screened for a live audience, contact Up-Zone on 0532 492142.

□ FOR THE benefit of the numerous callers who wanted to find out about the video audition tape described in the last *Videosyncrasy*, On Video can be contacted at 01-267 0238.

— THE VIDIOT

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

NEW ROMANTIC MAGGIE SITS BROODING, ALONE..
WHY SO GLUM MAGS? HAVE THE RUSSIAN PARATROOPS INVADED?
PRINCESS CHARMING! PRINCESS CHARMING!
IT'S THE NEW TECHNOLOGY, BOYS. WE CAN RUN BRITISH INDUSTRY WITH A POCKET CALCULATOR AND A COUPLE OF VIDEO CAMERAS NOW...
CIVIL DISORDER IS NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF!!
GREAT!
BUT WHAT THE HELL DO WE DO WITH THE MILLIONS OF UNEMPLOYED YOBS?!
THINK TRADITIONAL, MAGS!! PUT 'EM IN UNIFORM! INVADE SCOTLAND, SHOVE 'EM IN THE FORCES, DIVIDE AND RULE!!...
TWINKLE!!!
TWINKLE!!
DO I GET MY COMEBACK NOW?
AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK — GIVE THE BASTARDS THE NEW TECHNOLOGY WHERE IT HURTS — IN THE TEETH!!!
ZOOM!.. LIVERPOOL
ZOOM!..
MY PRINCE HAS COME!!
BRUM
WHEEEE!!!
ONLY AN ESCAPIST VIDEO. OH COME ON! IT'S ONLY FUN!! YOU GOT A CHIP ON YOUR SHOULDER OR SOMETHING?..

8.00 TUNEFUL TWENTIES
With Russ Sheppard and the 23 Skiddoo Orchestra of Dunedin and Vincente Major and the Majorettes

Above: for all youse who thought Skidoo were figments of our Paul's imagination — proof from the New Zealand Listener, sent in by Trudi Damont.

THE LATEST ALBUM FROM THE BEST OF JAPANESE NEW WAVE. INCLUDING THE NEW SINGLE, 'RYDEEN', OUT NOW IN FULL COLOUR PICTURE BAG.

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FLOW MY TEARS, THE WRITER SAID

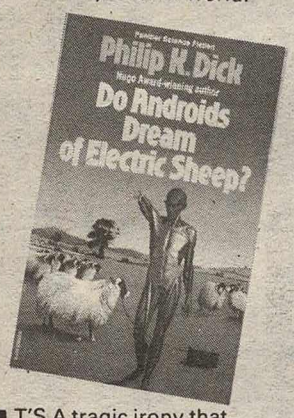
A Farewell To Philip K. Dick

by Maxim Jakubowski & Malcolm Edwards

SANTA ANA, California. Following a stroke a fortnight previously and several days in a coma, Philip K. Dick died early last week. He was 53.

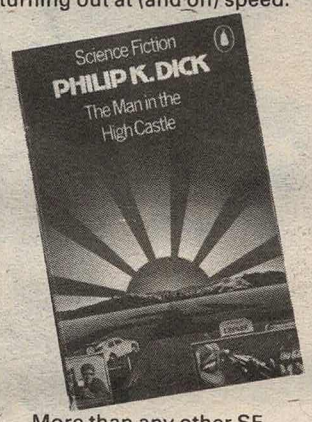
It's sad but predictable that Dick's death on March 2 failed to make the columns of any British daily or Sunday newspaper. Such are the perils of attaining cult status in one's own lifetime! After all, he was only a science fiction writer, and how could the Fleet Street and Grays Inn Road hacks guess how much he meant to so many of us? Along with J. G. Ballard and William Burroughs, Dick was probably the most important writer of the '60s and '70s for the majority of *NME* readers and most rock musicians. Phil Dick transcended the pulp origins of SF and his work had steadily become an integral part of the nightmare that the second half of our century is fast becoming. He was the man who taught us all that reality can never be trusted.

"If I can make you see the world the way I see it, then you will automatically think the way I think. You will come to the conclusions that I come to. And the greatest power one human being can exert over others is to control their perceptions of reality, and infringe on the integrity and individuality of their world."



IT'S A tragic irony that Dick's death should occur just as he seemed likely to break through into something approaching prosperity after thirty years' struggle. His novel *Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep?* has been made by Ridley Scott (of *Alien* fame) into major film which will be released in June. Several other books have been optioned to the movies.

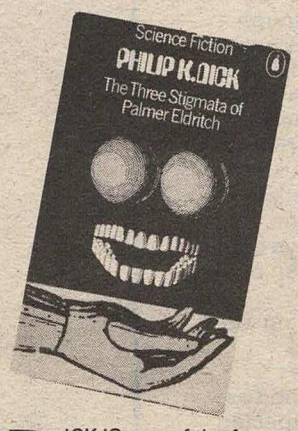
Despite his popularity in Britain and France, it's only lately that his books have been reissued in the States in respectable editions. He was the perfect example of the struggling SF writer, churning out stories and books in order to keep one precarious step ahead of poverty. In his early years as a writer he has recorded that his wife (the first of many) and he were reduced to living on horsemeat intended as petfood. His novels were published in crummy-looking paperback editions (now collectors' items), and the publishers' accountants were expert at ensuring that however often they were reissued they never earned any royalties. He wrote at a tremendous rate (at one point publishing five novels in a single year). That's not unusual: what is extraordinary is the consistent brilliance of the fiction he was turning out at (and on) speed.



More than any other SF writer, Dick could make you believe in the impossible. The theme of much of his work can be summed up in a couple of questions: How do you know that the world you see is the same as the world I see? and: How do you know that either of them is the real world? But his books are not abstract philosophical discussions: they are crazy, convoluted, frequently funny and always madly logical stories which start from routine situations (albeit in the future or on another planet) but soon pull the rug from under the reader's and the characters' feet, leaving both stranded in an eerie *terra incognita*. One of the main ways his characters got into such predicaments — and the one that made him so accessible to our generation — was the use of drugs.

Pressured by deadlines and poverty, Dick wrote all his early novels while on amphetamines. Ironically, *The Three Stigmata Of Palmer Eldritch*, widely considered the acid novel *par excellence*, was written before he ever experimented with LSD. But Dick's later involvement with the California drug scene was to be a major factor in his silence of the early '70s, and the second novel of his re-emergence, *A Scanner Darkly*, is a heartbreaking and chilling record and indictment of those days and the lives wasted and ruined. It is also, however, a splendid and moving novel in which Dick's compassion is displayed at its fullest (he himself came out of the drug experience with permanent pancreatic damage).

"I regarded drugs as dangerous and potentially lethal, but I had a cat's curiosity. It was my interest in the human mind that made me curious about psychotropic drugs. They were essentially religious strivings that were appearing in me."



DICK IS one of the few novelists who manages to communicate an unerring compassion for his characters, even in the midst of the most fantastic happenings. The world might be upside down and completely out of synch, but his people still laugh and cry and often make *you* want to laugh and cry.

Humour is frequently a form of salvation for Dick. His own life had all the elements of a soap opera: five marriages, three children, the death of his twin sister as a baby, a somewhat deranged father, persecution by the FBI, suicide attempts, etc . . . Like many geniuses, he trod a narrow line between sanity and madness, but rationality always prevailed eventually, even during the more extreme phases of mysticism characterised by his last two published novels *Valis* and *The Divine Invasion*.

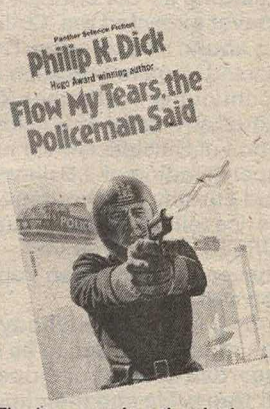
Dick's only fulltime jobs before he became a freelance writer involved him closely with music. He ran a record store and presented a classical music programme for a California station. But he was "into weird music in general, both in classical and rock; it's a comfort", and he harboured an idiosyncratic crush on Linda Ronstadt, whom he discovered very early on and portrays in *The Divine Invasion*. In a recent biographical piece, he even invented his own apocryphal epitaph:

He discovered Linda Ronstadt
And signed her up!

But Philip K. Dick never became a record company executive and La Ronstadt probably never even heard of him.

"I want to write about people I love, and put them into a fictional world spun out of my own mind, not the world we actually have, because the world we actually have does not meet my standards."

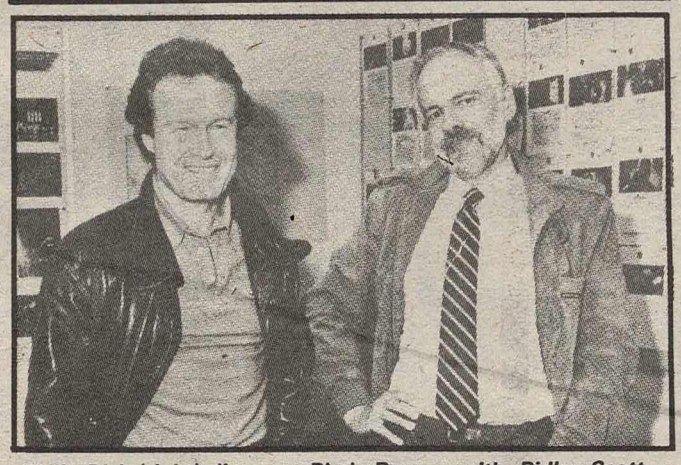
LIKE ANY death, the passing of Philip K. Dick while still in his literary prime is a genuinely savage waste. He was a good man. Many of us will miss him dearly, readers who didn't know him personally and also those friends in the SF community who met him only once and, overawed by his towering (and sometimes frightening) achievements, didn't quite know what to say! He leaves us with an important body of work (and one novel, *The Transmigration Of Timothy Archer*, due out this summer) whose subtle, hidden treasures and compulsive enjoyment will ensure that if in a hundred years only three SF writers are still remembered, Philip K. Dick will definitely be one of them.



"The human situation is, in the last analysis, neither grim nor meaningful, but funny. What else can you call it? The wisest people are the clowns, like Harpo Marx, who would not speak. If I could have anything I would want God to listen to what Harpo was not saying, and understand why Harpo would not talk."

PHILIP DICK: A SELECTIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY

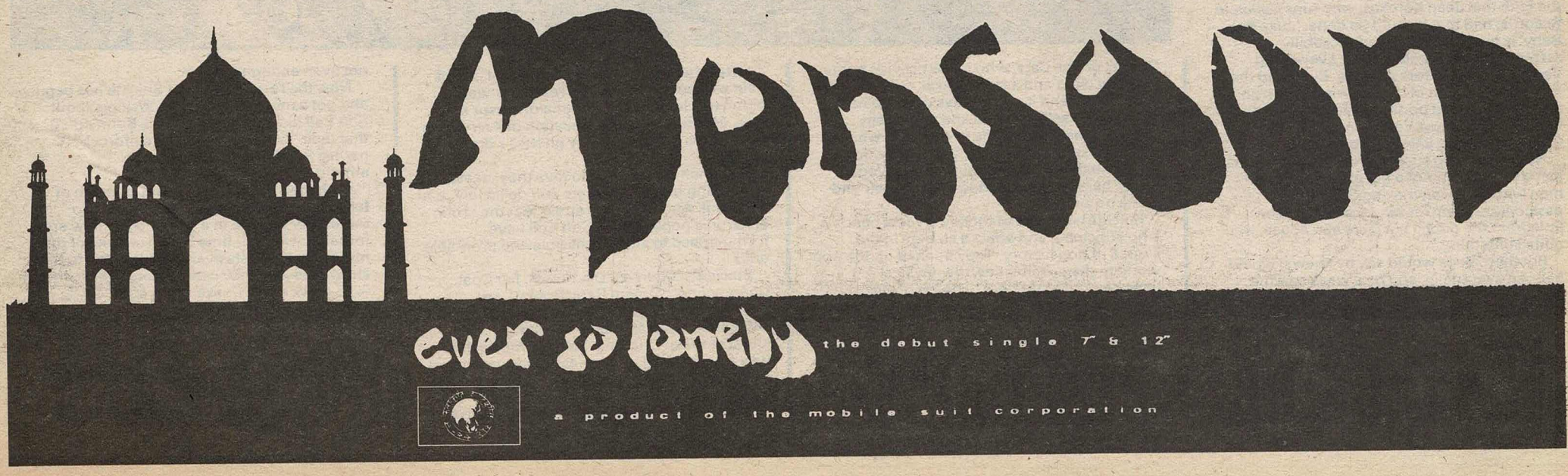
The Golden Man **(Methuen), a representative collection of his early short stories.**
The Man In The High Castle **(Penguin), the *Hugo*-winning novel of a world where the Axis powers won WW2.**
Martian Time-Slip **(NEL), one of Dick's most complex games with reality and illusion.**
The Three Stigmata Of Palmer Eldritch **(Granada), a Messianic and hallucinogenic novel which John Lennon once wanted to film.**
Do Androids Dream Of Electric Sheep **(Granada), soon to be the movie *Blade Runner*, minus the electric sheep.**
Ubik **(Granada), his dazzling tour-de-force of an unsettling future.**
A Scanner Darkly **(Granada), a schizophrenic novel about drug control and abuse.**
Valis **and *The Divine Invasion*** **(Corgi), his last two novels. Both flawed but fascinating in their introduction of mysticism and metaphysics into the familiar Dick universe.**



Philip Dick (right) discusses* Blade Runner *with Ridley Scott.

Photos: "C" (top), Kim Gottlieb (bottom).

Layout: Perky Pat



VIVA ALAN

"A broken heart/A broken dream/No tomorrow/Troubles and sorrows/I fell in love/With a fascinating lady."
"Dream baby dream/Forever"

ALAN VEGA IS a dreamer and a schemer, forever. A romantic, a fighter who won't quit. A man who has tried to tell the truth, for the last ten years, about America, about the world, about affairs of the heart, about love and loss and hope.

Alan Vega is a hero. God bless him.

Understand this — Vega's always been a fighter because he had to be. He doesn't need to pretend a street-tough punkiness; he grew up in rough Brooklyn neighbourhoods, fighting for real. In the early '70s, he didn't break into the just-mushrooming SoHo art scene with his neon sculptures by virtue of art school credentials. He did it because he had some novel ideas that he hustled hard. Throughout the Suicide years, he wasn't just having sport those days out at the racetrack. He was trying to keep body and soul together.

For years now Vega's been hitting me with the unexpected.

I never expected Suicide to be as shocking, as funny, as ridiculous and as liberating as they were. I never expected them to be able to transfer the jab and jolt of their raw power to record, and I certainly didn't expect to be seduced by anything as lovely as 'Cheree'. I never expected Suicide to record anything as affecting as 'Dream Baby Dream', a new kind of soul hymn, or as innocently enchanting as 'Sweetheart'.

I never expected the 'Collision Drive' LP to sound so explosive. I never expected Vega to find such an apt vehicle for continuing the themes, thoughts and spiritual strengths of Suicide inside the context of Suicide. I never expected the gospel pleading of 'I Believe', or that blood-curdling, authoritative voice of America telling its war wounded to *"FORGET IT"* in 'Viet Vet'.

I never expected Alan Vega to become a pop star in France.

I never expected anybody I interviewed in the music business to be so open and unguarded about their hopes, their fears, their true pride and their hustler's cunning, their joys and their bitterness. I never expected anyone in this business to be as real, as warm, as generous of spirit.

THAT BUSINESS OF Vega becoming a pop star in France was one of the oddest twists in last year's pop parade.

It happened because of 'Juke Box Baby' and the faith that Jean Karokas, who runs Celluloid Records, had that it could be done. 'Juke Box Baby' is really a slight bit of rockabilly razzmatazz compared to most everything Vega has done before or since. But it had the right combination of hypnotic repetition and slightly skewered oddity to hit a nerve with the French public. Now Vega can sell out Paris' Olympia Theatre anytime he wants.

Not really a *big* success in pop world terms, just a small corner of a big globe. But for a man who has been making determined passionate music for ten years and known little from the public but jeers and abuse, it is quite something.

But then, Vega would say he knew it would happen eventually, and he always had the heart to hang on until it did.

The man who sang *"keep your dreams burning"* always practised what he preached. And there were always a few supporters and believers: some loyal fans, sympathetic critics, supportive businessmen like Marty Thau (of Red Star Records and the only man who could mix Suicide's live sound properly), and later Karokas. A few musicians, like Rick Ocasek of The Cars, who could provide some industry clout and a few breaks.

But in the end it was always down to having faith in yourself. Warmth and generosity generate their own kinds of strength, which is what has kept Vega going, against the odds. These qualities also explain the way Vega's music has always wrestled with despair and come up smiling.

Suicide were one of those very few bands who anticipate and affect a change in the course of pop history. They opened up the pop world to the possibilities, the physical intensity and emotional richness of electronic music. In 1971, when Suicide first unveiled their work to the world, they were the A to Z of electronic pop. Before them there had been Stockhausen and a few other composers of "serious" music. After them, everything was possible: Soft Cell, Human League, Depeche Mode, Gary Numan, DAF, Cabaret Voltaire, OMD — they all owe Alan Vega and Marty Rev a tremendous debt.

Often their music was awful; brutal, full of pain and poverty. 'Frankie Teardrop' was a hymn to a loser, a melodrama of horror and loss. 'Harlem' was an invocation of everything that makes the ghetto (any ghetto) a dread place.

But when they turned to love they created something both passionate and delicately beautiful. And *this* is the strain that the erotic electronic popsters like Soft Cell have formularised to such accessible and profitable ends.

Suicide's 'Cheree', 'Diamonds, Fur Coat, Champagne', 'Dream Baby Dream', are explosions of emotion and true caring. You listened to Vega's breathy crooning and you knew he wasn't kidding. For pop music this was a new-found willingness to lay your heart on the line. For most people it was too honest, too unshielded.

Vega *should* have been the Frank Sinatra of the '70s and the '80s, but only a few leather-clad punkettes were swooning, and not even enough of them.

Now the re-evaluation of Suicide has begun, and not a moment too soon. Writing about Soft Cell last September, Chris Bohn noted that their "sensual throb . . . reinforces NY heroes Suicide's experiments in emotion-tugging electronics . . ."

With their sound reflected in so much of today's most enticing music, it's easy to remember Suicide in a warm, cozy glow and forget that in their time they were one of the most despised acts ever. People came to their shows the way they came to circus side-shows — to gawk at the freaks. From early days, being bottled and jeered at Max's or the Mercer Arts Center, to provoking a riot when opening for Elvis Costello in Brussels, to being bloodied while opening for The Clash in England, to causing a scandal by saying "fuck you" in the Universal Ampitheatre opening for The Cars . . . Suicide were always too much for most people to take.

The present-day Alan Vega show is tame in

VEGA!

Still controversial, still reviled — and still unsuccessful, Alan Vega discusses life after Suicide, politics and rock.

INTERVIEW: RICHARD GRABEL
PHOTOS: JOE STEVENS

comparision. It is loud and distorted and unsettling and dramatic and strange, but it is all these things in a much more controlled measure. Vega's three-piece band play a rock/rockabilly hybrid with a professional exuberance but with little sense of danger or spontaneous creation. That Vega used these same players as tools to create the roaring sound of 'Collision Drive' is yet another tribute to his magic.

But in the long grind of a tour, the chief entertainment is down to Vega himself, always a shockingly real and vulnerable presence on a stage, always looking for a way to make the route between him and his audience a two-way street.

ALAN VEGA AND his new band were on tour, a 20-date stint as support act for The Pretenders. My idea was to go see them on the road, away from New York, where Vega has a certain hometown advantage. I wondered whether a somewhat toned-down Vega, fronting a "real band" now, would get a more tolerant reaction from the great American rock and roll audience than Suicide did.

The answer, to be brief, is that "the kids" still don't want to know. Same as it ever was.

I watch Vega perform two nights at Boston's Orpheum Theatre, one of those giant old cinema palaces gone to seed and converted to a rock venue. The naturally depressing atmosphere of the place isn't improved by the entrance procedure. Chrissie Hynde has decided that on this tour no one in the audience will be allowed to take photographs, so everyone entering the theatre is confronted with a uniformed goon who searches them for cameras and confiscates them for return later. Really brightens up the mood.

So the kids are waiting for their glimpse of Chrissie, who is now supposed to be their latest fix of rock and roll sex goddess until the next Pat Benatar or Blondie tour, and in the meantime here's Vega, a scruffy-looking guy in a purple jacket singing some kind of punked-up rockabilly and stomping around the stage, moaning and slapping his face with the mike and calling up demons from some dark place within him and anyway definitely not being cute or very ingratiating or doing anything these kids are prepared to accept. By the second song the faint applause has been overpowered by boos and cat-calls.

"Fuck you!" the kids yell. "Get off the stage!"

"Louder," Vega shouts back. "I can't hear you!"

But the kids can't be bothered to work themselves up into any kind of real demonstration; they show very little passion.

"It's too bad they can't really let it out," Vega regrets later. "If they hate you and they really scream at you and let you know, that can be a great feeling for them. But these kids couldn't even do that."

AFTER THE FIRST night's show, Vega disappeared, not to be seen until the next night. After that show, Rick Ocasek showed up backstage and spirited Vega away to his new private studio. What the hell, I figured, I can always interview Vega in New York, so Joe Stevens and I took off for a night on the town, cruising the Boston clubs and seeing some great bands. (Full report later.)

We get back to the motel in the early morning, feeling a bit loose, talking in the hallway and trying to get the key in the door, when Vega sticks his head out of his door and grins at us.

"Hey man, wanna do that interview now?"

Vega's accent is Brooklyn working class, his speech liberally sprinkled with "man's" and other New York hipster slang. His attitude is a mixture of the best things from several worlds. There is a hippie sort of openness, a punkish knowingness that masks itself as cynicism, and the intellectual curiosity of a man who's had to teach himself most of what he knows, and has learned a lot.

First, will Suicide ever play again? They might, Vega says, but a certain resignation in his voice says they might not.

"I could see just getting bored with whatever we were doing and deciding we needed a little action in our lives, and so we'd do Suicide again. That's what it really was anyway, that's why it was so good. We both had an incredible need to do something different. Rev was into an avant-garde jazz trip, and I was coming from an art trip. He needed something more visual for his music, and I needed something more musical for my art.

"Before us there was nothing. That's why we did it. We didn't hear that sound in our lives, so we had to go out and do it.

"And they ignored us totally.

"We played for five years without even getting mentioned in the *Village Voice*. I used to say, Hey Marty, did we just do this gig? Are we invisible? Are we dead?"

In your confrontation with audiences, you took Iggy's dynamics and personalised them, brought them a step further.

"Sometimes I'd walk in and before the music even started, before Rev played anything, I'd destroy the audience by walking around in them like some kind of nut.

"One night we were playing this small club and there was this bachelor party at a table upfront. I came out, looked at these guys, and decided to pounce on them. Well, that was the wrong table, wrong time. They didn't say anything, just stared at us. And it's an old Brooklyn thing, when they keep quiet, you know you're going to get it. They were going to kill us. Marty and I had to run off the stage and lock ourselves in this little closet."

Later on James Chance followed your lead.

"Yeah, well, I put myself down for what I did, but I knew how to handle it. James didn't know how to handle it. James went out looking to get hit. He wanted to have the shit kicked out of him. I was never into S&M. I don't go in for somebody else hurting me.

"It wasn't about fear, it was about love. But just the fact that you touched someone, even in love, it would scare people: You're the performer, you're not supposed to touch me."

YOU WERE ONE of the first people to cross over from the SoHo art scene to the music scene, which later on became a very fashionable thing to do.

"I didn't consciously do it. It wasn't that I was thinking the art scene is dead so I'll move into the music scene. It just happened. It was miraculous how it happened, how I met Marty and that whole number.

"I still do art things once in a while. Every three years or so. I had a piece of light sculpture in a show recently at PS 1. Yoko Ono was in the show, Pat Place.

"The SoHo scene was all right then, around '69, '70. Artists were actually meeting. We were actually doing things like invading the Museum of Modern Art, charging in and throwing things all over the place; dumb things like that. The art world was locked up tight into the Madison Avenue gallery scene, and SoHo was an alternative. But then it became big bucks, a sell-out.

VEGA & MARTY REV, NEW YORK '76

"A lot of those artist's bands were terrible, but they got around because they had a conceptual framework. If you don't have talent you have to have a conceptual framework. Real talents never think about that, do they? Pollock never sat around thinking about splashing. One day he woke up and went splash. Mondrian woke up a different way, he started painting squares. Starving his ass off, locked in his room painting squares, Jesus Christ!"

Are you aware of the influence Suicide has had on the whole electro-pop movement?

"Am I aware? I see them all standing . . . No, shut up, Alan. I was going to say I see them all standing on line at the bank. Right? Soft Cell, man, putting it in their bank book.

"So big deal, they all say Suicide was their thing or something. They have to, because there was nothing like that out there when we did it. We were number one."

People always thought of Suicide as gruelling and hard, but all these groups picked up on the soft, romantic side, which went back as far as 'Cheree'.

"Yeah, it's a smash. In the year 2000 or something. They're hits — 'Cheree', 'Sweetheart'. I'm not trying to come off with a big ego, but those songs, I love them. 'Dream Baby Dream' has so much feeling, it could be a gigantic hit song. Probably will be someday, when we're dead. When they don't have to look at us.

"People are becoming aware of Suicide because of what's happening with Alan Vega, these tours, the record sales in Europe. Now, because it has a past tense, it almost looks like it's finished, people can deal with it in a rational way. All of a sudden I'm finding all sorts of Suicide snobs on this planet. It really pisses me off. Suicide snobs! I wanna kick them in their face, because that's not what Suicide was about.

"If it's going to come back, Suicide would have to be what it always stood for. Revolutionary and ballsy and kick-ass. Take chances. Like I took a chance jumping into the rockabilly thing, Suicide would have to do something like that. Bring in 14 guitars, no more keyboards, have Rev play the trumpet! They'll start booing us again, and five years later we'll have a whole new following.

"Eventually everyone will acknowledge Suicide. But when we were around they passed us up. They always passed on us.

"You've touched a sensitive point that I didn't know was sensitive. A lot of people have ripped us off. I listen to a lot of bands and hear things that I know are Suicide, but they change them, alter them to make them their own thing. Soft Cell, though, those guys are almost a direct steal. And they get a big hit. But the industry isn't going to let Suicide in. Period.

"That's another reason why I had to do this Alan Vega solo thing. Economics. Suicide was getting pushed out the door at Ze, and I had this little foot in the door, and I had to use it."

But then the Vega generosity reasserts itself.

"Really I don't want to say they stole it, because once we did it, it became part of what was in the air. We stole from the Velvets, Iggy, Question Mark And The Mysterians, The Silver Apples. That music was a part of us.

"The beauty of Suicide was that it was the ultimate pop group but it could never be pop. It pushed out the potential of what pop can be. But we were only allowed to do this one thing. When the scene was in the doldrums, people would say, We need to feel real, get Suicide. Then, when things were better, they'd say, OK, we feel good, we want pop. You guys out. As soon as we'd start to get to something they'd throw us out, right through the kitchen."

Why did you jump into a rockabilly sound for the first solo album?

"I was thinking about it for three years. I was looking for somebody who could do it, and I ran into Phil Hawk. I love that sound. I wanted to do it with a little newness about it. No one has taken country and western and rockabilly into the future. That's what I tried to do, even if I mostly failed, from the part that succeeds you can hear what I was trying to do."

With 'Collision Drive' you went much further. The sound is very unusual.

"That's a month and a half nervous breakdown you're hearing. I know it's great. I listen to it myself, I can't believe it. It was rough. The recording was nothing, we recorded it in four days. They're good musicians. But the mixing was insane.

"I lost it. I'm a punk, really, and I put myself in a lot of trouble, purposely, just to make life interesting. But I know deep down that I'm going to get out of it somehow. I'm too much of a crook; I've been on the streets too long; I'll fake it; I'll get over the fence, whatever. This one, wise-ass that I was, I decided to search for this thing that I really wanted. And I lost it, and I couldn't find it. I thought I had destroyed the record, and I thought I couldn't get out of it. For the first time in my life I got scared, thought I couldn't pull it out at the last second, that there was no way out.

"I took a break and walked in on a Monday and took one song completely apart. I completely altered the nature of the song, just through the board. That was 'Magdalena 83'. And then the whole record took shape. I treated it like a landscape. I was doing a horizontal number, I was spreading the sound out. Creating something horizontal rather than all this vertical shit that's on all the records these days. I was minimalising it, actually shrinking the sound but doing something to the shrink that spreads everything out. It's a contradiction but that's what creates the magic of the thing. It was a bitch to get. I knew what I wanted, but it was agony figuring out how to get the board to do it."

'Collision Drive' continues the Suicide themes of compassion for the poor, the underdog. The 'Outlaw' and the 'Viet Vet', like 'Frankie Teardrop' before them, are suffering Everymen. But Vega isn't sure.

"I don't think it's about Everyman. It's just about the people who don't luck out. It could be anybody. It's just real things that happen on this planet."

Were you surprised when 'Juke Box Baby' started selling in France?

"No. I wrote it to be, I was praying. I was on the way out, they were escorting me out of the music business. Ze was tossing out Suicide, and I was going next, and I convinced Zilkha to give me money to do this album, real cheapo. And this French guy, Karokas, came into town, heard 'Juke Box Baby' and knew it would be a hit. He made it a hit in Europe, and saved my life."

"I've always felt a connection to France, their movies, a lot of paintings. But also they're so into American things.

"I think there's a greater understanding of life there. They've had war there. The new generation hasn't had bombs dumped on their heads, but they've heard the whole thing from their parents. There's a whole understanding of life, of enjoyment, of food, this and that, that perhaps comes from an understanding of death.

"Their culture is more sensual because they've had so many wars, it's like, better get laid now because tomorrow bombs drop on your head. They don't waste time with this business of sex being immoral. To them sex is just like breathing.

"America is still crying to get laid, and they call it sinful. America never had a war coming from another place, it's an infantile country in that respect. It hasn't known the true hardship of war, when they start dropping bombs on your home or marching down your street. And that's something that's all over Europe, graves all over the place. Everybody's still mourning, everybody cries everyday. America hasn't had it, it's still Walt Disneyland.

ONE OF THE most inexplicable aspects of the Suicide story is the Rick Ocasek connection. The Cars represent safety and calculation; Suicide experimentation and raw emotion. But Ocasek was a Suicide fan from early on, got them gigs supporting his band in huge arenas, got them a slot on *Midnight Special* (USA's equivalent of *TOTP*), and produced for them (brilliantly) an LP and single.

"It was the stars and the anti-stars. Rick used to say Suicide wrote anti-hit songs. That's probably where it's at. I like his stuff. It doesn't seem amazing to me, I just like it. And he likes this. There's no reason for it. We went from opening for them in clubs to opening for them in 15,000 seaters.

"They're still talking about the time I said fuck in the Universal Ampitheatre in LA. Right below it is Bob Hope's golf course, and you can't play above a certain decibel level. And they're booing as soon as they see us. This is a blond-haired, blue eyed, suntanned California crowd. And they see they two roaches from New York, looking dirty, smelling dirty, just not looking right, and they start booing. Taking off their sneakers, their brand new Adidas sneakers, and throwing them at us. Sneakers flying all over the place.

"So I just went, FUCK YOU! Then we were banned from playing there. I didn't even know, they had to tell me afterwards what I had done wrong. So The Cars said, Well if you ban

CONTINUES PAGE 57

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rap rap rap rap rap rap rap rap rap
this aint really life this aint really nothing
really alive aint really alive aint really alive
raygun raygun ronald
but a B movie aint really alive aint really alive aint
aint really alive aint really alive aint really alive alive
ronald raygun raygun raygun raygun ronald
LAST POETS
Prince
Gil Scott Heron
many shades to the pallette See many shades rap rap rap rap rat rat rat rat rap wrack rat rap rap rap

THE HOMELAND IS WHERE THE HATRED IS

LLOYD BRADLEY interviews Gil Scott-Heron, journalist, novelist, poet, songwriter, singer and musician — a man who has highlighted youth disillusionment for the last ten years. Painting by SUE COE, inspired by Gil's scathing master rap, 'B Movie'.

JUST ONE CHANGE of buses, and the sound stages of Century City CA, where platinum plated cowboys bite the props department dust, are replaced by the real life dramas in Compton or the *barrios*. Kids with paint on their noses bite the shitty end of the stick.

Worlds apart, but only streets away.

Babies on welfare cry as they cut milk teeth without any milk, yet in the White House, less than 20 blocks away, re-enamelled molars munch jellybeans.

Worlds apart, but only streets away.

The other side of town ... the other side of the coin ... the other side.

For more than ten years, or more than a thousand songs, as a journalist, novelist, poet, songwriter, singer and musician Gil Scott-Heron has been speaking up for that other side. Speaking up against the many-headed monster of social injustice, living among its effects while looking closely at its causes. A little too closely, some have said, and that's why it's taken ten years.

Ten years a victim of the socially aspiring conditioning that makes Scott-Heron's records unwelcome in hip houses. Ten years of the '60s aftermath, when revolution was cool provided it was somewhere else. Ten years of corporate policies that didn't extend promotional facilities to potential troublemakers. Ten years of 'paying dues', but now, in 1982, people are listening to the stories within stories in large numbers.

An encouraging sign. It must mean that, albeit when faced with what may well be the shuffling and dealing of the final hand, public awareness is on the upstroke. Scott-Heron's approach has not altered.

SINCE MEETING UP with Brian Jackson at university in 1969, observations (that proved to be prophesies) with all the cutting edge of 'B Movie', have been as regular as they were unheeded. In 1971 'Home Is Where The Hatred Is' told of the generation games that have now become a massive factor in young disillusionment. A couple of years later there was 'The Revolution Will Not Be Televised', and last summer it was on our doorsteps. 'H_2O Gate Blues' came months before any charges were brought against Nixon, 'From South Africa To South Carolina' was an overture to Soweto and 'Shut 'Em Down' appeared two years before the CND revival. But although the level of commitment remained constant, the presentation was changing all the time.

The more recent of these changes are the most noticeable, and while causing a fair amount of bewilderment among long term *aficionados*, on reflection had a lot to do with getting over the final fence into easier marketability.

The changes began with the absence of a gorilla wearing army combat clothes, complete with bandoleers of bullets, from the drawings on the album sleeves. (It was a visual pun on guerilla and became a symbol of the band's serious / humorous approach.) Then, as the albums' artwork became sensible, the sound seemed to fluctuate. The freewheeling rawness came and went with each record, and went more often than came. Scott-Heron going Hollywood? Some people thought so, but it was all part of the plan. On a trans-Atlantic hotline to London from his mother-in-law's house, the man explained: "Well y'know we try to deal with something different on each of our songs, it was the same as that. We've been continually experimenting with our sound, learning to make use of studio technique to preserve that raw feel, and still get a good sound quality.

"For instance, what you hear today on the 'Reflections' album has a rougher feel to it, yet is a much more sophisticated recording. Listen to 'Pieces Of A Man' (his second album), they filtered my voice on that! Then, there wasn't a thing I could do about it, but now, with the help of Malcolm Cecil (producer or co-producer on much of the later work) I can get the sound I want. 'Real Eyes' was mellower than the one before it ('1980') as it was my first without Brian (Jackson), and I was putting together a new band and trying out some ideas I had. I think 'Reflections' rather than 'Real Eyes' is the end product of our experimentation. I think in that, we reached the balance."

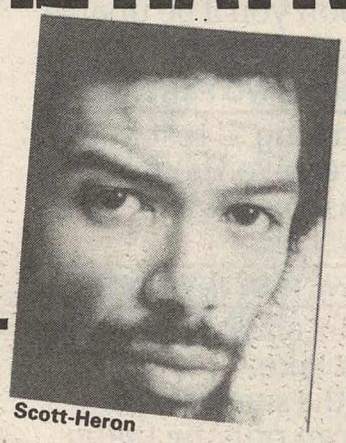
There was a chuckle at the mention of the gorilla, and I got the impression that Scott-Heron was a little sorry to see him go.

"There just wasn't anything else we could do with him! Also, as people became more aware of our music so they wanted to see what we looked like, they needed faces to go with the voices."

He mentioned Jackson's leaving, and that was the most radical of the changes. At the time, nearly two years ago, rumours flew around like Camden's rate demands, indiscriminately. Now was a good time to clear that one up.

"Brian was always looking forward to doing other things rather than work live. When he had the opportunity to, he opted to stay at home, writing and producing, instead of keeping on the road. After all, when we first got together it was just to write some poems and songs. Everything else just grew out of that, and Brian's just now getting back to it."

What really sets Scott-Heron apart from other black American 'consciousness' artists is his dealing with the troubles of ethnic or national groups other than his own, right across the globe. He even seemed to know more than me about the Brixton uprising, and I was in it! A healthy pursuit, and the reason for it was in a different league to the "We-wanna-sell-recids-all-over-da-werl" standard.


Scott-Heron

"In America, if you're not white, you're black! At least that's how you're classed, and that's how you're treated.

"Indians, chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Orientals and blacks are all beginning to identify with each other much more now, as we are all on the same level in the need for justice and opportunity.

"The band and I, we see ourselves as interpreters of the black experience, which is an experience that is universal throughout the black or Third World. The only way we can progress, either globally or in our own countries, is to form strong alliances between all fronts of the revolution."

I look for an expansion of "interpreters of the black experience". It's the kind of phrase I wish I'd thought up!

"The people are becoming more aware, nowadays, of the black situation as relative to the rest of the world. But in a lot of cases, it isn't being told in a way that makes sense to them. "Also, it's that as a nation (race), we have survived culturally as well as spiritually over the years, and are still going on. Like the African *griot* (story teller) who can recount the history of his village, so our songs are the same oral tradition."

WHAT ABOUT BOOKS? Scott-Heron has written two novels, *The Vulture* and *Nigger Factory*, and a volume of his poetry *Small Talk At 125th And Lennox* (also the name of his first album). Surely this outlet can't be as rigidly controlled?

"I went from writing those two books to recording, as there are a lot of children, adults too, who the books were aimed at but don't read too good, therefore would not be able to appreciate or learn too much from a novel.

"I enjoyed doing them, and think about doing another one all the time, because you're right and they are not as strictly controlled, but it takes too damn long! I think if I did, it would take the form of a TV script, as that would reach more people, but then again, that would be subject to the same censorship as radio. It could be worth a try though, anything that will help bring about the change is."

The 'Change' is the revolution that Scott-Heron believes is on the way. A bloodless revolution to promote new understanding, and ultimately bring a better deal for the masses he talks about. With his interpretations of the black experience, he believes he can speed up that change and influence which way it will go. And Scott-Heron left me feeling hopeful — and looking forward.

Oh, dear!

FILLED WITH enthusiasm for the quirky delights of *The Rockford Files* and *Not The Nine O'Clock News,* I was delighted to see these programmes get their *Dangerous Visions* diplomas from Messrs Penman and Baker. Well done, lads! And thanks a bundle for leaving me to deal with *Dear Heart!*

Dear Heart (BBC2 Fridays) is described in *Radio Times* as "a teenage magazine come to life, getting laughs from topics which magazines treat so seriously — spots, parents, money, wheels, fashion, romance and music." Its resident 'team' includes Toyah Willcox and B. A. Robertson. Even so, I watched the show with an open mind. After a few minutes I wished I'd watched it with an open window.

To say *Dear Heart* is not funny (that should read NOT FUNNY) is like saying QPR are not going to win the FA Cup; it's stating the blindingly obvious. I realise there's no accounting for taste (and — who knows? — perhaps the *DH* 'team' piss themselves when they run through each week's script) but surely someone somewhere in the BBC corridors must recognise that the material at hand is painfully inadequate.

In the first programme, Pam's Glam Page dealt with a vanishing cream that — guess what? — really lived up to its name! (NOT FUNNY.) An embarrassed dad (played by Colin Jeavons with all the finesse and subtle nuance of expression of one of Jock Wallace's after-match interviews) struggled to tell his daughter the facts of life (NOT FUNNY). And B. A. Robertson took a quick judo lesson from Brian Jacks (NOT EVEN INTERESTING).

With the kind of optimism born of supporting Gillingham FC for 22 years, I watched programme two convinced that there'd be some improvement, however minor. But as soon as Billy Hartman's mechanic clenched his fist, greeted the audience with the 'catchphrase/word' "Honda", and *got a laugh,* I was walking towards the window. Hartman later made the disastrous mistake of attempting to take off Rik Mayall's angry young poet; as surely as Custer died with his boots on, so did this lad.

Buried alongside him were the worst set of sketches I have ever seen on television — I was half expecting the neighbours to complain about the smell. Toyah duly arrived as Stamp Collecting Advice Person in a piece pockmarked with all the *DH* characteristics: duff dialogue, gross overplaying, with neither punchline nor point. If this lot are serious about seeing the series through, I suggest they start watching *Play Away* swiftish and pick up a few tips.

"In *Dear Heart* I'm not Toyah Willcox," said Toyah in *Radio Times.* "I want to avoid any connection with me." That would certainly appear to be your best bet, dear heart, but I fear it's too late.

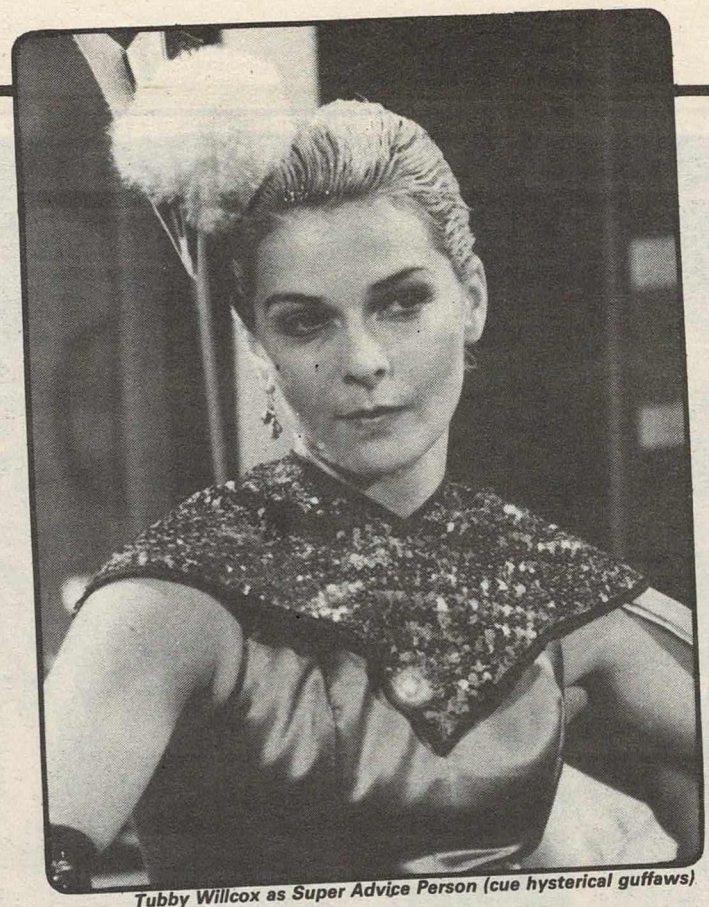
I suppose that wasn't Toyah Willcox on **Animal Magic** (BBC1) either, meeting the monkey named after her (the Ceefax subtitles were a great help here); nor was it her handing out prizes willynilly on the **Rock And Pop Awards** (BBC1); and which one wasn't her on **The Kenny Everett Show** (BBC1)? I couldn't tell, because none of them were funny.

While the rest of the country was either watching *Match Of The Day* trying to stuff twelve fat goals into 60 thin minutes or Clint Eastwood sorting out the LAPD in *Magnum Force,* I decided to join the other 23 people watching **Her Mother's House** on BBC2.

"Everybody keeps talking to me in cliches," said Jenny Linden, who seemed fairly distraught throughout for no apparent reason. Not only was it a Scottish production but the leading players were wont to mumble their lines headfirst into the sofa. I realised I'd made a mistake but was still prepared to wish author Joan Lingard the best of luck with her new series of *Maggie* which, with its admirably relaxed dialogue, is shaping up as the *Gregory's Girl* of TV.

Best to forget the 'straight' plays, Joan; after all, as even Phil Redmond has found out with *County Hall,* not *every* one can be a *Grange Hill.*

11.45 Closing Message: Kirsty Miller, please may we interview you?



Tubby Willcox as Super Advice Person (cue hysterical guffaws)

MONTY SMITH forgets what it was like to be a retarded 14-year-old

IAN PENMAN sizes up (pretty well against) the small screen

Friday March 12

What's Up Doc? (Peter Bogdanovich 1972). *"A comedy made by a man who has seen a lot of movies, knows all the mechanics, and has absolutely no sense of humour." (Jay Cocks).* Can't say nearer than that. Bogdanovich knows all the *right* mechanics, too — including Robert Benton putting a finger or a thumb or two in the script, and Laszlo Kovacs taking consummate care of the photography. Streisand and O'Neal mug away happily in this Meccano (pastiche) madcap mirth machine — and there *are* isolated moments that are hard to resist — but everything's up against a brick wall of Bogdanovich's unsubstantiated vainglory. And Spielberg *still* went ahead and made *1941* . . . **(BBC1)**

Kotch (Jack Lemmon 1971). One buddy directed, the other starred: Jack Lemmon's first turn in the director's seat, spun around Walter Matthau as an Old Codger determined to hold onto his marbles in the rough-edged real world rather than the dopey sanctuary of home-for-the-aged his folks are edging him towards. Sidesteps sentimental entropy, bristles around Matthau's judicious portrayal. **(BBC1)**

Saturday March 13

Sweeney! (David Wickes 1976). Or *Sweeny! 2,* if your video is taping TVS. The rest of us have got the superior movie out of the two big screen blow ups of Regan and Carter ribbing and copping. If you liked the duo-play on TV, you'll like this — or have seen it already. Gosh, but some films are easier to write about than others . . . **(ITV)**

Another Shore (Charles Crichton 1949). Below-par for the Ealing connoisseur. Stanley Holloway (R.I.P.) and Robert Beatty do an *Old Man And The Sea,* salty dog supplying young dreamer with seafood for his dreams of South Sea Island beachbum bliss. A beachbum was one of the first things I wanted to be, when I was younger, funnily enough. Come to think of it . . . **(BBC2)**

Twice Round The Daffodils (Gerald Thomas 1962). This looks great! The before-the-dawn-of-time-itself *Carry On* team of director Thomas and producer Peter Rogers inject a measure of their NUDGE-NUDGE *elan* into this stage-derived tale of life (?) in a male TB ward (no kidding! Thomas Mann check yer royalties!). The cast is another one of those early '60s Equity-catalogues come-to-life: Juliet Mills, Donald Sinden, Kenneth Williams ('r-a-y-!), Joan Sims, Lance Percival, Jill Ireland, Sheila Hancock, Nanette Newman . . . (holds breath for 15 seconds) . . . Alan Whicker, Winston Churchill, Sarah Bernhardt, Nancy Astor . . . **(BBC2)**

Ecoute Voir (Hugo Santiago 1978). Tucking my not insubstantial — but by no means unformulated — prejudice against Euro-cinema into the back of my trousers for an hour or two, this looks great too! Catherine Deneuve as a bisexual private eye can't be bad, and the director — an Argentinian; is that in Europe, Monty? — is supposedly a fan of Borges and Bresson (no, it's not a butcher's). Filmed in Paris, and . . . why, I even enjoyed *Buffet Froid* the other week! Before you know it, I'll be getting Isabelle a walk-on part as The Good Humour Girl in my friend Mr Schrader's next film (believed to be a Calvanist reworking of *Hair!*) **(BBC2 — where else, for pity's sake?)**

The Last Train From Gun Hill (John Sturges 1958). Well, you know what you're about to receive, anyway, from a Sturges' Western with a title like that. Hey, even easier than *Sweeney!* **(BBC2)**

Sunday March 14

The Cruel Sea (Eric Ambler 1953). Even when this type of sturdy British war thriller is "well done" I invariably find myself reaching for the peanuts like worry-beads ten minutes in. This one's got Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, Stanley Baker and the heroic (he has to be, with crap like this to keep him going) Denholm Elliot. Virginia McKenna also features in the cast list, but how the hell her Ark bumped into this lot's battleship in the mid-Atlantic is anyone's guess. **(BBC1)**

The Friends of Eddie Coyle (Peter Yates 1973). And by complete contrast: even when this type of American low-life thriller has blood seeping out of it I invariably find myself yelling "MOTHERFUCKER!!!" at the least provocation. As it happens, Yates does the genre proud with this sour, slow, no-flinch story of duplicity and shadowy revenge. Robert Mitchum and Richard Jordan (fresh, and in some cases, fingerless, from their performances in *The Yakuza*) are joined by Mr Lowlife himself Peter Boyle (give dat man an Oscar for Best Supporting Sweaty Pate!) Set in Boston, of all places. **(BBC1)**

Tuesday March 16

Key Largo (John Huston 1948). John Huston couldn't possibly have foreseen that, in 1982, his film would sound like a new supermarket chain — but it still stands up as a superb, corny, sweaty slice of mob-land melodrama. Edward G. glares like his eyes smell of garlic, Humphrey stumbles in all Prince Gallant, and Lauren decides which way to load her dice. (The preceding remark was in no way intended to be a besmirchment of International Women's Day 1982, *Naked Ape* correspondents.) **(BBC2)**

L plates, the new bike law, and you.

If you ride a bike or scooter on a provisional licence you will be affected by changes in the law from March 29th.

These changes give riders of machines over 125cc until October 1st to pass either the existing 'L' test or a new two part test. And soon you'll be unable to ride a bike on 'L' plates indefinitely.

EXISTING 'L' TEST OR NEW TWO PART TEST?

To take the existing 'L' test your application must be received before March 29th, otherwise you will have to take the new two part test.

WHAT DOES THE NEW TEST INVOLVE?

Part I tests your ability to handle and manoeuvre your bike.

Part II is much the same as the existing 'L' test and can only be taken once you've passed Part I. (If you drive a motorcycle or a scooter with a side car you will only have to take Part II.)

You'll stand a much better chance of passing if you've taken a course with one of the training bodies appointed by the Department of Transport.

Your local Road Safety Officer will give you the details.

HOW ELSE MAY THE NEW LAW AFFECT ME?

If you hold a provisional licence and ride a bike which was first registered after December 31st, 1981, its maximum power output and power/weight ratio will also be restricted when the 125cc limit comes into force (scheduled for October 1st, 1982).* And soon all motorcyclists will have to pass both parts of the new test within a limited period (probably two years) or they may face a year off the road.

HOW DO I TAKE MY TEST?

Part I of the test can be taken with an appointed training body as part of the course they provide.

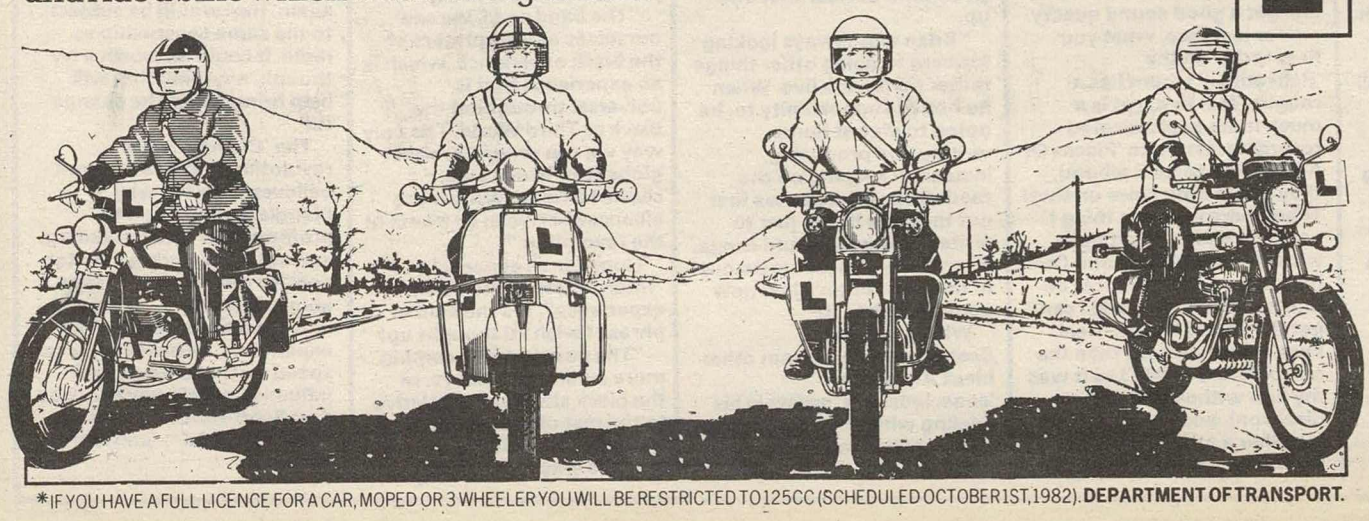
Part I can also be taken with the Department of Transport, who conduct existing 'L' tests and Part II of the new test. Ask for form DL26 at your Post Office.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT MORE ABOUT TRAINING AND THE NEW TEST?

If you want to know more about training schemes contact your Road Safety Officer at your council offices (or in Scotland, your Regional Council office or police station).

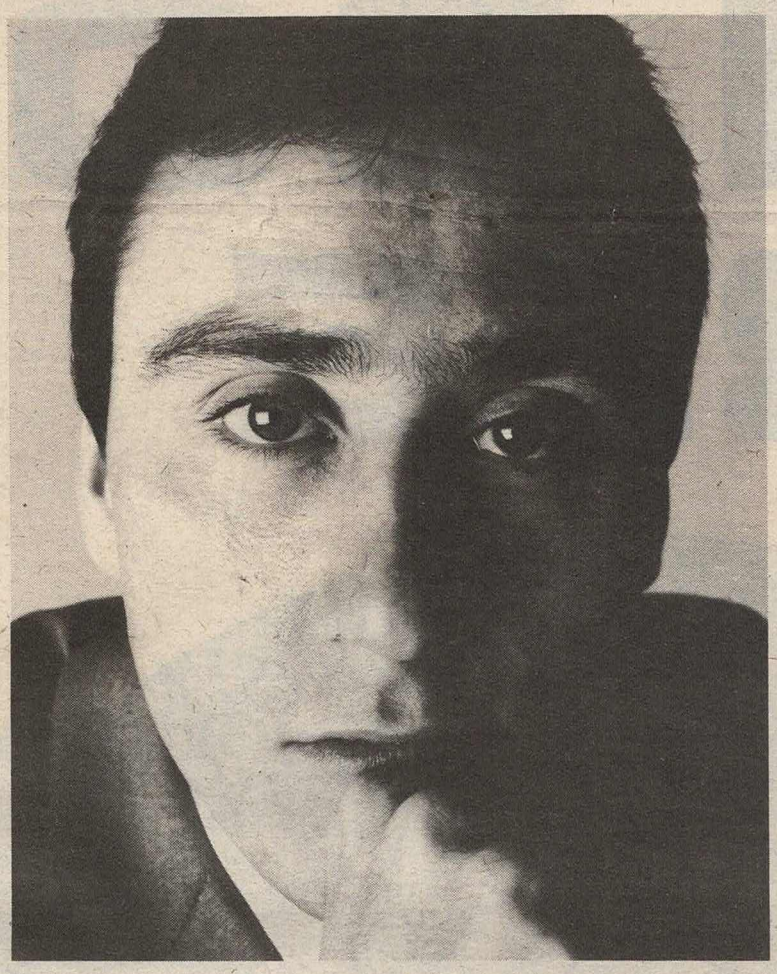
If you want to know more about the new test send an SAE to Driver Enquiry Unit, DVLC Swansea, SA6 7JL for your free copy of "Your Driving Test."

PASS YOUR TEST STAY ON YOUR BIKE



*IF YOU HAVE A FULL LICENCE FOR A CAR, MOPED OR 3 WHEELER YOU WILL BE RESTRICTED TO 125CC (SCHEDULED OCTOBER 1ST, 1982). **DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT.**

nine below zero



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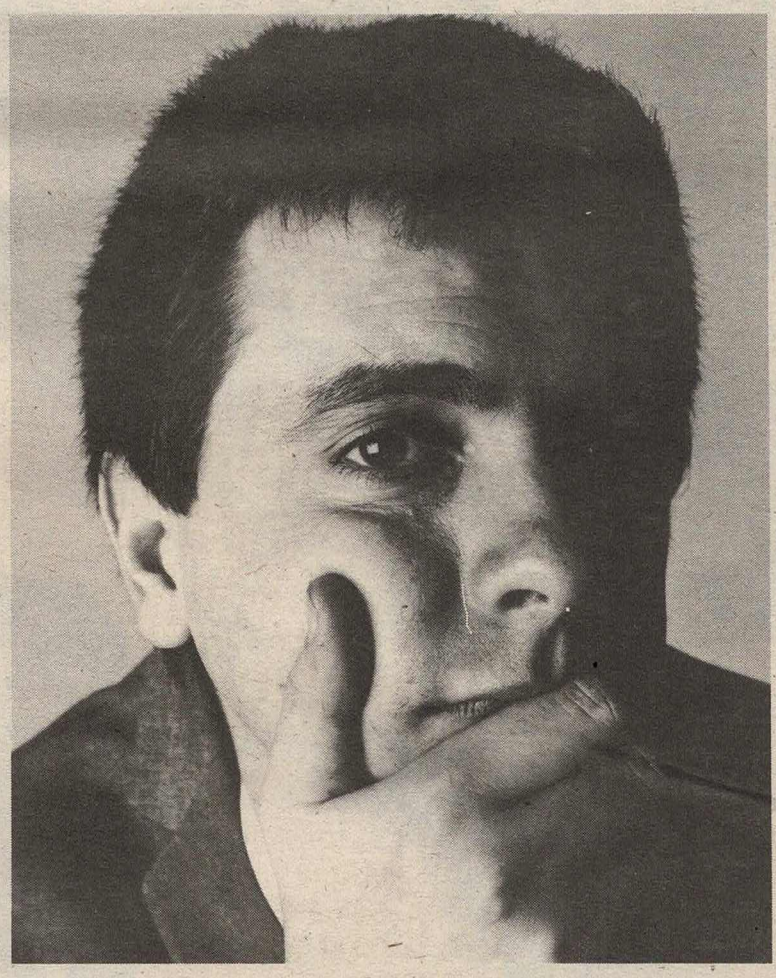
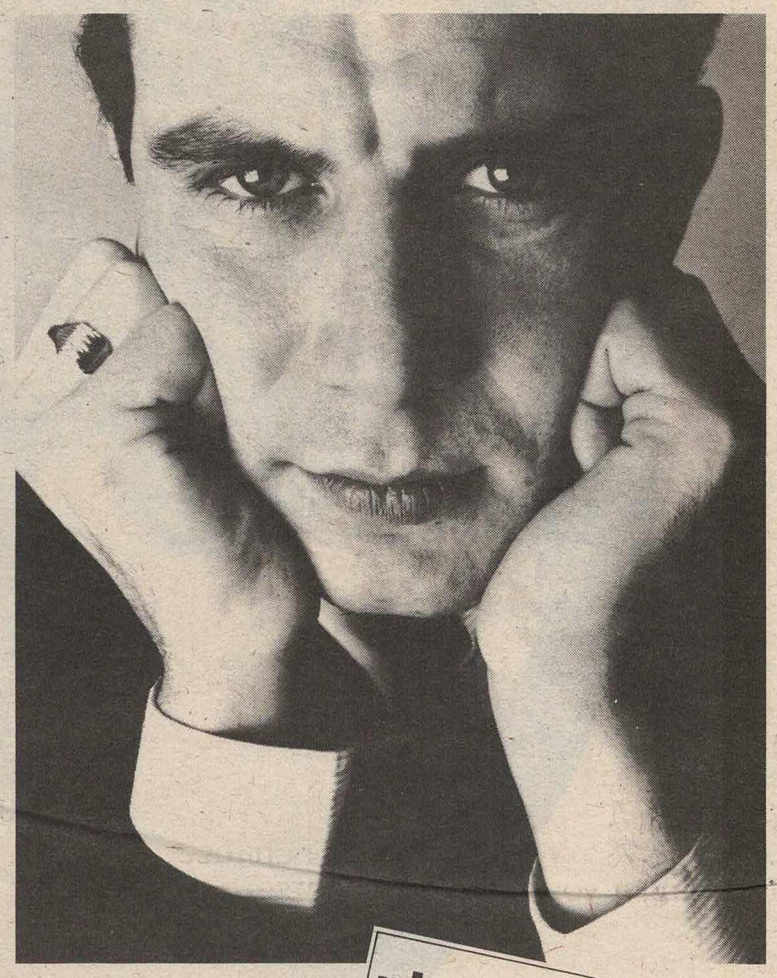
the fleshtones

MARCH
17th. **loughborough** university
18th. **leeds** polytechnic
20th. **aylesbury** friars
21st. **bristol** colston hall
22nd. **bath** university
24th. **brighton** top rank
25th. **guildford** civic hall
26th. **nottingham** rock city
27th. **st. albans** city hall
28th. **plymouth** top rank
29th. **bournemouth** winter gardens
30th. **cardiff** top rank
31st. **reading** top rank
APRIL
2nd. **birmingham** odeon
3rd. **ipswich** gaumont
4th. **redcar** coatham bowl
6th. **glasgow** tiffanys
7th. **edinburgh** playhouse
8th. **manchester** apollo
9th. **gravesend** woodville halls





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third degree

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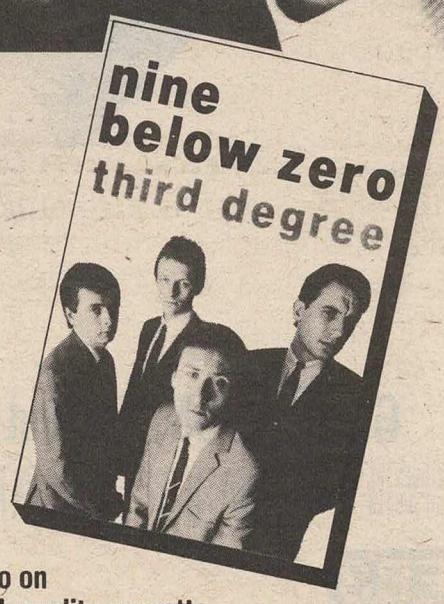

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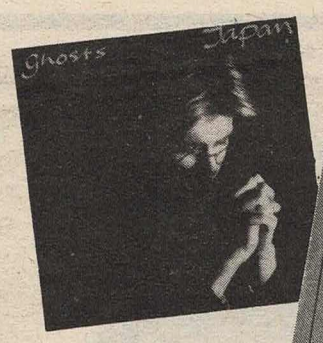
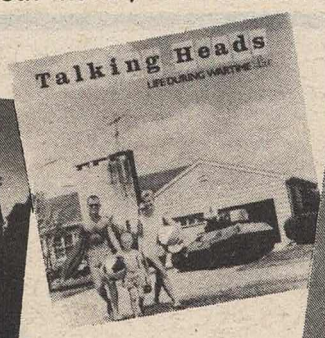
SINGLES

REVIEWED BY JULIE BURCHILL





ZOOMIIZ: I'll Be Your Spark (RK Records)
Nice little record by people — four girls and a boy — who have actual day-jobs, like waitressing and working in betting-shops and being professional wedding guests. One of them has just resisted being poached by Girlschool and all of them are currently "supporting" Gary Glitter.

Their song is a little bit black, a little bit glitterai, a little bit Herd-type harmonizing. Any number of serious young men would love to have thought of the title and I would love to have written the press release, which is brilliantly witty and cheerful. For instance, I am told that I must ring "the Drummer's Dad" for further information. Buy the record, cherish the press release.

QUINCY JONES: One Hundred Ways (A&M)
PEABO BRYSON: Let The Feeling Flow (Capitol)
When a white critic suggest sometimes that maybe a certain black act sounds a bit too . . . *rich* or *smug* you just know there will be a legion of alternative white critics who will immediately pounce, screaming "Racist!" and "Hypocrite!" Well, one does not oppose blacks getting money, getting *millions* — but I hate it when black singers act slick and smug and got-it-made, just as much as I loathe white singers who act that way. It just isn't *aesthetically* acceptable, it's *ugly*, if you want (to paraphrase the sports buffs) to keep politics out of music.

Why can't you be rich and think poor, like Stevie Wonder singing about Martin Luther King or Zimbabwe, like Sammy Davis Jnr. singing about the birth of the blues? The current crop of black singers — Quincy Jones oozing Agony Aunt advice, Peabo Bryson smirking about how good he looks in his new suit — who think rich and are relatively poor are unnattractive in the extreme, not to say unsuccessful. If you think penthouse instead of pavement you ain't going to be in the penthouse very long. Popular music is biggest and best when it's poor people's music. These are sops for saps. Where are the black dancing records aimed at the double-dating kid on the dance-floor rather than the double-garaged divorcee in the wine-bar?

NEW YORK SKYY: Call Me (Epic)
SHALAMAR: I Can Make You Feel Good (Solar)
Here they are!

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA: Rydeen (Alfa)
Music for people to sit about making up theories to. Anyone who *still* thinks "Japan" is a totally fascinating concept — in fact it's just a sick little country where people work too hard and drink too much and karate chop rats for relaxation — reveals themselves to be a totally *outre* turkey . . .

JAPAN: Ghosts (Virgin)
. . . as the Blackheath Bimboes could tell you. Somewhat ashamed of being attached to such an out-moded gimmick, Japan have been recently attempting to pass the parcel, as it were, by singing lots of songs about Red China. This one is a song about "Ghosts" of no particular persuasion; you *know* what it sounds like. David Sylvian has a bellyache and so we all have to hear about it. Jayne Mansfield once suggested to her manager that they bottle the Mansfield urine and sell it to star-struck fans. Well, David Sylvian bottles bellyaches and (sometimes) idiots buy them. Men shouldn't read books — knowledge makes them miserable . . .

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: The Celtic Soul Brotherhood (Mercury)
. . . as "Laughing Boy" Rowland could tell you. Actually, listening to this it sounds as though Kevin's "brothers" have gotten so sick of looking at his scowling face that they've taken him to Dr Barnard and paid for Russell Mael's head to be grafted onto him. This is very much like butch Sparks, right down to the words; *"Excuse me, you're standing in my space!"* squeaks Kevin. A couple of old biddies scrape away on cat-gut fiddles and it's meant to be all ethnic and wonderful, but it sounds so much like a Redcoat romp that if it was played anywhere within a 50-mile radius of a Kilburn pub and touted as "Celtic" it would get the entire eight of them eaten as *hors d'oeuvres*.

The premise on which the song is based is silly and fatuous. If a scummy little skinhead band made up a label for blacks or Jews and sang about it, it would provoke much squealing and finger-pointing; Dexys Midnight Runners can make up a composite Celt — warm and wonderful, as opposed to the "cold" Anglo, one supposes — and they're doing them a favour. They really do have about as much political suss as.

STEVE HARLEY WITH COCKNEY REBEL: I Can't Even Touch You (Chrysalis and **SLADE: Ruby Red (RCA)**
Do you wanna be in my *angst?* An insipid Cockney encore for those wonderful swollen vowels you'll remember forever and all-round tortured mediocrity. Music not to give up your day-job to. Mr Harley was led back from the wilderness by M. Ure of Samaritans Inc.

Unlike their balding peer, Slade do not suffer from the stigma of falling flat on their coy enigma. A good old-fashioned beery belch of celebration — that's Slade's cup of nauseous rock and roll revelry. Is it uplifting or disgustipating? Well, you pays your money and you . . . are sick all over your platform boots, either way.

Modern medicine really should have invented a pill by now that when given to old pop stars wipes clean from their brains the memory of their glory days. It would make the remainder of their lives so much more *bearable*. It must be terrifying to be one of these people.

TALKING HEADS: Life During Wartime (Sire)
David Byrne has *angst* too but he projects it onto his Atlas, not his analyst. A bomb drops somewhere and a muscle near his mouth twitches. The Sensitive American.

Talking Heads were good at being white and dewy and lukewarm and wonderful young college people. Then — maybe to avoid being adopted by predatory Preppies — they drafted in a whole African tribe, men, women and children running around in headgear banging drums and chanting. Talking Heads trying to be black and gutsy is bad Talking Head news. Who wants a proposition from Wittgenstein put by the cast of *Ipi Tombi?*

BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: Natural Mystic (Island)
STEEL PULSE: Ravers (Wise Man Doctrine).
What do you say about a young man who died? That he always adopted a maddening, soothing, fatalistic *Listen With Mother* drone? That he knew less about the plight of your actual African than Talking Heads know? That he would much rather have held a joint than a Russian machine gun? That he loved Miami and any old white Miss World?

Ooops!

Ahem. A reverential hush falls over the reviewing rooms of the Western World as I-Man Jah Bob stumbles up to the mike: *"Many more will have to suffer/Many more will have to die/Don't ask me why . . ."* That's fighting talk! Wow. Heavy. If Bob hasn't met an untimely kicking of the bucket you can bet your red, green and gold tea-cosy that at this very moment he would be setting up the barricades on the beaches of Florida to overthrow the blue-rinsed octogenarian oppression.

Music to give simple souls the munchies.

Bob Marley sounded like he was pushing up daisies even when he was alive. White boys with their hearts in the right place but their minds unfortunately A.W.O.L. — take a bow, UB40 — believe this to be an asset.

Steel Pulse long ago livelied up themselves right out of this lower division and here weigh in with a jaunty swagger, some sweet loping skank — you know, when they loon about like a little penguin who's just stubbed his toe. I can easily hear Sammy Davis Jnr. singing this — it's that good. I don't want to keep the thing but it certainly makes me want to play my entire collection of Eddie Grant singles.

FOX: Electro People (Theme from *The Kenny Everett Television Show*) (BBC)
ALTERED IMAGES: See Those Eyes (Epic)
DOLLY MIXTURE: Everything And More (Respond)
EMMYLOU HARRIS: Born To Run (WEA)
Ouch! There goes my sweet tooth, swinging from the door handle. So excuse me if I'm sour . . .

Via all-round-nothing Kenny Everett, the Fox comeback record! Noosha and the team are back from their lengthy hibernation and have obviously decided that the way to bring home the Baco-Bits in the business in the Eighties is to come on like a coquettish consumer durable.

You know and buy the thing — lots of plip - plip - bleep - bleep and a deep frozen libido that can be run off mains or battery. That's the idea, anyhow. Naughty Noosh will never grow up and get that Raleigh Racer — she still sounds like Australian mutton dressed up like nursery school nymph. Pillow talk, baby talk.

Moi can get violently protective about little Clare Grogan when she is made the butt of weak jokes by Pamela Stephenson's old enough to be her granny. But an Altered Images record immediately after Noosha Fox makes me — very reluctantly — say hello, wave goodbye and reach for my blade. The awful truth is that *Clare is a Noosha impersonator.*

Altered Images recall one of those trampolined fairground chambers where the only way to stand on your own two feet is to bounce around giggling madly. Young, foamy and bright! Stay a moment too long and your stomach will begin to reject the fairground hot-dogs you fed it.

Of course the secret of Altered Images' success is due solely to the sterile yet searing sex appeal that *she* shares with her exact counterpart Nicholas Haircut. They look so clean that their little fans want to get them dirty . . .

If you like visions of Judy Geeson and Barry Evans running hand in hand through a New Town whooping it up in the mists of time then Dolly Mixtures would like you to like them. Too bad they're flirtatious hacks working on the dull side of Grub street, tinny and trite, swinging, swinging, SWUNG. Too bad.

Emmylou is forever the lonesome Madonna, icon of the rodeo. When I see a lonesome Madonna I feel a strong desire to slurp my tea from the saucer and wipe my nose on the antimacassars, so I really am not the person to judge this record. Bean - eating - cow - poking - wine - drinking - joint - toking - shawl - wearing - eye - wiping - love - losing - pre - faded Emmylou! She might look pretty on a stained glass window but she's hell on a Dansette.

NINE BELOW ZERO: Wipe Away Your Kiss (A&M)
DAVE EDMUNDS: Warmed Over Kisses (Arista)
BILLY BREMNER: Laughter Turns To Tears (Stiff)
TENPOLE TUDOR: Let The Four Winds Blow (Stiff)
KILLING JOKE: Empire Song (Malicous Damage)
Blokes Night Out!

The rocking fraternity parties, each in his own way. For the old-timers there's beer and r and b. For the missed-punk miseries there's glue and doom and Killing Joke. And for the post-punkies there's shandy and stink bombs.

That obscure sect Orthodox Pub Rocking finds a following in Nine Below Zero; the sect preaches the virtues of manual labour like a manifesto and believes that if everyone works up a grim-faced sweat then everyone will be happy. Musical navvies.

Dave Edmunds is not so cheap and more cheerful — he always puts a brave face on things, sort of like a dypsomaniac Pollyanna. Dave carries a torch at a furious pace, all hillbilly hurt and bad-ass banjo. Jed Clampett in Group Therapy. Billy Bremner is the drunk crying on Dave Edmund's shoulder.

If Killing Joke weren't a band they'd probably be — dead! Or — in jail! Or — scrawling things on walls! Or — answering back to their Dads! Killing Joke are a smug void that wants to put the world to rights but will have to be content with boring people at parties. They want so much to !ENLIGHTEN! you and they can't even get you to tap a half-hearted toe. It's a howling din most angry and most dull — cacophonic corn that should be kept firmly in its place — on an orange box at Speaker's Corner, while one man and his dog wander off, bored stiff.

Tenpole Tudor write songs for kids who want to be squatters when they grow up, the knights who lie asleep — or is it unconsious? — in a cardboard box at the foot of the hill — or underneath Charing Cross arches? — until the hour that Albion needs them. Eddie Tudorpole would love to go on an Outward Bound course but somehow he always seems to overdo it on lager and crisps the night before he's due to start, so he contents himself with singing about physical acitivity — lots of "canoeing" here.

What's so very appealing about the gloriously egg-stained E. Tudorpole and his band of matted mether men is that you can singalonga their records before you've ever heard them.

MARCELLA MAH: Shoa Lin (Rebecca)
MATHEMATIQUES MODERNES: Disco Rough (Celluloid)
JACNO: Rectangle (Celluloid)
SEXY ROBOT: The Cultural Decay (Sabam T.M)
FASHION: Streetplayer-Mechanik (Arista)
So we come to Le Crunch — a gaggle of *artistes* born and raised on the wrong side of *la manche* (the cheeky monkeys refuse to recognise the English Channel) now ready and willing to bore *les pants* off *tout le monde*. We'll skip all those cheap shots at the French war effort — Lay Down Your Arms And Lift Up Your Skirts — and stick to what's in the grooves, shall we?

Marcella Mah must *adore* Kate Bush — a fine role model for any growing gal — and has all those high-pitched mystic siren running up and down the scales moves down pat. She's sort of a Faith Brown with a pretty sneer and discreet tattoo, if that is your "bag". Her song is such a deft facsimile of Bush in Nippon mood that you suspect Marcella might be doing an A.J Weberman and going through Kate's rubbish.

Personally I can't wait for the Japanese economy to lose its aura of unearthly invincibility — just think, no more cheap foreign imports or jaundiced pop songs. Bliss! Start sweating, Aneka!

The French seem to love ze rock and roll with a passion and I find it quite staggering that they have never found one moderately innovative little band in their midst, never thrown up anything of their own. It all has to be ready-made and delivered to their door — then they will run with the thing, apeing every miniscule detail of the genre of their choice until they look and cook, walk and talk and sulk just like a native. I mean, even the *Germans* threw up *Kraftwerk!*

Mathematiques Modernes are my theory made flesh — they've got their eye-liner right and their subscription to *The Face* and they think nothing can hurt them. But it's just *up-marche* Plastique Bertrand.

Fashion - I blush for you, *mes braves* — are funky nihilists in maudlin moog.

Sexy Robot — hopefully named — are Gallic Gumbies and Jacno is a mournful little chap who sings as though he can't sell any onions. *Bonne chance*, kids!

B.A. ROBERTSON WITH THE MEMPHIS HORNS: Ready Or Not (Asylum)
"The Memphis Horns are used very sparingly."

"Maybe he had to pay them per puff. They just wait down there for gullible whiteys to come along and hire and over-pay them."

"He used to be good . . ."

"Oh, Tony! He was never *good*. He used to be a bit *comic*. But he's not even *funny* anymore . . ."

SUNSHINE SUPERBOY

Paul Morley experiences the yellow pleasure of Haircut 100 — the sound of the suburbs. Photos by Anton Corbijn.

I ASK NICHOLAS Heyward, the singer with Haircut 100, if he thinks that he is a lucky boy. He allows me a look so cheeky, so yellow, and so comfortable, it seems that his face will explode into millions of tiny bubbles.

"Yeah!!!!" he exclaims, his merry eyes piling up the exclamation marks, a gleeful laugh bouncing dramatically like one of those small ultra-bouncy superballs.

Nicholas and conga player Mark Fox take lunchtime cocktails in the Carvery Bar at Glasgow's glass and yellow Albany Hotel. Haircut 100 have just begun a 30 date tour of Britain, with the mellow intention of painting every town they visit bright yellow.

"This," confides Heyward idealistically, rolling his eyes to signify the tour, "this is going to be just like a holiday ..."

That night Haircut 100 play The Ultrateque: the venue will be far too small; this is a tour booked when the group were a very pale yellow, to some misers a potential one hit wonder. Before that the group will nibble their way through 14 interviews. Ahead of them stretches over 20 more shows . . . Haircut members wander around the hotel so calmly, so casually, sporting looks of careless joy and radiating yellow contentment.

They're all determined to treat this as a vacation and absorb the work-load without complaining: act flattered by it all. Fox thinks ahead into the belly of the tour and imagines how the ruthless horrors of it, that can make grown men bawl and suffer, will affect these nonchalant boys: how will the yellow be soiled?

"Perhaps you should have done this interview when we were about three quarters of the way through . . . we'd all have gaping cold sores and whiteheads, with chins like the dark side of the moon. You'd be asking us what it's like to be boy heroes and we'd be sneezing into your face . . ."

"It's a necessary evil, I suppose," Nicholas decides. "We won't do anything like it again."

The next time Haircut 100 tour it will be in the summer, in tents, on fields, by the seaside, if they can resist those peculiar Queenly advances better than a Boycott would. Nicholas shows me a photograph of when he was an alternative, when 30 date tours were like distant villains.

"It was lovely being an alternative, it was an easy life. Everything was just theory . . . you liked to worry about things a lot but you weren't actually doing anything . . . Like now I'm in a real world, and I have to think about pressure even though I'm not very good at it. We're starting to make millions and get massively rich. I've just put my money away into a building society. If I had ready cash to spend I would just feel ridiculously rich and big headed. I've got this money all of a sudden, something I never even dreamt of, and I just know that I musn't feel guilty about it. I've just got to try and stay the same as I was."

I ask Nicholas what the best thing about being in Haircut 100 is for him?

"Being known and everything and even though you have your privacy threatened you're never lonely because you have two of your best mates with you, and that's really great. Les and Graham have been my mates for ages and to actually be in this together is really wonderful. Sometimes me and Les look at each other and go, Fucking hell! brilliant! isn't it all brilliant! We'll just feel . . . on top of the world!"

The lady behind the bar asks Nicholas for an autograph. He scrawls the first of the hundreds he'll sign today. He has white teeth, yellow smile, chubby cheeks, sure eyes. He's a very lucky boy.

IN THE BAR at the Glasgow Albany Haircut 100's guitarist Graham Jones tells me: "It first hit me that we might be successful when 'Favourite Shirts' got to number four. You see it climbing the charts, but you don't actually realise what's happening. When it was at number four that's when I realised that people actually are interested. But I still didn't believe that we were a known band! You said Haircut 100 to someone and you expected them to say — who's that?".

ON THE COACH between Dundee and Glasgow Nicholas wins my attention with another golden grin and admits: "I tell you, being in this is just an excuse to be stupid . . ."

At the back of the coach he furtively messes around under a quilt with a small boned girl, discovering little bumps and dents he never knew existed. Occasionally his delighted laugh bursts into the open above the coach's monotonous drone. Perhaps 20 year old Nicholas is discovering sex for the first time: not whilst baby sitting or sitting on the back row, but having just heard that his group's LP has just gone into the charts at number six.

"Before all this I only had one girlfriend. I was just a pleb! Mind you, if there was a party I always used to end up entertaining. When I was 14, 15 people always used to invite me to parties along with my mate just to get it going. You'd never find us in the kitchen. We'd always be right there in the lounge, flipping about. But it I had a girlfriend I used to go out with them for real long times. I could never chuck a person. That's horrible!"

So Nicholas is still a virgin?

"Yeah!" He smothers his reply in a generously jovial giggle.

"Nick," says Graham, "He's just an idiot . . ."

"He's a lovely natural person," Mark tells me, admitting that he cringes when softening words like 'fresh' and 'normal' are used to surround Haircut . . . "although I am pretty fresh. But the three of them at the front, Les, Graham and Nick, they're like the kids at school who were really good at mannerisms and taking the piss out of someone's facial and bodily movements.

"And they're like your mates who used to work in shops on Saturdays and hang around looking at birds with fags hanging out of their mouths . . ."

Cleancut 100 are being comfortably contained as the beaming babies of the new pop boom: scrubbed and innocuous. Hearty Nicholas half-heartedly attempts to deflect these assumptions.

"It's all been projected by those people who just look at my face, which is after all pretty homely, and just take that as Haircut 100. Y'know, something really bland. Blandness can kill you! Imagine anyone being as bland and youthful as I'm supposed to be. Youth is about discovery and completely enjoying yourself and that's what we're about. Haircut 100 are hooligans really. Well, they're naughty anyway."

The coach rides between Dundee and Glasgow, splashing betweem flooded fields. Inside the coach the sun is always shining, and the breeze is always refreshing, and the holiday is about smiling.

"I don't drink, I don't smoke, and I don't take drugs," reveals Mark. "It all sounds very corny but that's the way it is. This band, it's like everything we do is taking the piss out of rock'n'roll and those obligations. Like the tour coach is such a shiny cliched example of the rock and roll band and yet we're listening to be-bop as we zoom along. It's all very funny . . . we're playing at rock stardom but our attitude towards it completely undermines it. Because we just cannot take it seriously . . ."

After Nicholas has told me that Tonka toys have been a big influence on his life, that when he writes a lyric he believes that no one in the world has ever written anything like it and that he bought a big guitar because of The Beatles, he wanders to the back of the coach to find his playmate and find out more about her.

He's wearing a pair of blue shorts. He'd rather they were yellow.

IN THE BAR at the Glasgow Albany Mark tells me: "If I was an American and black I would say to you that our music is 'raising people's expectations of modern music', and look at you seriously and I'd be a born again Christian or something . . . I just don't see why you should prune down pop music to a ridiculously simple degree. If there are ways of incorporating liveliness and enthusiasm with interesting music then I'm in favour of it."

IN THE RESTAURANT of the Dundee hotel Nicholas is wearing water-proof yellow rubber trousers held up around his chest by white braces. There is a jacket to go with it, the kind you'll see on cyclists or workmen, as well as boots and helmet.

He will walk into hotels wearing blue shorts and the yellow shower-jacket, and perhaps a sou'wester, and grey suited business men don't know where to look. He used to wear the clothes of a polo player. Then it was ski clothes. Following that sweaters flung around the shoulder. The look changes, he says, at least every three weeks. At the moment everything just has to include yellow.

"I just think it's the best colour ever," he enthuses' "In the three weeks the colour may be pale blue, although that isn't as strong as yellow.

"I can wake up in the morning feeling really dredgy and then I put on some great clothes in my favourite colours and I can feel great. I'm infatuated with colour combinations. I could never wear jeans. I would feel stupid in them. And yellow is just a brilliant colour. I like wearing good clothes, and I love colours, and in a way the yellow and the clothes can form a shield against the business men who have all these comfortable expectations of what someone like me should look like.

"When I walk into the record company I don't want to look like them, I don't want to look like a rock star, I don't want to look like a pop star particularly. Wearing just what you feel like and absorbing yourself in a colour can give you a distance from the conventions. I actually plan what I wear when I go to the record company. I could never walk in on a whim."

Does Nicholas worry about superficiality?

"Yes, I do. I worry about being superficial 20 per cent of the time. Not as much as I worry about being mugged or not getting enough to eat."

ON THE COACH between Dundee and Glasgow Nicholas tells me: "I used to be infatuated with Andy Fairweather Low's look . . . I went to school one day in an Hawaiin shirt, plimsolls and jeans and I got sent home. I always used to not wash my face and it used to come out horrible, but I used to think that three days growth was not washing . . ."

I TALK WITH Mark Fox in the Carvery Bar before he is taken away to do a radio interview. Fox is now a full member of Haircut 100: Up until Christmas he sessioned for the group, and was also a teacher of German to 11-18 year olds. he represents the previously neglected musicianship of Haircut 100: rationalises the intricacy that few had bothered to discern. He has a voice like a Radio disc jockey: well cheered and unshaken.

"The look of the band bears no relation to the sound. It's almost like you hear a bunch of LA session musicians and on the cover see a crew of cretins. Everyone thought we were a really weedy group but the LP really shows that there is a lot more going on. It's like the image of the group is really simple and natural, but the music is not simple, and the arrangements are quite technical, they could come from a Brecker Brothers album or an Earth Wind and Fire record.

"The idea is that if the image can be coveyed as bright colours, attractive shapes, then whatever complications evolve in the music can be played against the simplicity of the image. If the music was overtly simple like Altered Images, I would find myself slightly embarrassed to be in that band because the music would be simple as well as the image and there would be no friction. Whereas with Haircut 100 everywhere you look there are contradictions.

"The front three are like young kids who picked up guitars but aren't really guitarists, and the rest of us are strong musicians, and them you've got a brass section who are like ex-National Jazz Youth Orchestra . . . We're playing a pop music that is very sophisticated. There are six different sets of influences playing against each other, creating tension and friction between the images and inside the music. And because there are so many potential combinations inside the group I can see ourselves developing as flexibly as something like Talking Heads, which a lot of people wouldn't expect.

"I mean, I wouldn't have given up a £8,000 a year job just to twat around in a little no future pop group. I left because the flexibility and potential of Haircut's music really interests and intrigues me."

IN THE BAR at the Albany Hotel Graham tells me: "I'm not the worrying type. If I worry about anything its whether my wages have gone into the bank or not or if I've got enough to eat. Oh, I do worry about my back, because I've got back problems. Honestly . . . it does me in. I'm scared it's going to go any moment and I'll be crippled. I think you could say I'm a happy chap. I'm also extremely lazy . . ."

CONTINUES PAGE 25

Nick Heyward

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SUNSHINE SUPERBOY

FROM PAGE 23

OUTSIDE THE Angus Hotel in Dundee a gaggle of schoolgirls have waited up to four hours for Haircut 100 to leave the hotel and climb onto the coach. They want a peck on the cheek and biro mark on a piece of paper.

Nicholas tells me: "I used to look in the mirror and think no way are you a figure of desire, and you never will be. I used to be really jealous of David Bowie; I could never go and see his films. I used to think — bastard!

"Now I'm in this position it's completely strange. Sometimes you just feel that you're going through some motions. I don't know how to take it yet. It trickled at first, now it's snowballing, and it's completely unreal. Somone is always coming up to me — me! — and asking me to scribble on a piece of paper. I try and draw a face or a cartoon, but that's getting less and less. The more that come up to you, the less you can joke with them. Somehow the thing begins to get banal."

Does he feel an obligation to be constantly cheerful?

"No, not at all. I can be as moody as anyone. Really miserable. But I have always been pretty cheerful."

He can't help it. He is very safe.

ON THE COACH between Dundee and Glasgow I tell myself: there's nothing to explain about any of this, and besides I did that a few weeks ago. Haircut 100 are saying that pop music isn't yellowing, it's just naturally bright yellow. I could use 10,000 words 'on being yellow' but the conclusion would be the same as the end of this paragraph . . . it *is* the moment that matters, if the moment is yellow then so be it. It is the little things that count, and those little things will include yellow. And life is grey and grumbling until someone gets crazy and subtle with yellow.

"I WANT EVERY little thing that I do to be noticed. I know that pop music has come down to being an accumulation of tiny details. It is down to the little things, how you wear a hat, what you do with your eyebrows, when you smile . . . Each member of Haircut 100 contributes their own kind of little things and this is what makes the group distinctive and it's what will shape the group's development. I've always been into the little things."

Nicholas is definitely growing up. During the brief time that I talk to him it's obvious that he is responding realistically and constructively to the new circumstances. At the start of our conversation he's fluffing his lines and talking about an 'excuse for stupidity.' Soon he's thinking about . . . the little things, respecting the desperation that can be seen in the new pop, determined to establish life beyond the 'niceness', to present Haircut 100 as something more than just a yellow dot in the shadow of times gone by.

"Going to the *Top Of The Pops* studio I just feel this long history behind me, this long tail, from Tommy Steele and triumph heralds to now, and you want to completely shake it off but it's just not possible. There is no way you can blank off that history. But even then I just know that it will always be possible to create new sensations. It doesn't have to be as desperate as people try and make out."

Nicholas, it must be said, is very nice, and just a little goofy.

"I'm like my dad, he's too nice as well. Everyone is round our house all the time. If we're playing close by the whole house will be packed out and my dad starts giving away his old jazz albums. The whole band has got my dad's jazz LPs at the moment.

"We used to be quite rich, our family. Comfortably in suburbia. The whole family used to be engrossed in swimming. We used to travel up and down the country, because me and my brother used to be serious swimmers. I would probably be doing that now if it wasn't for this. My brother swam for England! It was a nothing-ever-went-wrong type of family. We had a nice, car, my mum and dad were really clean . . ."

Is this background a major contributing factor to the easy idiosyncracies that are settled into Haircut's music: the lemon brigades, pelican wests, favourite shirts, yellow oil-skins . . .

"Definitely . . . the background makes the person. Coming home from school and watching *Bewitched, Time Tunnel . . . Thunderbirds* was *it*. I was there, Sunday morning, mum and dad went out to the pub, I was sitting there, I got the white rug from mum and dad's bedroom, put the central heating on, got it baking, and just stayed in my pyjamas until four o'clock. All of that kind of thing goes to making your personality."

Is it this background that has given you the 'freedom' to indulge your quirks and kicks and not feel guilty?

"Yeah, definitely . . . also I think that if people want to think I'm stupid then they will, but they'll have a giggle about it because it's so stupid. But there must be some people out there who are *really* laughing their heads off because they see in me what they used to get up to. Actually, I used to have a yellow chipper . . ."

That's probably the biggest influence on your life.

"Actually, things like that are. When my family moved from Brixton to Beckenham, when my dad's business started doing well, I went to a school called Highfield and it was a totally relaxed school. A modern school with a big picture of an owl. When I went I thought now this is a nice school, this is like something out of a '60s film, I like this . . . and I met the headmaster and he went, Hello Nicholas, and I went, Oh! because I'd just come from a school where I used to get beaten up. And then this bloke called Peter Wively came up to me with a piece of plasticine and he says, Hello do you want to be my friend?"

The more I look at you the more I see the class-swot I used to hate.

"Actually I was never the swot, I used to be the guy that copied. Especially from girls . . . they were the intelligent ones. When I was little I used to have bright blonde hair and I was alright looking. I played kisschase with all the girls . . . especially the ones with freckles who used to bruise easily . . . and then I got to twelve and became really ugly. Which is where I've stayed ever since."

You can't go on being the stupid boy in the context of national television and the bigger media for much longer.

"Yeah, I'm going on about tractors and then you get sent loads of them through the post. The people who sent them may have a sense of humour or something, but lots of people are probably thinking what a prat I am. And I'm thinking what a prat when I'm saying it. But I'd rather talk about tractors than how we got our name."

Aren't there better things in life than farms, cottages in Devon, yachts and tractors?

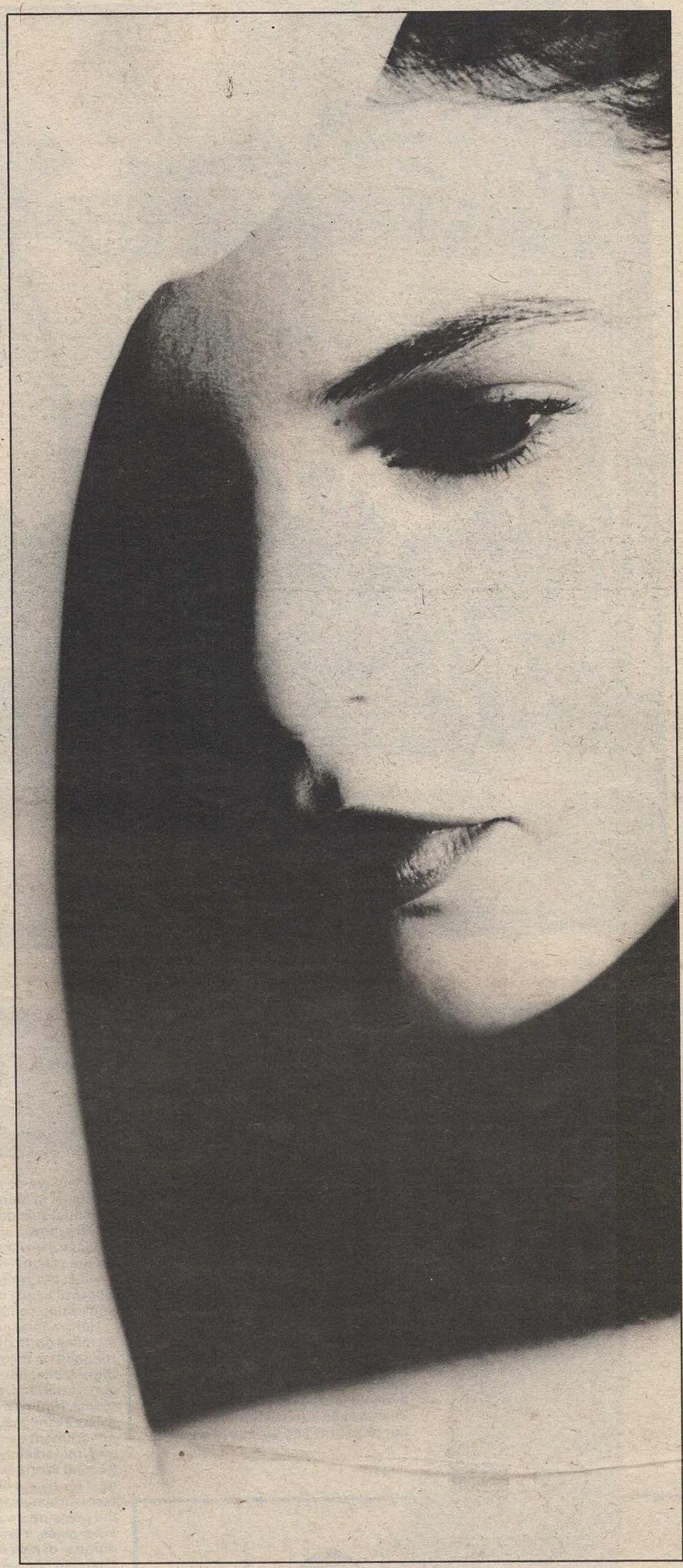
"There is much more . . . I haven't got it worked out yet. I haven't got the intelligence that you need to use the space that you have, to say the right things. I'm stupid, I go over the top. I'm not using the space very well at the moment, but I'll get it worked out,"

THE BRASS SECTION is on the stage, playing the opening instrumental section. The brass section includes saxophonist Phil Smith. Drummer Blair Cunningham and percussionist Mark Fox quickly warm themselves up. Bassist Les Nemes trots out onto the stage. The girls of Dundee scream. Graham Jones runs out onto the stage. Screams and screams. Nicholas hops and skips out onto the stage. Screams and screams and screams. The show begins.

And I love it. I just can't help it. It's irresistibly yellow.

IN A PUBLIC house somewhere between Dundee and Glasgow Nicholas tells me: "Something original has to emerge out of this. It just has to. Once we get it all sorted out . . . We want the sixth album to be as fresh as the first. And whenever it all finishes, that will be it. I'll go off and live on some yellow boat somewhere."

The boat will be very safe and very tidy: next time you ask for Nicholas' autograph he'll draw a little picture of it, kiss you and chase you.



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some bizzare

Hangin' around. . . New Town recreation, 1982.

"I'm burning the candle at both ends — but then at least there's some light
Another silent new town problem with no solution in sight . . .
I just can't sit down, I can't relax and I can't give up smoking try as I might
Oh no! Looks like I'm being neurotic again"

Newtown Neurotics

So maybe you should welcome the new town soul vision — an alternative to the media stereotypes portrayed by Fleet Street vampires and media moguls — pay you fifty — the sounds of a new town in agony. Mention Harlow and people think of glue-sniffing and divorce; hint at Milton Keynes and as likely as not they'll dissolve in fits of laughter fuelled by the moronic mouthings of Radio One deejays. For Pete's sake, everywhere that isn't Henley on Thames has its hassles — we all have our problems and us new town dwellers are no exception, but most of us object to being classified as potential suicides and alcoholics.

Here, now, I shall try and redress the balance. New town people are coming off the valium — seven floors up, maybe, but we're not all jumping. Some of us are even trying to do something constructive . . .

Harlow is a sprawling construction 20 miles north of London, a concrete monolith in the middle of the safe true blue Habitat havens of Essex commuterland. Like the other new towns, Harlow as we know it today exists as the result of a series of government decisions taken during and immediately following the Second World War. Faced with the dual problems of post-war reconstruction and the need to relieve the pressure on Britain's overcrowded inner cities, it was resolved to build a number of new towns, each under the direction of a separate Development Corporation, and to use them as the basis of a huge resettlement programme.

So we are principally a London overspill town. A certain skinhead poet from Bradford, on his first visit to Harlow, remarked that we were the real Cockney rejects — I'm not sure whether we rejected London, or it rejected us. No room for self pity now, anyway — if you feel rejected, do something about it, kick back. That's the message.

The recent spate of layoffs and factory closures, coupled with an already high rate of youth unemployment, tends to make the great visions of the new town pioneers look rather silly. And on the music/counterculture/youth culture front, it must be said that fighting back against the disco culture is very difficult, in Harlow as in the other new towns I've visited. The main reasons for this are quite simple: lack of venues and rehearsal space (heard that before, anyone?) and public apathy, or rather APATHY. Paul Du Noyer is pissed off with Liverpool, and there's no way I'm going to disagree with him about the general state of the place: if anywhere's been hard hit by Heseltine's bootboys, its Liverpool. But at least there are clubs and venues in Liverpool where kids can break out of the dole queue/dead end job syndrome, and in Liverpool as in most other long-established towns there is a thriving subculture which supports and encourages people with ideas and gives them some sense of identity.

Here in Harlow there is very little sense of belonging (except when we do well in the FA Cup — then it's magic). And there's only one regular venue, a small youth club with a bar called Square One; the meddling bureaucrats from Essex County Council are making it very difficult for even that to operate effectively. Apart from Square One there's a couple of pubs and Benny's nightclub which put on (very occasional) gigs, and that's all. Rowan from Harlow punk band Stress is so pissed off with Harlow that he says he's moving to Liverpool — there must be a lesson there somewhere.

I'm not sure we deserve any more, actually, since the majority of the local kids seem to prefer the disco dirge of Tiffany's or the flat Harp of the local hostelries to supporting our home grown bands. The upshot of it all is that most of the time people go to London for their live entertainment, and Harlow bands who can't get to London eventually break up through sheer frustration. The local council do try, with a slightly dubious group talent competition every year, but truth be told if you're young, into music and not a sports freak (sports facilities are excellent) then Harlow is definitely a bit of a disappointment. To say the least.

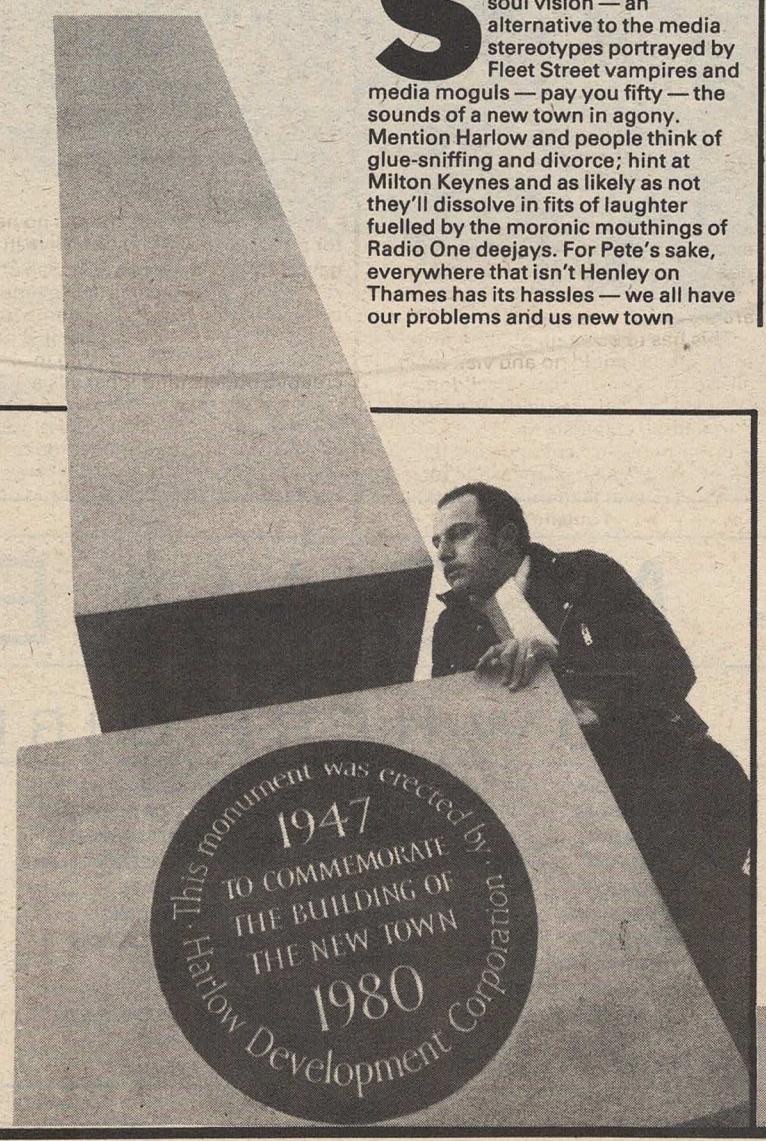
Some of us keep the faith, however, and in the Harlow hall of fame — or lack of it — pride of place must go to the Newtown Neurotics, who have been spreading the new town primal scream through Essex and beyond for a couple of years now. They're a red beacon of light among the futurist fads and fascist fetishes festering in the flash fashion foldouts (to quote myself from 'Pop Music for Wrock People' — devious eh!) and they also have some supercharged songs about new town existence — check 'em out sometime. Hope also for Final Warning, Troops Withdrawn, Easy Action and punk poet Little Dave (second in a long line?). Meantime Billy Meadows of Airplay Records does his best to persuade London bands to play in Harlow — never an easy task — as do our own No Wonder label, always broke but still fighting . . .

But now, folks, it's time to move on — to a place that makes our Harlow hassles seem positively irrelevant.

"When God created this town it was for practice
He then created Hell — and the fact is
It is Heaven compared with here
The entertainment's better down there"

Newtown Neurotics

Corby on a grey afternoon is Corby on a grey afternoon is Corby at any time really 'cos the state of the weather doesn't make that much difference. The grim, black spectre of the dead steelworks, a mouldering



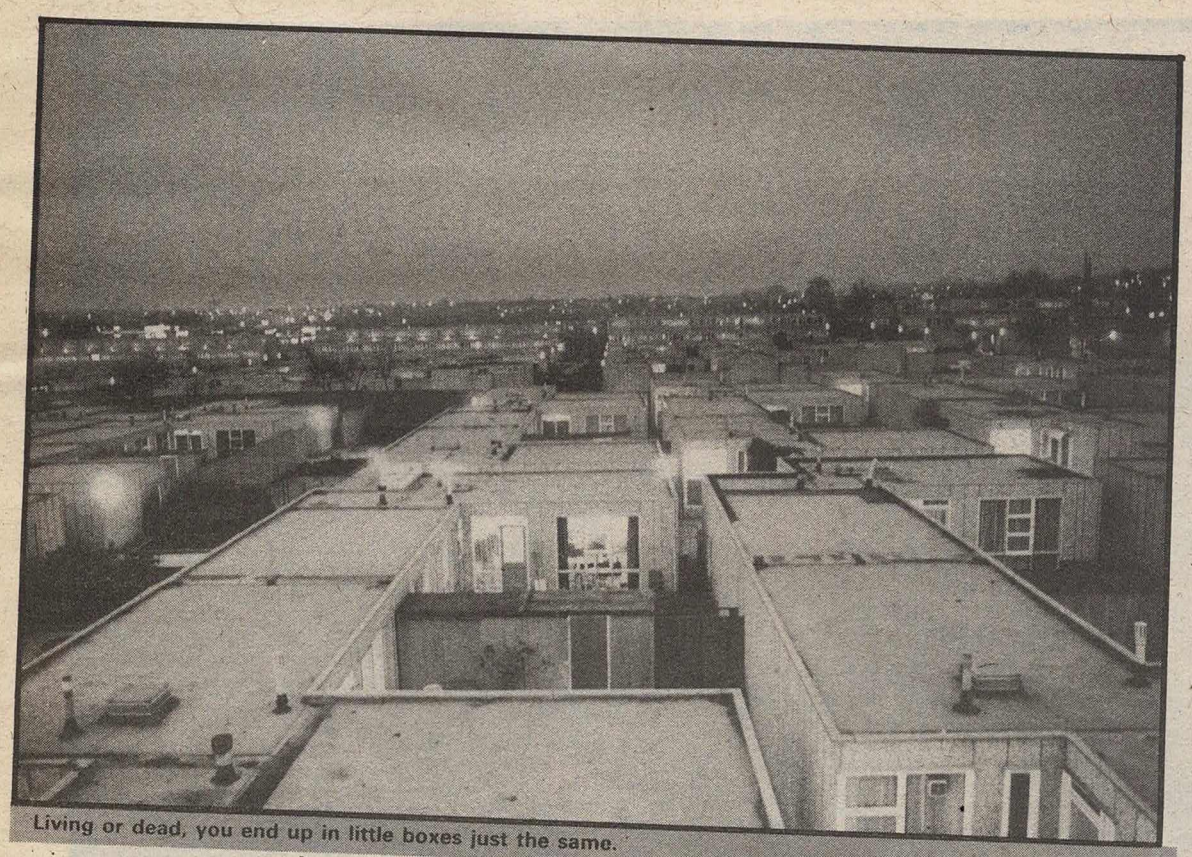
Attila The Stockbroker is 24 and has lived in and out of Harlow for the last four years. He says he wants to do to poetry "what punk did to music in '77" and he cites his influences as Fosters Lager, the Upstarts and Seething Wells.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE

Inner-city ghost towns grab the headlines — but who'll speak out for the places time forgot, the prefab cardboard cities with no past to live down, and no future to look to? Attila The Stockbroker — a voice from the void describes the New Town Dream, and finds the people who've woken up to the reality . . .

Photographs by Peter Anderson

Sit around long enough, they'll make a statue of you.



Living or dead, you end up in little boxes just the same.

hell did you plan and build a new town around a growing steel industry and uproot a whole generation of people from Glasgow and elsewhere to work there when thirty years later you close down the steel works and watch the town start to die?

Sorry, we should have known — it wasn't profitable any more and Profit, the omnipotent god, is all that is important, not people's jobs, lives, and futures . . . That argument is a big lie anyway because the Corby steelworks were not making a loss — they were closed in favour of the plant at Redcar because Corby's was a smaller works and the industry was 'retracting'. You may well ask why the steel industry needs to 'retract' since steel is an obvious essential part of life in a modern industrial society and the Midlands iron ore is now sitting in the ground untouched. The answer is simple; the Tories have decided that cheap foreign imports should take the place of home produced steel. They sell out our heritage to the multi-nationals and we walk the streets of a dying town.

The redundancy payments have mostly been spent now, and the grim reality of long term unemployment for over 20 per cent of the population is hitting home. Over on the Exeter Estate whole rows of houses are derelict, boarded up — what used to be a group of shops now stands monument to the waste of people and resources commonly known as capitalism, hangs depressingly over the town. I meet my friend John (one of the lucky few at the BSC who still has a job) and walking round the shattered bombsites we formulate a message to the cynical claret swilling politicians and twisted blundering closeted bureaucrats who claim the right to organise our Future: Why the graffiti covered and festering, a rotting corpse on the battlefield of Britain 1982. Many of the people who came down from Glasgow to work in Corby have now gone home again, hence the derelict houses. Local employers are taking advantage of the very high jobless rate in the town to obtain cheaper labour.

Over a drink in the Rafters bar (with local band H,O soundchecking in the back — a bit wet, Pete says) I'm told that often, if you go to a job interview in the Corby area, the first question you will be asked is whether you are a redundant steelworker; if you're not you're unlikely to accept the wages that are on offer. Although some workers receive 'make-up pay' from BSC if their new job is badly paid the effect of this is to provide subsidised cheap labour — the remaining employers win either way.

I hear the story of a guy of 23 whose take home pay is £38 a week for day work and £42 for nights — this is apprently quite common. A lot of people say they'll get out of the place as quickly as they can: I've heard this from many new town dwellers — hardly what the planners of the Brave New World wish to hear as they build for the Bright New Future.

So what is the future for Corby? The bright hoardings by Kettering station (there's no station for Corby — you go to Kettering and get a bus) proclaim hysterically and untruthfully that "Corby works" and various plans for redevelopment are mentioned, including the building of a new million pound leisure centre(!!) John says "I'll believe it when I see it" — this reflects the views of many local people who, deprived of their principal source of livelihood and the lifeblood of their town, are cynical about the promises now being made. The same promises were made 30 years ago . . . As we drive out of Corby I'm feeling depressed and angry, and the barren, stark skyline of Harlow is for once almost welcoming.

If it's Sunday night it must be John Cooper Clarke and Death In June at Stevenage Bowes Lyon House. (Where? I hear you ask). Falling asleep in Harlow and waking up in Stevenage you'd think you hadn't moved an inch, and the venue for tonight's gig looks remarkably familiar, a typical new town community/youth centre with the heavies at the entrance to the bar area trying to make sure that no subversively minded under 18 merchants get at the alcohol.

First band on are spikey tops Vertical Hold (from Enfield, or somewhere) and it's hard to tell who's the more bored, the band with the audience or the audience with the band. Twenty or so hardcore-looking punks stand in a semi-circle round the stage and another twenty or so punters sit on chairs round the edge of the hall: they haven't even bothered to turn the main lights off. Real star treatment, this! I have a few words with the chairmen of the bored and they tell me that, like Harlow, this is their only regular gig venue and no, nothing much ever happens in Stevenage. Bored teenagers, seeing themselves as strangers — no pose, this is for real.

A quick pint of weak new town gnat's chunder at the bar (no drinks in the hall please, and why is beer at new town gigs always so *awful?*) and then back as the lights go down for Death In June; Doug and Tony who used to be my favourite band *ever,* Crisis, and drummer Pat. Third gig and it sounds starkly menacing, when the music manages to escape from the awful acoustics of the place I catch some interesting lyrics but argue all night about the image, though. Black ties, white shirts; sure, I know where you're at, boys, but some people might get the wrong idea, my friends Lynn and Steve certainly did. And what's this about Strasser?

The hall's filling up now, and by the time the matchstick man hauls himself on stage there's quite a good atmosphere. John Cooper Clarke actually lives in Stevenage now (*another* new town poet?) so it's a home town gig. I check out the competition, and he's still well on the mark — watch out though mate, the new breed are coming . . . afterwards he tells me he lives in Stevenage "because it's convenient". I guess that's why anyone lives there.

I did meet some people who are trying to inject some life into the place; Mohican Tony, who organised the gig and says there are more to come, and Chris and Graham from *Mach 1* fanzine (what??) who are organising a pioneer gig at a local theatre with three local bands, The Attack, The A Band, and Made In England; they tell me their aim is "to bring this backwater to the boil". It's great to meet some kindred spirits, and we talk of a new town band exchange scheme — your bands (and poets) come to our place, ours go to yours . . . then it's back to Harlow. Or are we still in Stevenage?

This has to be a tale of three new towns, 'cos I could go and visit them all. So sorry all of you in Basildon, Crawley, Hemel, Hatfield ('specially the Hilltop), Livingstone, Cumbernauld in Scotland, and the others. And a special message for Milton Keynes; is there anyone there? Owing to the exquisite planning of the place, with the residential areas set back from the main roads in order to protect the population from environmental pollution (very noble) it seems like a ghost town as you drive through. Sure it isn't though. 'Cos in all these forgotten and unfashionable modern backwaters where nothing much ever happens, the keg bitter flows like sick and the sick flows like keg, there's always a nucleus of people trying to do things.

And therein lies the hope. Despite the huge cutbacks in local government expenditure (of the six biggest "overspenders" that the Tories winge about, four are new towns) these places are here to stay, and some of us have to live there. And make the best of it. It is now a struggle simply to maintain essential services in places like Harlow, and there is no room for development; it's a no-growth situation. This trend if continued will mean that all those who are economically active and capable of moving will do so — the young mainly — and we'll all end up like Corby. Mind you, if Thatcher is allowed to continue at her present rate *everywhere* (apart from Henley) will end up like Corby . . .

One point to finish. There's no need for all you people who don't live in new towns to write in to *Gasbag* and say how *interesting* it is in Stevenage compared with where you come from. I know you don't have to live in a new town to be bored and lacking in creative outlets (and jobs). It's a common disease these days.

I've just heard that our one regular Harlow venue, Square One, looks like a write-off for future gigs. So now we've nothing. Liverpool? Paradise, mate!

FOYER BAR

Living in a brave new town
Things can often get you down
Not much to say, no much to do
Existence gets on top of you
So some folks say well why not go
And meet a girl in a disco
But I don't want to walk that far
So I go to the Foyer Bar

We go there and we sit together
Uniform is jeans and leather
And we sit and drink and doze
And we sit and drink and pose
Everything we say is cool
Big fish in a little pool
Yeah if you want to be a star
You'll make it in the Foyer Bar!

Attila The Stockbroker

•REFORMATION•

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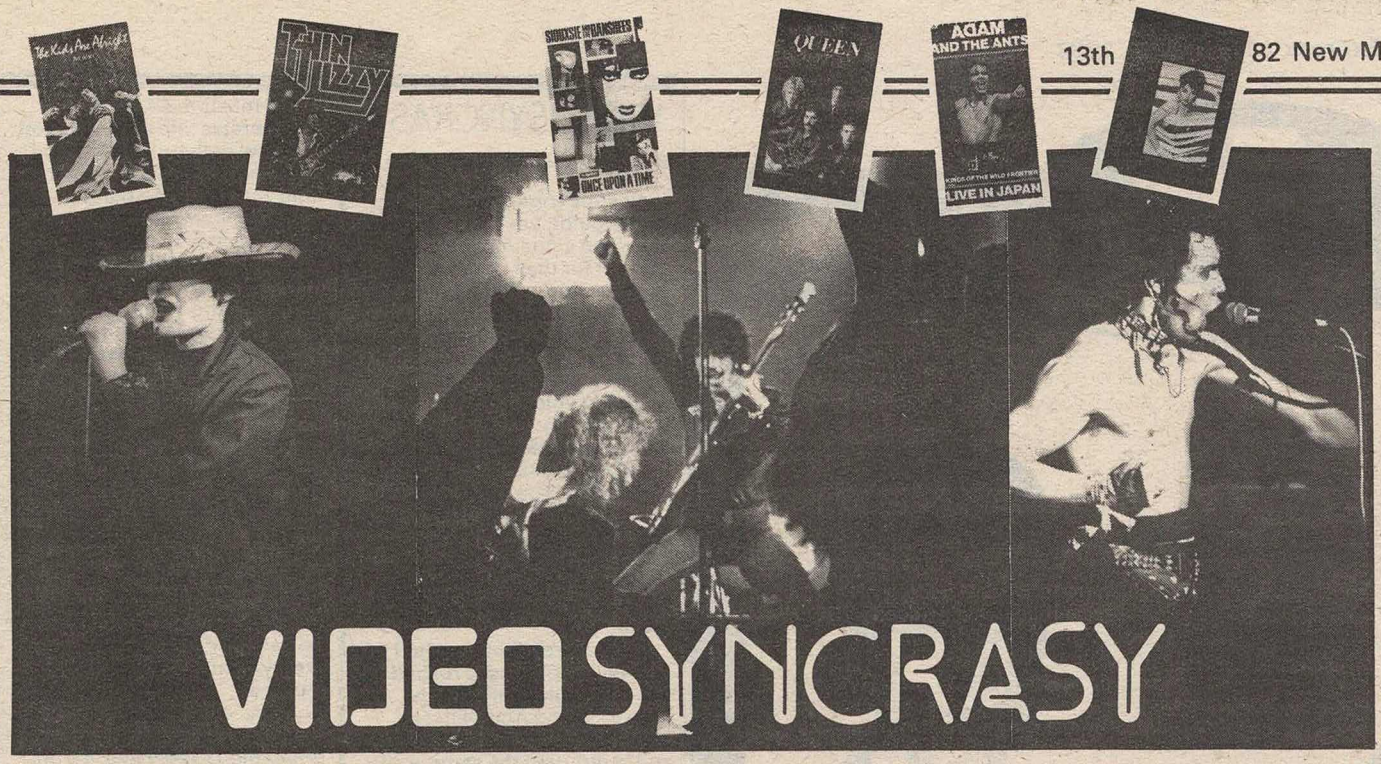

DESIRABLE RESONANCES FOR SALE

PHIL McNEILL reviews music videos

MUSIC VIDEOS, it is becoming apparent, fall into four types: live shows, singles compilations, feature films and video albums.

In time, *Videosyncrasy* intends to look at each close up: who makes them, how and why. But from our first random sampling, it has to be said that the prime factors uniting music videos (apart from movies, which already exist outside their video format) appear to be superficiality, and a general lack of imagination.

Of course, these are early days. As yet, the surface of possibilities has hardly been scratched. But as video not only asserts an ever greater influence not just on what records we buy (through TV promos), but even begins to *replace* records, it is essential to question the value of the visual spectacles we are being asked to see our artists and idols through.

For the moment, though, the video market is pretty limited, and the most important question isn't whether a video moves me or enlightens me, but simply: does it entertain me? And equally important: will it entertain me fifth time around?

And on this basis, the most attractive prospect is likely to be a greatest hits package — so it's no coincidence that the most re-viewable video up for review this week is **Siouxsie and the Banshees' 'Once Upon A Time'** (Spectrum, 30 minutes,). Not only is it the best-priced video on the market, but it's also one of the most interesting.

Opening with the metallic chimes of 'Hong Kong Garden', it traces the Banshees' progress through three years, eight singles (plus one unreleased track), three line-ups and 17 shades of eye-liner.

As a documentary, it's genuinely illuminating — showing not just how the Banshees have changed but, by extension, how British pop has altered as well. The first three tracks, by the John McKay / Kenny Morris Banshees, feature a quartet of pale, terribly serious cult-punks playing such gothic nursery horror songs as 'The Staircase (Mystery)' (overcut with man falling downstairs as per single sleeve) and 'Playground Twist', with the Banshees flexing their evil subversiveness amid a swarm of tiny tots.

Nobody even cracks a smile until Budgie makes his entrance on 'Happy House' — the first track that's more than just a performance, with Sioux in chi-chi clown's gear posing around the house of the title. This era of the Banshees seems much more relaxed, and on 'Christine' they come across both musically and visually like a Swinging London pop group.

John McGeoch is drafted in for the quasi-in concert 'Israel', with Sioux reverting to stern black leather to suit the seriousness of the subject.

But despite the effects used on 'Christine', 'Happy House' and 'Staircase', and the ornate fantasy of 'Arabian Nights', the only time you get that real rush as video totally eclipses the music is 'Spellbound'. Windblown live footage is overlaid with the band running and flying in a compelling swirl of sound and vision ... we are entranced.

But above all, 'Once Upon A Time' has resonances — in the changes in the music, clothes, appearance, presentation — that go beyond the Banshees. As a chronology it chronicles, however unwittingly, its own time.

Queen's 'Greatest Flix' (EMI, 60 minutes, £34.50) chronicles nothing beyond the diminishing length of Freddie Mercury's hair. Apart from 'Another One Bites The Dust', the music knows of no influence; it simply tos and fros within the strange parameters of Queenmusic. The space between 'Somebody To Love' and 'Save Me' is not so much ten singles as a new set of amps. And the video images (the band miming to each single at the time of release), like the words of Freddie spouts, are meaningless; gormless exercises in self-adoration.

Yet again, the old, old question about Queen comes up. How does a band with such technical aplomb come to have *so little taste?* Anyway, for lovers of Queen, here's 17 tracks of calculated ecstasy — the ballet tights, the leather gear, the moustache, fat-bottomed girls and all.

Queen and Siouxsie, of course, have dominated the video best-sellers for weeks. But another video that's been in the shops for nigh on a year is finally set to join them: **Toni Basil's 'Word Of Mouth'** (Radialchoice,).

Basil — currently starring on *Top Of The Pops* with her live enactments of 'Mickey' — can justifiably claim to be the first video artist, in that her debut video 'Word Of Mouth' has also been released on record, rather than vice versa. Which is just as well, because the music is D-U-L-L.

But the video — seven tracks of slick all-round entertainment — well, that's only slight dull. Toni Basil is a good dancer and choreographer, and a snappy video director — 'Word Of Mouth' leaves you in no doubt of that. But the main art involved is hard sell.

Of course, this charge can be levelled at most music videos. But Basil's music — a workaday rock-pop amalgam — is so insubstantial it really highlights video's potential for glamorising form over content.

At the other extreme — a formless mass of content — is **The Who's 'The Kids Are Alright'** (PolyGram, 97 minutes,). Released as a feature film in 1979, it's a chronologically scrambled record of 15 years in the life of the most obsessively self-analytical rock band in the world.

An impressionistic collage, it's an accurate reflection of the bizarre mix of drives and personalities that propelled The Who through so many triumphs and catastrophes. Trouble is, it's so cut-up that you only feel you're getting half of the story; virtually every song is out of context. Even more frustratingly, The Who's best period is represented by just tantalising glimpses of that trilogy of pop masterpieces 'Substitute', 'Pictures Of Lily' and 'I'm A Boy'.

Highlights include 'My Generation' on America's *Smothers Brothers* show, 'A Quick One' on the Stones' never-shown *Rock And Roll Circus,* and a determinedly powerful 'Who Are You' — evidently included to prove there was life in the old dogs yet. Sadly, in Keith Moon's case that *wasn't* the case; even for those who never understood what there was to admire in throwing furniture out of hotel windows, 'The Kids Are Alright' provides a poignant reminder of what an astonishing young drummer and demented little old man he was.

Another feature film which has been selling well for a while is **Pink Floyd 'Live At Pompeii'** (PolyGram, 59 minutes, £24.95). Good value, this one — it lasts an hour but seems like two.

Recorded playing seven songs including 'Echoes', 'Careful With That Axe Eugene' and 'Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun', the four Floyds look as ancient as the Roman ruins they've parked

■ *Continues over*

Judie Tzuke

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VIDEO SYNCRASY

■ *From previous page*

their equipment trucks behind. This wouldn't matter if Pompeii provided some meaningful context for their rather leaden outpourings — but you get the feeling they could have recorded the music at Earls Court and overdubbed a few crumbling mosaics and bubbling volcanoes in the cutting room.

But meanwhile, the quickest buck in video undoubtedly lies in live gigs. Top seller of the moment of course is **Adam And The Ants' 'King Of The Wild Frontier Live In Japan'** (Home Video Productions, 60 minutes,) which, I hate to say, is pretty awful.

This one reeks of a rushed job ... even the playing is rushed. As the Ants gallop through the likes of 'Stand And Deliver', 'Cartrouble', 'Press Darlings' and 'Antmusic' the camera, like the spotlight, barely strays an inch from Adam's warpaint. If you didn't know, this video wouldn't tell you the band has two drummers, for instance, or that the concert took place in Japan ... Again, no resonances, no context, no imagination.

The music itself rapidly degenerates into a rocky racket with few of the subtleties of Adam's best records. The first time you sense the band enjoying themselves is about six tracks in with the great 'Killer In The Home' (best track here), while the first time you see either the audience or mighty Marco is during the encore of 'Physical', which features a superb heavy metal guitar solo and Adam taking his shirt off.

Produced by Mike Mansfield, 'Live In Tokyo' is a badly missed opportunity — with just a little more care and flair, this could have been really special.

But if the Ants' effort is disappointing, **'Motorhead'** (PolyGram, 31 minutes, £24.95) is simply laughable. Lemmy & Co hammer through nine dreary numbers including 'Bomber', 'Ace Of Spades' and 'Overkill' on a stage full of lights and wind machines — *pretending* to play live. It's only halfway through that you twig that the audience cheers between songs are overdubbed just like the lead guitar parts. You even start to hear announcements by Lemmy *without his lips moving!* A true (piss) artist.

But if you want to see a live concert video done properly it would be hard to beat **Thin Lizzy 'Live And Dangerous'** (VCL, 50 minutes,). To tell the truth, I'd forgotten what a magnificent band Lizzy were at their peak.

'Live And Dangerous' has been put together with the same deft touch that Lizzy brought to bear on their music between '75 and '78, when this was recorded. Firstly, you get a bit of context — trucks and fans arriving at the Rainbow, setting up through 'Rosalie', a crew team pic ... nothing fantastically imaginative, but it lets you in easy.

And then Lizzy themselves, reeling off classic after classic — 'The Boys Are Back In Town', 'Dancing In The Moonlight', 'Massacre', 'Don't Believe A Word' ... the sound's brilliant, the lighting's brilliant, the camerawork's brilliant, the audience is brilliant, Lynott's singing, Lynott's songs, Lynott's bass playing, Brian Robertson's cigarette is brilliant ... rock and roll at its very best: tight riffs and trousers to match.

This was of course the gig at which one of the classic live albums was recorded. This is a classic live video.

PUT OUT THE FLAGS!

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"AS LONG AS the music's loud enough we won't hear the world falling apart."

That provocative little throwaway epitomises Derek Jarman's seminal punk movie JUBILEE — released to a mixture of acclaim and disgust in 1978, and now to be issued for the first time on video on March 15.

If you want to go and queue at your local video centre on Monday it'll set you back £44.50. But thanks to a special arrangement between *Videosyncrasy* and VCL, 20 lucky *NME* readers have got the chance to grab one for nothing!

All you have to do is answer three itsy bitsy little questions, fill in the form below, and send it to: NME JUBILEE COMPETITION, 55 EWER STREET, LONDON SE99 6YP.

What you'll get for your pains is a truly exceptional movie which presents a striking picture of both the immediate past and imminent future.

For a start, there's no less than three current best-selling video stars — Adam and the Ants, Toyah, and Siouxsie and the Banshees — captured in performance at a time when none of them even had a record contract! As well as Adam and the original Ants 'auditioning' with 'Plastic Surgery', and the nascent Banshees performing 'Love In A Void', we see Chelsea hammering through their 'Right To Work' anthem and Wayne County duetting hilariously with himself on 'Paranoia Paradise' — while Adam, who has a major role as would-be pop star Kid, is also heard singing 'Deutscher Girls', which has just been resurrected and put into the charts by Polydor.

And it you want to know where Malcolm McLaren got the idea for Sid Vicious to enact 'My Way' in *The Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle*, look no further than Jordan (ironically, McLaren's Sex boutique assistant) screeching her way through a lascivious rock'n 'Rule Britannia'.

But *Jubilee* is actually far more than the sum of such little cameos as these and The Slits smashing up cars in Deptford. And neither is its interest confined to the surprisingly assured performances Jarman gets from both Adam

Toyah (in her first major film role as the pyromaniac punk Mad) and their co-stars Jenny Runacre, Little Nell and Ian Charleson.

For at the heart of *Jubilee* there are a number of important questions being asked and points being made — about the breakdown of morality, about sexual roles, violence, entertainment, even history. Fortunately, however, Jarman generally keeps his finger on the outrage button firmly enough to prevent it getting heavy-handed.

And if you don't like watching the world fall apart, well, you can always turn the music up.

1. Adam and the Ants used to be managed by one of the stars of *Jubilee*. Was it:
   a) Bruno Ganz
   b) Jordan
   c) Helen of Troy
   d) Hermine Demoriane

2. One of the contributors to the *Jubilee* soundtrack was canned off stage at the 1979 Reading Festival. Was it:
   a) Chelsea
   b) Wayne County
   c) Brian Eno
   d) Adam and the Ants

3. Toyah also worked with Jubilee director Derek Jarman in a film version of a Shakespeare play. Was it:
   a) The Tempest
   b) Taming Of The Shrew
   c) Romeo And Juliet
   d) It's A Mystery

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Tie-breaker: Suggest a title for a follow-up movie co-starring Adam and Toyah:

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Required video format (tick): VCL ☐ Beta ☐

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle Of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines, the printers of NME, VCL and the makers of *Jubilee*. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future edition of *NME*.

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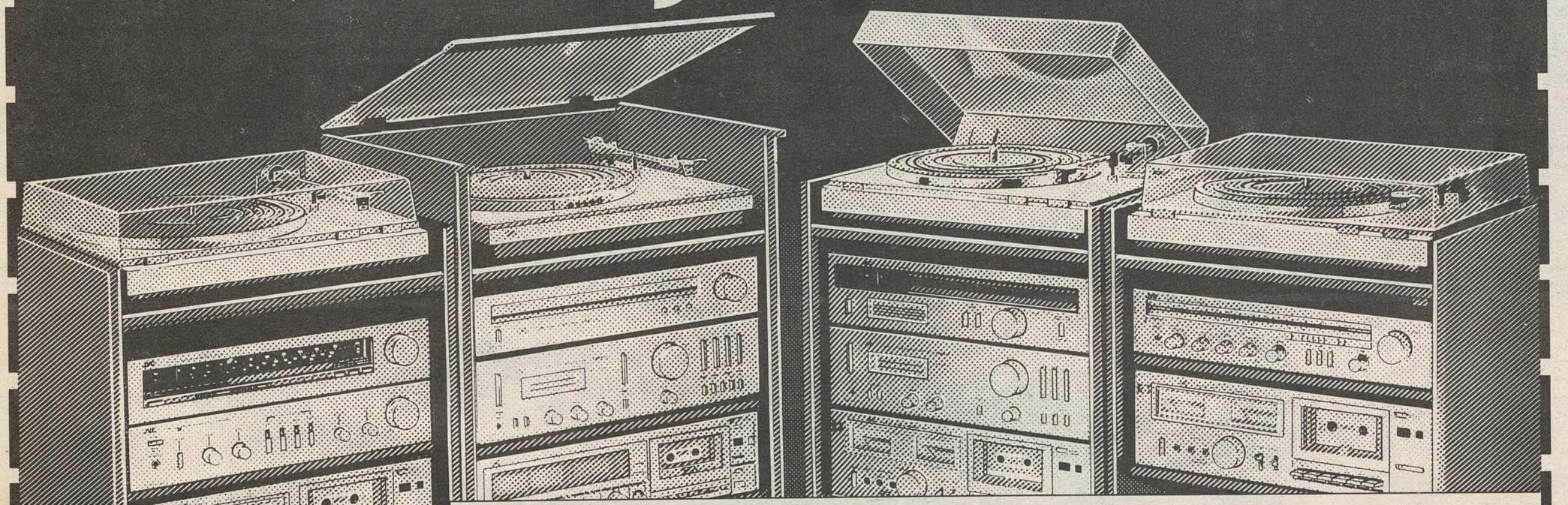

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Vaughan Williams: Sea Symphony/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Symphony 2/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Symphony 5/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Symphony 6 & 8/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Symphony 3/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Symphony 4/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Sinfonia Antarctica/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Symphony 9/Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: The Wasps/ Previn [A] [T]
Vaughan Williams: Dives & Lazarus/Goosens [A] [T]
Handel: The Messiah/ Beecham [A] [T]
Brahms: Piano Concerto 2/ Richter & Leinsdorf [A] [T]
Brahms: Symphony 4/ Previn [A] [T]
Brahms: Symphony 1/ Sanderling [A] [T]
Brahms: Symphony 4/ Sanderling [A] [T]
Walton: Belshazzar's Feast/ Gibson [A] [T]
Gershwin: Porgy & Bess/ Price [A] [T]
Arnold/Bream [A] [T]
Holst: The Planets/ Ormandy [A] [T]
Tosca/Domingo/Price [A] [T]
Beethoven: Violin Concerto 1/ Oistrakh [A] [T]
Beethoven: Sonatas 23 & 12/ Richter [A] [T]
Beethoven: Piano Concerto 5/ Firkusny & Kempe [A] [T]
Dvorak: Symphony 9/ Horenstein [A] [T]
Vivaldi: Four Seasons/ Holmes & Cantilena [A] [T]
Man with the Golden Flute/ Galway [A] [T]
Orff: Carmina Burana/ Prey & Eichhorn [A] [T]
Vienna in Waltztime Vol 1/ Stoltz [A] [T]
Vienna in Waltztime Vol 2/ Stoltz [A] [T]
Vienna in Waltztime Vol 3/ Stoltz [A] [T]
Mozart: Sinfonia Concertante/ Suk [A] [T]
Mozart: Violin Concertos 1 & 3/ Suk [A] [T]
Schumann: Symphony 1/ Masur [A] [T]
Schumann: Symphony 2/ Masur [A] [T]
Schumann: Symphony 3/ Masur [A] [T]
Rachmaninov: Piano Concertos/Wild [A] [T]
Rachmaninov: Symphony 2/ Previn [A] [T]
Rachmaninov: Piano Concerto 3/Wild [A] [T]
Rachmaninov: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini/Wild [A] [T]
Mendelssohn: Symphony 4/ Prokofiev: Symphony 1/ Previn [A] [T]
Mendelssohn: Symphony 3/ Masur [A] [T]
Mendelssohn: Symphonies 4 & 5/Masur [A] [T]
Jubilant Brass/ Locke Brass Consort [A] [T]
Little Night Music/Galway [A] [T]
Grieg: Norwegian Dances/ McCabe [A] [T]
Shostakovitch: Symphony 5/ Previn [A] [T]
R Strauss: Alpine Symphony/ Kempe [A] [T]
Prokofiev: Romeo & Juliet/ Leinsdorf [A] [T]
Mussorgsky: Pictures/ Ozawa [A] [T]
Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherezade/Previn [A] [T]
Copland: Appalachian Spring/ Copland [A] [T]
Sibelius: Symphony 3/ Barbirolli [A] [T]
Walton: Symphony 1/ Previn [A] [T]
Love of Life/Rubinstein [A] [T]
Sweet Stay Awhile/Bream [A] [T]
Julian Bream & Friends [A] [T]
R Strauss: Der Rosenkavalier/ Previn [A] [T]
Shostakovich: Symphony 6/ Stokowski [A] [T]
Prokofiev: Concertos/ Perlman & Friedman [A] [T]
Bach: Transcriptions/ Stokowski [A] [T]
Khachaturian: Symphony 3/ Stokowski [A] [T]
Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture/ Buketoff [A] [T]
Tchaikovsky: Symphony 6/ Stokowski [A] [T]
Tchaikovsky: Nutcracker/ Ormandy [A] [T]
Tchaikovsky: Symphony 2/ Previn [A] [T]
Offenbach: Orpheus/ Fiedler [A] [T]
For Bette Davis/Gerhardt [A] [T]
Lalo: Symphonie Espagnole/ Perlman & Previn [A] [T]

Contemporary

Ziggy Stardust/ David Bowie [A] [T]
Hunky Dory/David Bowie [A] [T]
Diamond Dogs/ David Bowie [A] [T]
Heroes/David Bowie. [A] [T]
Changes One/David Bowie [A] [T]
Low/David Bowie [A] [T]
Aladdin Sane/David Bowie [A] [T]
Christmas/Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Paradise Hawaiian Style/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Harem Holliday/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
A Date with Elvis/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Frankie & Johnnie/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Pot Luck/Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Love Letters from Elvis/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Elvis Country/Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Speedway/Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Girl Happy/Elvis Presley [A] [T]
It Happened at the Worlds Fair/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
20 Golden Greats/ Diana Ross [A] [T]
Bucks Fizz/Bucks Fizz [A] [T]
Daryl Hall & John Oates/ Hall/Oates [A] [T]
Bigger than Both of Us/ Hall/Oates [A] [T]
Classic Country Rock/ Various [A] [T]
Keep on Truckin'/ Various [A] [T]
The Big Wheels of Motown/ Various [A] [T]
Great British Rock N Roll/ Various [A] [T]
Average White Band/ Average White Band [A] [T]
Soul Searching/ Average White Band [A] [T]
Red Octopus/ Jefferson Starship [A] [T]
Best of Jefferson Airplane/ Jefferson Starship [A] [T]
A Little Touch of Schmilsson/ Harry Nilsson [A] [T]
Nilsson Schmilsson/ Harry Nilsson [A] [T]
Here Comes the Sun/ Nina Simone [A] [T]
Coney Island Baby/ Lou Reed [A] [T]
Rock N Roll Animal/ Lou Reed [A] [T]
Lou Reed Live/Lou Reed [A] [T]
Transformer/Lou Reed [A] [T]
Best of John Denver I/ John Denver [A] [T]
Best of John Denver II/ John Denver [A] [T]
The Last Dance/ Stevie Wonder etc. [A] [T]
Everything You Want/ Chiffons [A] [T]
Jose Filiciano/Jose Filiciano [A] [T]
Best of George Hamilton IV/ George Hamilton [A] [T]
Sonic Attack/Hawkwind [A] [T]
Best of Shaft/Isaac Hayes [A] [T]
Jazz Funk/Incognito [A] [T]
Greatest Hits/ Waylon Jennings [A] [T]
Singer of Sad Songs/ Waylon Jennings [A] [T]
I'm In Love/Evelyn King [A] [T]
Landscape/Landscape [A] [T]
Streets of London/ Ralph McTell [A] [T]
Happy Together/Odyssey [A] [T]
The Hits of Dolly Parton/ Dolly Parton [A] [T]
You Are/Dolly Parton [A] [T]
Can I Have My Money Back?/ Gerry Rafferty [A] [T]
Fanx Ta Ra/Sad Cafe [A] [T]
We'll Bring the House Down/ Slade [A] [T]
Luminous Basement/ The Tourists [A] [T]
The Tourists/The Tourists [A] [T]
Albedo 0.39/Vangelis [A] [T]
Teen Dreams/ 50 & 60's hits [A] [T]
I Went To Your Wedding/ Spike Jones [A] [T]
Yesterday's Wine/ Willie Nelson [A] [T]
Best of Skeeter Davis/ Skeeter Davis [A] [T]
Best of Chet Atkins/ Chet Atkins [A] [T]
A Country Star is Born/ Jessi Colter [A] [T]
In Person/ Charley Pride [A] [T]
Lust for Life/Iggy Pop [A] [T]
Ain't Misbehaving/ Fats Waller [A] [T]
African Ripples/Fats Waller [A] [T]

Easy Listening

Pure Gold/Mario Lanza [A] [T]
Best of Glenn Miller/ Glenn Miller [A] [T]
Best of Glenn Miller Volume II/ Glenn Miller [A] [T]
Special Collection/ Jack Jones [A] [T]
J MacDonald/N Eddy/ MacDonald/Eddy [A] [T]
Neil Sedaka's Greatest Hits/ Neil Sedaka [A] [T]
Popular Duke Ellington/ Duke Ellington [A] [T]
Vic Damone's Greatest Hits/ Vic Damone [A] [T]
Best of Hugo Montenegro/ Hugo Montenegro [A] [T]
Henry Mancini Pure Gold/ Henry Mancini [A] [T]
Hooray for Hollywood/ Various [A] [T]
Vintage Blues/Various [A] [T]
Concerto for Clarinet/ Artie Shaw [A] [T]
Buddy Rich at Ronnie Scotts/ Buddy Rich [A] [T]
Especially for You/ Perry Como [A] [T]
Greatest Hits Volume I/ Perry Como [A] [T]
Greatest Hits Volume II/ Perry Como [A] [T]
Twenty Terrific Twangies/ Duane Eddy [A] [T]
Best of Floyd Cramer/ Floyd Cramer [A] [T]
Film Hits/Ennio Morricone [A] [T]
21 Golden Hits/Paul Anka [A] [T]
I Hear Music/ Stephane Grappelli [A] [T]
Mr Soul/Sam Cooke [A] [T]
Rosie Loves the Swing/ Rosemary Clooney [A] [T]
The Midnight Special/ Harry Belafonte [A] [T]
Lena Horne at the Waldorf/ Lena Horne [A] [T]
Town Hall Concert/ Louis Armstrong [A] [T]
Best of Benny Goodman/ Benny Goodman [A] [T]
Now/Vic Damone [A] [T]
Brook Benton Sings/ Brook Benton [A] [T]
Best of Jim Reeves/ Jim Reeves [A] [T]
Best of Dinah Shore/ Dinah Shore [A] [T]
Best of Tommy Dorsey/ Tommy Dorsey [A] [T]
Eddie Fisher Greatest Hits/ Eddie Fisher [A] [T]
20 Greatest Hits Volume I/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
Old Tige/Jim Reeves [A] [T]

Comedy

Two Ronnies/ Barker/Corbett [A] [T]
Billy Connolly Live/ Billy Connolly [A] [T]
Square Bashing/ Michael Bentine [A] [T]
The Grand Prix of Gibraltar/ Peter Ustinov [A] [T]

Films and Shows

Sound of Music/ Original Soundtrack [A] [T]
The Producers (Springtime for Hitler) / Original Soundtrack [A] [T]
Oliver/Original Soundtrack [A] [T]
South Pacific/ Original Soundtrack [A] [T]
Oklahoma/Original Cast [A] [T]
G.I. Blues/Elvis Presley/ Original Soundtrack [A] [T]
King Creole/Elvis Presley/ Original Soundtrack [A] [T]

Double Albums

Count as two selections

Mancini Magic/ Henry Mancini [A] [T]
Great Country – Great Artists [A] [T]
Jim Reeves/Jim Reeves [A] [T]
Mario Lanza/Mario Lanza [A] [T]
Elvis At His Best/ Elvis Presley [A] [T]
James Galway/ James Galway [A] [T]
Harry Belafonte/ Harry Belafonte [A] [T]
The Magic of Jack Jones/ Jack Jones [A] [T]
For the Good Times/ Perry Como [A] [T]

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ENTER THE DRAG

Chris Bohn flies to Hong Kong in search of Suzie Wong, but finds King Rat Bob Geldof instead. Cinematography: Peter Anderson

THE ASTOR CINEMA is an old style movie emporium painted in ugly pastel shades and shoddily decorated with the poor likenesses of Meryl Streep and John Travolta on posters advertising forthcoming attractions.

Though it is just a few minutes up the road from the tax free shoppers paradise of downtown Kowloon, the white tourist population has noticeably thinned out and only a few Europeans line up with the Chinese for tonight's film — the latest Martial Arts spectacular *The Shaolin Temple.*

A genuine buzz of anticipation emanates from the hundreds of kids who congregate in couples, gangs and family clans waiting for admission. The sell-out crowd thronging the foyer spills out onto the pavement into the warm winter evening where street hawkers are cooking up garishly coloured sweet and seafood savouries over black, smoking barbecues. Despite the acrid smell of burning, they do as good a trade as the McDonald's takeaway across the road.

Evidently, movie going in Hong Kong is still AN EVENT. It's one of the few places left in the world where people flock to the cinema in massive enough numbers to support a domestic industry whose phenomenal post-war output in martial arts pictures alone runs to more than 1,000. Almost all of them have been geared towards home consumption too — the brief Bruce Lee cult aside — their elaborate system of signs have proved too impenetrable for non-Chinese audiences.

The extraordinary speed of movement, fantastic leaps, flying swordsmen and lengthy, repetitive fight sequences might appear ridiculous to the non-initiated, but they make sense to those brought up on Chinese legends and traditions.

The Martial Arts movie industry, its stars and attendant paraphernalia, contribute to a strong, self-sufficient popular culture; which might explain the lack of interest in Western pop. While European kids might dream of joining groups, Chinese kids aspire to starring in or even making movies.

Of course, the local apathy might be down to the lack of groups playing such an out-of-the-way place as Hong Kong, whose minor record market wouldn't justify the expense of getting here. Because so few have visited the tiny, western ruled outcrop of mountains and islands on the edge of Red China, The Boomtown Rats might've expected their groundbreaking trip to create a greater stir among the Chinese. It didn't.

While their one concert easily sold out, they were disappointed that the audience consisted overwhelmingly of English, Australian and New Zealand kids. The children of soldiers and the colonial administration don't mix much with the Chinese population, which might explain why the latter stayed away. Or more simply they probably preferred to go see eight Kung Fu movies on the (nevertheless reasonable) price of a Rats ticket. Me too, come to that, but duty calls . . .

TAKE A DEEP breath, here he comes. Within an hour of landing in Hong Kong, bleary-eyed Bob Geldof has checked into the plush Hyatt Regency, stumbled across two *NME* spies who arrived the night before, and settled into his role of host and guide.

After only the briefest of introductions — "I didn't know you were comin'," he challenges. "Liar!" responds baffled manager Fachna O'Kelly. "I don't know why he told you that." — he eases us into the Rats' Indian experiences, delivers a considered critique of *Reds,* compares notes on *Prince Of The City* and organises a tour of a Kung Fu film studio through his Hong Kong record company. And all this before breakfast!

The other Rats, meanwhile, are looking suitably bombed after an arduous eight hour flight from India. So much so that Johnny Fingers probably hasn't noticed a few like-spirited Chinamen wandering down to the breakfast room in pyjamas and slippers. One by one they disappear to their rooms, but Geldof, not wanting to waste a minute, yet coolly disguising his enthusiasm, leads us across the bay to Hong Kong island and up to its towering peak.

Geldof has been here before and it's his fascination with the Far East that has brought the Rats back to tour these far flung corners. Last year he and girlfriend Paula Yates set off on a massive trip across Russia, down through China, taking in Peking and Mongolia and coming to a halt in Hong Kong. Being a gifted, if compulsive gabber, he's not slow to recount experiences in his colourful Dublin brogue. Indeed, he positively warms to the role of storyteller, expanding into it, searching out the right words to accurately describe a place or mood.

Geldof is the sort of person who'd corner strangers on a train with his lifestory, warts'n'all. In the space of a journey you get to feel as close to and as far away from him as that. In short he's an ideal travel companion, loaded with facts, anecdotes and opinions. I don't mind listening at all.

Does he travel so extensively out of curiosity or in order to assimilate images for songs?

"Well, I travel for pleasure in the first place," he answers, "and out of curiosity in the second, though I imagine impressions get filed away in a mental black book.

"I like to be shocked out of what I'm used to," he digresses, "which is why I like the extremes of Asia. It's a pity you're not with us in one of the less Western areas, but even now it's nice being in a giant Chinatown . . .

"But, like Russia, China, Thailand or India, they're extremes in the very obvious ways. Extreme heats, of course, extreme smells. In India you have incredible vile stinks coming from the open sewers just outside your hotel, and you turn the corner to find an orchid thrust in your nose! Then, there's the extreme corruption, and I don't just mean at the top, but at the bottom, among the beggars. The extremes of me being European and them being Asian, and them thus considering me fair game and trying to rip me off, and me being aware of it and trying to prevent it, and everybody operating on that understanding!"

The Rats tour dates have been spaced so as to leave plenty of time to look around. Destinations have been chosen more for their intrinsic interest than their potential for exploitation.

"I've never believed in that conventional wisdom of touring just to sell more records," says Geldof. "I thought, fuck it, you know, we've done Europe and America until we're blue in the bloody face, and how many times can you do it anyway? Besides, it would've been a gross rip off to go out to those places again and be bored before we even start.

"I'd been to Bangkok the year before on the way home from Australia," continues The Globetrotter, "and thought it was wonderful, one of the best places I've been to. So we set up a gig there and it was great. It was great to be faced with the challenge of playing to a new, different audience again, especially one not familiar with rock music or how they're supposed to respond."

To keep costs and personnel down to a minimum, they've left all their equipment at home — barring Pete Briquette's slimline bass and Dave Mackay's saxes — hiring everything afresh from city to city, prepared to put up with the inconvenience of unfamiliar or shoddy instruments in exchange for *being there.* In that sense the Rats are far removed from the nouveau riche snotwave superstar groups they're often bracketed and subsequently dismissed with.

They're still open and prepared to be surprised, only half-jokingly playing "The paddies away from home".

Of course, their decision to tour the Far East is also governed by their relative lack of success in America, and Geldof's urge to get away partly prompted by the vitriol that meets his every public move, more of which later. But for now we'll concern ourselves with the distances put between him and his enemies.

With a low chuckle, Geldof murmurs unashamedly: "I know it's escapist, travelling like this, but at least I can forget what it is they're writing about me, hehheh, fuelling my sense of, er, inadequacy. But I've never felt at ease anywhere in particular, anyway. And I'm not just giving you the fashionable, Hey, hey, I'm so alienated, kicking against society line. I've never felt at ease with myself, there's always a constant questioning, an internal dialogue going on, which brings me to the point where I write, ha, convoluted lines, like *'It's one of those days where I don't like myself / But I get along with me okay'.* When you can't get away from yourself you ain't gonna feel easy anywhere else. But, yes, there's an element of escapism in travel, even if I don't really escape."

All the distractions of foreign places must make it easier.

"Well, I don't feel that's a cop out," he replies. "It's a good thing to be confronted by things normally outside your experience, where you are made to change your opinion. That can only be good. Some turd, who's supposed to be a wit, said: 'Travel limits the mind'. And it was quoted by some asshole somewhere, but personally, I just can't see that. The more you meet people, the more you want to expand."

THE MINIBUS PULLS out of Kowloon, past the towering new high rises and the sprawling tin shanty towns tacked on the suburbs, up into the mountains that separate Hong Kong from China. Situated in a valley opening onto a misty lake is the Shaw Brothers Film studio, the largest of HK's production companies. While we're there two films are being shot simultaneously in different studios — one a garish ghost story in which an artistic beast kidnaps beauties to his lair, where he converts them into human lampshades and gore residue, and the other a conventional Kung Fu movie.

As soon as Geldof discovers a deserted reproduction Sung dynasty street that backs onto a Great Wall of China he improvises a quick script involving himself, Briquette, Peter Anderson and me, which is subsequently filmed by *The Wall* cameraman Pete Biziou. (I'd tell you more about Geldof's starring role in the The Pink Floyd movie *The Wall,* but there's an embargo on the information until its release). Biziou invited onto the tour to complete a massive home video, captures the action in all its embarrassing detail.

"There," giggles Geldof maliciously. "Now, if you upset us we'll circulate the tapes."

It's not fear of being seen squatting in a Buddha pose draped in black chiffon that prompts this vaguely revisionist approach to the Boomtown Rats. Nor is it sparked by any great love of their music, as I've got no particular interest in '60s derived songs with a strong R'n'B base. But then, much of the spite directed at the Rats via reviews and, more hatefully, against Geldof in the gossip columns, had less to do with music than what they supposedly represented.

The Boomtown Rats apparently used the lax standards of punk as a stepping stone, betraying the movement by appearing on *Top Of The Pops* after scoring with their first single 'Looking After Number One' and re-adjusting their production values accordingly. None of their contemporaries would talk to them and only recently has Geldof felt at home among musicians, finding that he can actually mix with and talk to the likes of The Human League and Spandau Ballet.

Ironically, The Boomtown Rats' method of Remake / Remodel has more in common with this new generation of parody poppers than their former punk rock contemporaries. The Rats' music, too, is self-consciously littered with references and musical allusions, except their source material is the likes of Dylan, The Kinks, The Beatles, Irish R'n'B and not the more acceptable party soul of Tamla Motown or Stax. The roughshod nature of their sources dictated that the Rats' results have in the past been less polished than, say, ABC's rejuvenation of pop ideals.

That said, I still find some of Geldof's writing forced, especially those with Grand Statement stamped across them, and his voice a too theatrical pastiche of Dylan, Jagger and Davies. I can't imagine any of Geldof's muses spending so much time over a song, and if they did they wouldn't let it show.

Even so, that's no justification for the highly personal, snide attacks he's been subjected to just for being seen in public. I think he takes the power of the music press too seriously — WE ARE NOT THAT IMPORTANT — but as he's been on the receiving end I'll take his word for it that it can hurt. His garrulity and his always being on hand "for a quote" has in the past led him to making a prat of himself (notably an ill-considered, later misquoted reference to Lennon's death), most of which would have passed unnoticed if he hadn't been singled out — partly through his own readiness — to be the '77 generation's whipping boy.

Bob Geldof is a NICE GUY, shrewd and intelligent and alert to the world at large. It's worth saying out loud because there are far worse characters in pop getting away with a lot more. Now we've got that out of the way let's get onto specifics.

FOR MOST OF the trip Geldof contains his hatred of *NME,* but finally lets it all spill out over dinner, much to the Chinese promoters' surprise. I wouldn't bring it up again so soon, excepting right at the end of the verbal tirade, he perhaps came closest to summarising the Rats.

"We're just an average to good band, I'm an average singer who writes average songs and some *very good* ones," he pleads.

Later he counters complaints that he constructs elaborate, impersonal artifices in which you can too plainly see the strain by going through 'Wind Chill Factor (Minus Zero)' line by line, nuance by nuance, pointing out references and touching on the incidents that inspired particular moments. I would've said he's just proved my point, but by this time I'm tired and emotional, too.

"Well, some lines do sound clever-clever," he admits, "but with other people those would be allowed for, whereas with me it's said I'm trying hard to be witty. Now I find this whole interview is me justifying myself, and I find it sickening; and I'm thinking why do I have to justify six years of doing something which I think is okay? That's *all* it comes down to."

Is he jealous of others, like Strummer, who always had the credibility he lacked?

"Sure I am," he says. "Strummer is still Jack The Lad, the Press still think he's sincere, which he is. Yes, I did envy the credibility, but it wasn't that I wanted people to say: 'Hey this guy's so deep, look at what he's saying!' It wasn't that at all, but there's a fairly highly developed sense of irony in the songs and that irony stems from taking what I do too seriously, and then laughing at myself for taking *anything* I do too seriously.

"I don't take myself too seriously," he asserts, "but the things I do, I do the best I can. And the things I have written, believe me, are sincere. You can argue the toss, but I think some of the things I've done are still valid."

Geldof's motivations have always been doubted. He didn't help his own cause by denying the Rats' new wave affiliations and refusing to pay lip service to its socio-political importance. "It sounded like we were crying wolf," he groans. Because they crossed the Irish Sea with a reputation for cunning, everything

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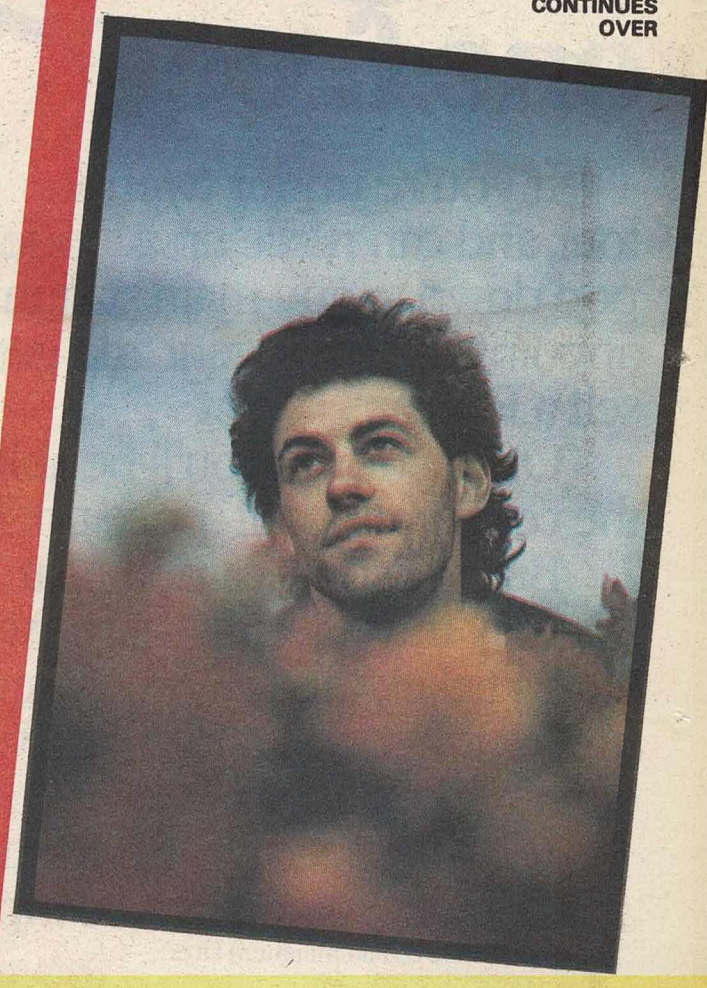

KONG RATS

CONTINUED

they did was attributed to being part of the masterplan — including the public denials.

"That's another thing I could never really understand," remarks Geldof, his incredulity matched by a voice of varying pitch. "Why was it we who were calculating? We'd literally stumble from one situation to the next. I mean, you've seen us now. You've seen O'Kelly, our manager, and now talk to me about calculation! That's another thing — Geldof's got it sussed, he's got it all planned! . . ." He trails off into an exasperated sigh.

Now if he was really smart he'd claim the svengali mantel — especially in light of today's mood. The art of selling oneself — a.k.a. Spandau Ballet, Blue Rondo — is as important as the product itself. Maybe he should be flattered?

"No!" Geldof explodes. "How wrong . . . and of course you could never deny it anyway, because they'd go, Ha ha, that's all part of it. I'm sure we're accused of all this calculation because when I'm asked about our success I reason it all out. And after you've rationalised it, in retrospect it becomes very A to B, you know.

"I think we were clever, sure, but never calculating. We were desperate and hungry, and so were our record company Ensign and I think they're the prerequisites of being in a successful rock and roll band."

With the release of their first single/manifesto 'Looking After Number One', the Rats appeared to be following the line of all dictators: proclaiming the strategy and then following it through. No, it was more a comment on the mouthings of the "Me" decade of Tom Wolfe, claims Geldof, though he admits to it containing grains of his own ambition.

"I had millions of ambitions and I'd vent them to all who'd listen. Hence Charlie Shaar Murray's Modest Bob tag," giggles Geldof. "I mean, they were very tangible ambitions, you know, like being in a successful pop band, getting to number one, like having money. But once you've achieved those things they obviously pale into insignificance."

So what ambitions survive?

"I want to write a song people will remember, that people will someday hear and be reminded of something they did years ago. Maybe 'I Don't Like Mondays' will be the one, but it's just another minor thing really. Once you've achieved the ambition, it's gone, leaving only dreams. I don't know what the dreams are, but it's like the physical feeling of having an empty tummy, you know, which is a very corny, obvious metaphor, but that is the feeling — there must be something else, yet I can't put a definition on, what I'm going for now. It's not as simple as saying we want a hit."

The Rats' last but one single 'Never In A Million Years' was set up to be both a hit and a lingering memory. A haunting, string-heavy melody saturates the self-assertive sentiment in a quietly affecting manner. Was it intended to be Geldof's 'My Way'?

"No, no, no, no please, not that," he laughs. "Just there had to be something else, I don't know what, but I'll keep going my way. Which isn't 'My Way'; *'And now I'm always dreaming/Of dreams that lie in state/Waiting for me to wake/And make a life with them . . .'* You know, and it goes on: *'I know I'll never let these self-defeating fears/Spoil the golden years/Of the days that pass me by.'* "

Talking like that, he sounds like an old man.

"Yeah, but that's it, I felt so crushed by it all, so I said, oh fuck it, *'I'll tear down the sky'*, and they say don't stop now and I say *'NEVER IN A MILLION YEARS!'*

The record flopped. The sentiment went unnoticed.

"And then you get the London *Standard* accusing us of hyping it into the charts," laughs Geldof. "The way it stiffed it must've been the original Irish hype!"

THE BOOMTOWN RATS' Hong Kong concert is a timely reminder of their lovable qualities, of why everybody fell for the shambolic Dublin boys in the first place, if not much of an indication of their future moves. Nothing from their forthcoming fifth LP 'V Deep' is played — their set is in effect a greatest hits run through sprinkled with a few favoured R'n'B classics. The Rats have never been afraid of giving the people what they want and this very young HK audience wants what they know best. In the early days that coincided with the Rats' capabilities and fun-loving sensibilities. With repetition and the press rankle their previously enthusiastic shows were curdled by bitter, bothered diatribes countered by an overworking of the good time ethic.

Faraway from the jaded gaze of Western audiences, however, they relax and recall the original spirit that fired them. The audience needs little prompting, none of the exhortations to get up and dance that has marred Geldof's European jaunts. Some people are content to sit back and listen.

When the point is put to Geldof, he dissolves into a smile and agrees.

"Of course they are! I am too, and I get really annoyed if some prat onstage is calling me to dance. But when I'm onstage and I'm enjoying myself I ask myself why aren't they? They can't be, they're not dancing! I'm dancing around enjoying myself and I want some physical manifestation from the audience to prove they're enjoying themselves too. I think that perhaps they're a little reticent, they have to be brought out of themselves a bit. I just try to involve them. Unfortunately, there are very few occasions — except in Japan or India, say — where people aren't pre-conditioned how to respond, where people are willing to act according to their instincts."

The irony is, of course, that over the years Geldof's decisions have been partly governed by anticipated press responses. I think he's far too sensitive about the wrong issues. He obviously argues otherwise. But he does have good reason to be cautious. Having been designated always good for a quote, his willingness to talk has been abused by wilful miisinterpretation.

"Somebody once asked me what I thought of Thatcher," he says, recalling one example. "And I said that because she has the bottle, the courage of her convictions, I admire her. So they put in the paper that Geldof admires Thatcher and they printed a picture of me kissin' her. In fact, what I said was no matter how asinine, how pigheaded, how ludicruously inane her policies are — and they are! — she's still a person with convictions, who believes in what she's saying. This was before things got so incredibly bad that she knew she was wrong. Tony Benn himself later said he agreed with her politics of conviction, but

CONTINUES PAGE 61

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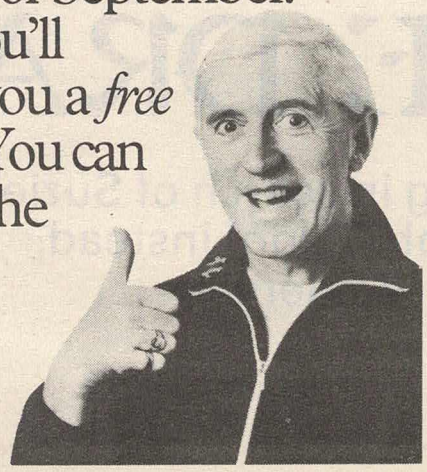

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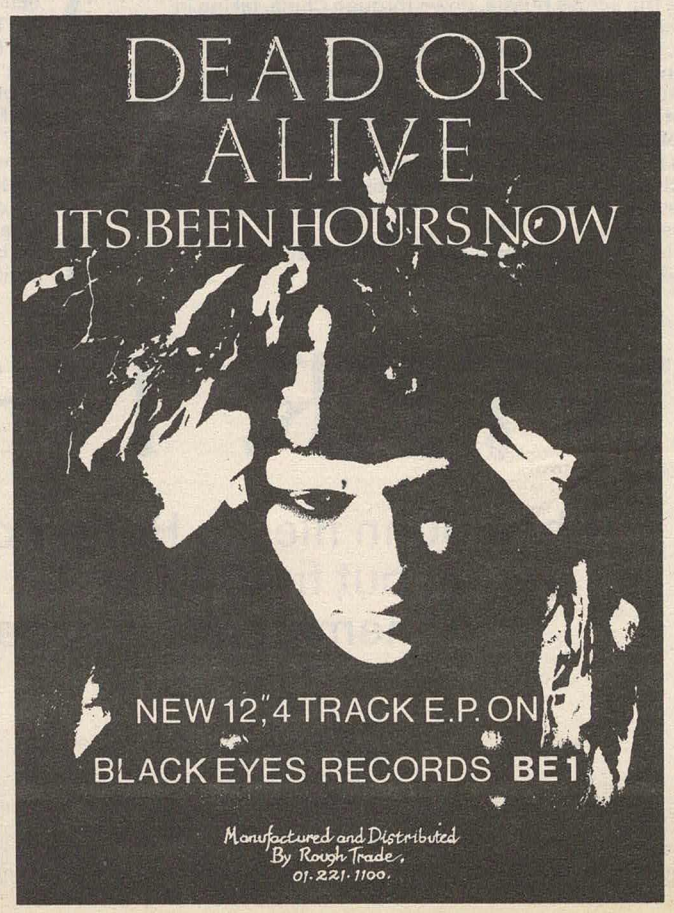
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Revolver, Dover.
Hummingbird, Folkestone.
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Long Player, Maidstone.
Long Player, Chatham.
Long Player, Ashford.
Bonaparte, Bromley.
H & N Leisure, Orpington.

BERKSHIRE
Quicksilver, Reading.
Knights, Friar St., Reading.
Knights, Broad St., Reading.
Opus One, Maidenhead.

EAST ANGLIA
Outlaw, Diss.
Wheelers, King's Lynn.
Robins, Norwich.
H.M.V., Norwich.
Bayes, King's Lynn.
Lisa's, Huntingdon.

ESSEX
Golden Disc, Southend.
Rival, Basildon.
Godfrey, Basildon.
Kelley's, Basildon.
Adrians, Wickford.
Fives, Leigh.
Fives, Rayleigh.
Lion, Colchester.
Lion, Clacton.
Trumps, Loughton.
Record Centre, Barkingside.
Downtown, Romford.
Hi Tension, Grays.
Hi Tension, Stanford-le-Hope.
Penny Farthing, Ilford.
Video Club, Elm Park.
Downtown, Ilford.

WORCESTERSHIRE
Records & Tape, Evesham.
Counterpoint, Malvern.

OXFORDSHIRE
Music Market, Oxford.
Music Market, Banbury.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
Record House, Aylesbury.
Venus, High Wycombe.
Record Centre, Slough.
Burnham Music, Burnham.

HERTFORDSHIRE
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Zodiac, St. Albans.
Harum, Barnet.
Tracks, Hertford.
Tracks, Ware.
Tracks, Royston.
Tracks, Hoddesdon.

MIDDLESEX
Lightning, Ruislip.
Sellanby, S. Harrow.
Harum, Enfield.

BEDFORDSHIRE
H.M.V., Luton.

HAMPSHIRE
Disc Music, Bournemouth
Setchfields, Poole.
Uptown, Bournemouth.
Subway, Fareham.
Subway, Portsmouth.
Subway, Southampton.

WARWICKSHIRE
Discovery Records, Leamington.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
Geoff Creighton, Daventry.
Discovery, Corby.
Revolver, Kettering.
Revolver, Wellingborough.

WEST MIDLANDS
Fat City, Rugby.
Inferno, Coventry.
Inferno, Birmingham.
Incredible, Birmingham.
Studio Musica, Northfield.
Studio Musica, Shirley.
Lewis, Birmingham.
Goulds, Kingswinford.
Sundown, Wolverhampton.
Sundown, Walsall.
Sounds Around, Kidderminster.
Graduate, Dudley.
Records & Tapes, Sutton Coldfield.
Easy Listening, Acocks Green.
Taylors, Kingstanding.

SOUTH WALES
Tracks, Cwmbran.
Buffalo, Cardiff.
Spillers, Cardiff.
Rainbow, Pontypridd.
Roxcene, Newport.
Luther, Blackwood.
Pulsar, Caerphilly.

SOUTH WEST
Rival, Bristol.
Kay's, Yate.
Radio Rental, Bristol.
Acorn, Yeovil.
Hocking, St. Austell.
Music Man, Trowbridge.
Rival, Bath.
Records Unlimited, Bath
Saffron, Truro.
Pitts, Exeter.
Left Bank, Exeter
Sounds, Paignton.
Arcadia, Plymouth.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE
Disco Centre, Gloucester.
P. Nutt, Cheltenham.
Storm, Cheltenham.

WILTSHIRE
Red Carpet, Swindon.

HEREFORDSHIRE
Chadds, Hereford.

NORTH EAST
G. Ritchie, Berwick-upon-Tweed.
Revolution, Morpeth.
Olivers, Ashington.
Music Box, Blyth.
Herdman, Stanley.
Lancasters, Consett.
Bergs, Sunderland.
Hamilton, Middlesbrough.
M & A, Redcar.
Windows, Newcastle upon Tyne.

NORTH WEST
Music Disco, Morecambe.

CUMBRIA
Kelley's, Barrow-in-Furness.
Pink Panther, Carlisle.
Smythes, Bowness-on-Windermere.

CHESHIRE
Ames, Chester.
Ken Palk, Knutsford.
Penny Lane, Chester.
Music Shop, Widnes.

DERBYSHIRE
Foxes, Alfreton.
Hudsons, Chesterfield.
Siren, Derby.
Richards Records, Derby.
R. E. Cords, Derby.
Unitape, Derby.
Reynolds, Ilkeston.
Unitape, Long Eaton.

GREATER MANCHESTER
Music Centre, Aston-under-Lyne
E. P. Lees, Bolton.
Vibes, Bury.
Spin Inn, Manchester.
Piccadilly Records, Manchester.
Bradleys, Manchester.
Bradleys, Rochdale.
Nield & Hardy, Stockport.

HUMBERSIDE
Peter Hall, Goole.
Sydney Scarborough, Hull.

LANCASHIRE
Reidys, Blackburn.
Ames Records, Blackburn.
Rays Melody Inn, Blackpool.
Martins Records, Chorley.
Sound Track, Fleetwood.
Electron, Nelson.
Ames Records, Preston.

LEICESTERSHIRE
St. Martins, Leicester.
Randles, Coalville.
Rainbow Records, Loughborough.
Castle Records, Loughborough.
Revolver, Leicester.
Sound Centre, Hinckley.
Ainleys, Leicester.

MERSEYSIDE
Music Shop, Bellevale
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NOTTINGHAMSHIRE
Selbys Records, Market St., Nottingham.
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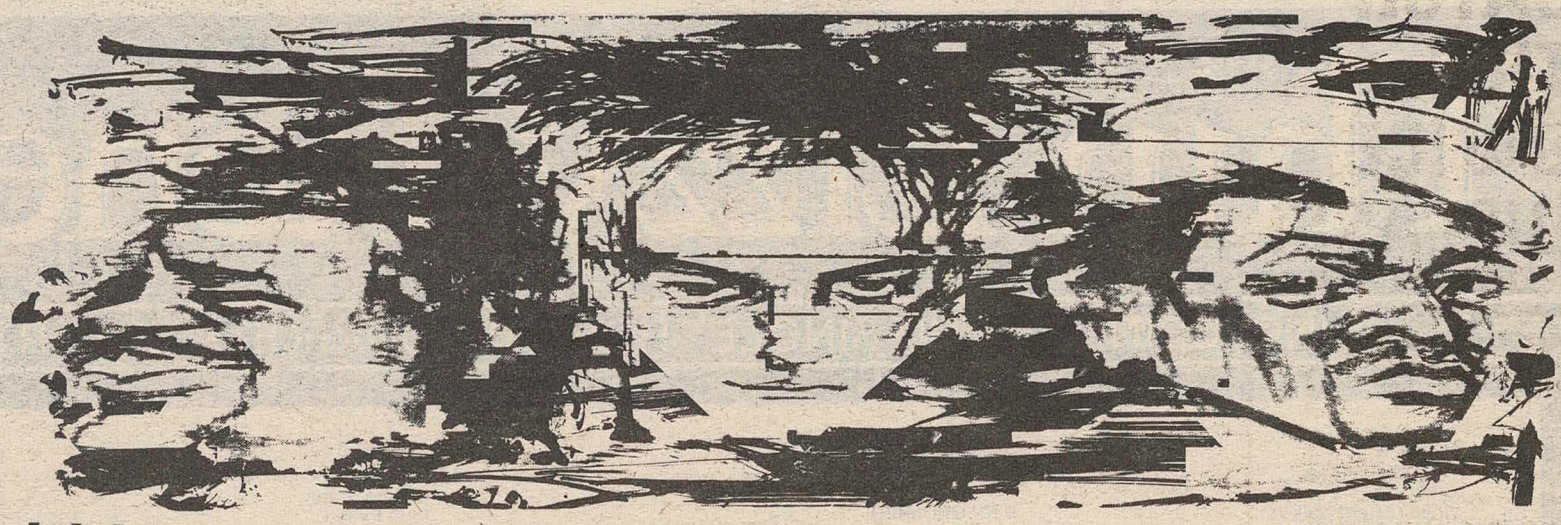

Fun Fun Fun!

Illustration: Ian Wright.

TRIBAL TRIBULATIONS

THE FUN BOY THREE

The Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)

THERE NEEDS to be good reason for breaking up an outfit like The Specials, their heyday happened so fast, ended so soon and was tied up with so many other problems and questions — the 'validity of protest', the relationship between a band and its audience, the eruption of widespread social disaffection to name but a few topics — that their actual musical clout is often forgotten. Which is unfair because, internal and external pressures notwithstanding, their smart sense of ingenuity matched to a hotbed of creative mayhem made them one of the most consistently entertaining outfits to ever come out of Britain.

'More Specials' in particular remains under-rated: a very curious album, discincerting in places, but its zany criss-crossing of musical reference points was kept on course to make it a rivetting collection of songs. The potential it promised for the third LP was considerable.

But there was to be no third album. The diversity came to boiling point, the varying aspirations of different factions in the group became too unwieldy and so came the inevitable split. And so came The Fun Boy Three, a new sound and a new space — something fresh and instantaneous to perk us up and stretch the imagination. Or so I hoped.

The back cover blurb fuels the expectations — "gasp, wonder and thrill to the sound of the '80s" and "one of the most WONDERFUL recordings of our time" are the promises. I'd heard the steamy tropical spell weave 'Lunatics' and the carefree country lane de doodle of 'It Ain't What You Do' and it was clear that the sturdy oddball approach of FB3 was centred around an intriguing new-fashioned sound. So, donning khaki hunting gear and with an eye on the metronome I put the platter on the deck. The basic format should be familiar by now — a drum machine lays down the rhythm track and Lynval, Terry and Neville place lead and vocal harmony lines over the top along with any augmenting instrumentation.

The advantages are that with the trusty old machine providing the backbone, FB3 are free to explore and instigate all manner of vocal dynamics, but unfortunately they stay tied to the often perfunctory background clatter. Compared to some of the wild New York raps they seem far too cautious and reactionary. When the stylus crawls off the last track on side two the initial impression is just how dull, dense and heavy handed it all sounds. The style itself isn't necessarily limited but by getting bogged down in its mechanics FB3 make it sound that way. Blundering and stumbling around like children with a new set of building blocks, they're never quite sure how to aim their processes towards a climactic effect or a dispersal of contrasting effects. It drags, the songs are faceless and the melodies lazy, half-formed.

Subsequent plays give some sort of insight and allow the listener to penetrate below the thick surface and examine the actual songs and ideas more closely. But the material doesn't really stand up to scrutiny; much of it is ill-prepared and an overbearing amount of the observations are down in the mouth, beleaguered and bushwacked tirades against the prevailing hardtimes ina UK — understandable, but strangely at odds with the avowed optimism and new found vitality the group have pointed towards in recent interviews.

The admittedly lightweight bounce of the current chart single isn't extended or reflected very much on the rest of the record. Instead of the wit and charm The Specials could bring to the tragi-comic situations there seems to be a leaning towards sombre songs which, though undoubtedly driven and motivated by sincerity, sound cruelly devoid of lust or zest for being alive. It's an odd dilemma that songs like 'Do Nothing' and 'Lunatics' managed to overcome — singing about conundrum mundanities and the powerlessness of the ordinary Joe without actually sounding dull or powerless. But the sub LKJ-like 'Best Of Luck Mate' and 'I Don't Believe It' fall into the trap by being straitlaced, flat deadpan rants without ambiguity or humour.

Ironically, elsewhere it is such dualities and contrasts that make the record interesting and show how FB3 have created a distinctive sound filled with many as yet unrealised possibilities. The opening salvo f'rinstance, a brief prelude of sorts called 'Sanctuary'. features a quasi-sacred choral chant to a backdrop of those resounding electronic thundereclaps from a synthesised bass drum as pioneered by Nick Luany and Jim Walker on Pil's 'Flowers Of Romance'. Elsewhere you get the odd effect of a tribal beat being played out on computerised technology —'Faith Hope And Charity' and 'Way On Down' — the latter's chorus oddly similar to that paean to lost purity, Joni Mitchell's 'Woodstock' (honest!). Or there's a by definition robotic beat tampered with so that it becomes a fluffy teaser with Bananarama adding to the carefree swing, 'It Ain't What You Do'. FB3's area of activity is fertile and varied but as yet they seem unable to reconcile and construct the various strands into consistently sharp, non-indulgent songs.

Even superior moments like 'Way On Down' — sliced up and spiced with the reliable horns of Dick Cuthell — and the unmistakably Duryesque 'Faith Hope And Charity' (*"Faith and hope and charity / One for you and one for me / Money doesn't grow on trees and babies come from ladies."*) are but germs of a bigger and better idea, falling back on stock cliches and veering towards parodies of former glories.. This is part and parcel of The FB3 failure to unravel or weave an inventive exposition from their basic strengths. In this light it's 'Lunatics' which emerges as the most atmospheric and expertly conceived piece.

There is enough reason for breaking up the Specials, but this LP doesn't come near to illustrating exactly why. The group seems unsure how to utilise their new-found freedom, their method is a little hit and miss, a little too concerned with experimenting rather than cogency. Often it seems that a few nebulous themes have been tossed around and the group stand by and hope they fall into place but 'The Telephone Always Rings' slithers and slides aimlessly like a city drunk. Perhaps their unorthodox method of recording couldn't be expected to produce a polished set in only six months; both the recording and the songwriting could have benefited from a longer period of fermentation.

So, what can I tell you? Lynval, Terry and Neville threw a party. I'd looked forward to it but the proceedings left me feeling dejected and hollow. For the time being I'll just make my apologies and leave, but I'd still like an invitation to any future jolly-ups.

Gavin Martin

Wynton caresses his horn

THE NEW COOL KING?

WYNTON MARSALIS

Wynton Marsalis (CBS)

EVEN IN staid mainstream jazz circles, Wynton Marsalis has been deemed a sensation. At twenty he is already poised to step into the boss cat's shoes and take the vacant limelight of the jazz realm's leading trumpeter. With a big CBS deal in this pocket and Second Coming notices in Europe and America, Marsalis is being universally chaired by an establishment hungry to replace absent monarchs since the departure of Coltrane and Ayler (physical) and Davis (in most other senses).

Because Marsalis has chosen a stylistic area (hard bop) of easier assimilation than the more dangerous areas of the new jazz, comparisons with masters like Don Cherry, Lester Bowie and Leo Smith, all probably superior to him, seem futile. But there is a sharpness about this menthol-cool cat that's irrestible. His tone is cast between the burnished gold of Clifford Brown and the scintillant silver of Booker Little. He phrases with an incendiary verve that twins impulse and logic; he takes extraordinary risks in his playing and makes them seem like pushover exercises.

Plaudits aside, though, his debut as leader is let down by a certain emptiness of elan and a programme that sometimes clouds the overall sparkle. The sound is very much classic Blue Note cookin': trumpet and tenor (bro' Branford Marsalis), plus a rhythm section which on four tracks summons the great '60s Davis team of Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter and Tony Williams.

Encouragingly, the most compelling numbers are those written by Wynton. 'Father Time', swinging between 4/4 and waltz-time, has a trumpet workout that cleverly shuffles a series of chromatic lines; 'Hesitation' is a thrilling duologue for the horns over a feathery rhythm line; 'Twilight' 's see-saw theme provokes crackling fireworks and slit-eyed brooding alike.

Tony Williams' lyrical sequence 'Sister Cheryl' also shines up well, but 'I'll Be There When The Time Is Right' and 'RJ' sound like fleshed-out trick pieces, concessions to worries that a pure hard bop record needs further dimensions. Most perplexing, though, is the tight-lipped version of Anthony Newley's 'Who Can I Turn To?'. Booker Little, on the great modern trumpet record, a 1960 date reissued by Island as 'The Legendary Quartet Album', took the same song and made it sing and cry; Marsalis plays it poker-face straight, consciously erasing saccharine sentiment and ending up with a tune like a wingless butterfly.

Give the boy time: it's a good start. And hear his wildfire activity on the latest records by Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers.

Richard Cook

KILLING

CATCH THIS DANCE DISEASE!

RUBELLA BALLET

Ballet Dog (XNTRIX tape)

SO YOU think you've nailed punk and found intelligent pop with Haircut and One Hundred wimp-anaesthetic versions of Bobby Vee? Yeah, well the best intelligent pop was punk — Depeche Mode and the rest of the crew of synth-bureaucrats all labour without urgency of The Expelaires, The Buzzcocks or Subway Sect.

The best intelligent pop goes something like this, mate. Not just a voice but a whole group: Rubella Ballet.

Since seeing them and Conflict take the Moonlight and ditch/dash sludge-notions of punk as mindless thrash on bad drugs, I've been waiting for a record from Rubella Ballet, waiting to hear 'T' again and catch *those* vocals.

'Course, being XNTRIX, it isn't a record but a tape, a C30 9-track album complete with lyric book, poster, badge and re-sealable plastic envelope, hence 'Ballet Bag'. Throw it on, anyroad, anyhow, anything'll do to hear those vocals again, e'en a cassette and, yes, 'T' starts side one . . . Smart, but being a cassette you wait for ages, unable to jump the blank space 'tween spool and first track . . . and I'm still waiting for *those* vocals.

When they start — 's great!

Produced by Richard Famous at Heart And Soul Studios, it's a sharp package but as an album it's nothing on the band. This here bag was recorded in November 1981 — small bands change fast and this band changes quicker. Rubella Ballet live are harder, Rubella Ballet in March 1982 have found their *own* strength and so when I heard 'Ballet Bag', after hearing the hard side of Rubella Ballet onstage, this sounded like other people's noise nine stops down.

Now, of course, having forgotten how good the band are live, it's different; it's a cracker. It's a sharp mix of The Buzzcocks, The Banshees, The Fall . . . an album of low shuffle and hi-hat, an album of razor-guitar and searing vocals, a punk pop mixture.

Rubella Ballet are spiky, no white noise-crap from garbageland; they know about timing and power and know what makes a song. Rubella Ballet know when *not* to play.

Here, the songs feed off each other. 'Newz' rattles and rants before 'Slant & Slide' slows the clatter and halts the crash with controlled guitar. (The one with the plectrum knows when to muff the strings, channel the anger and dam the open thrash flood). 'Belfast' rush-rumbles before the playground buzz of 'A Dream Of Honey', nursery rhyme pop building verse by verse on the spiral scratch. Elsewhere, 'Krak Trak', which uses both girls' voices to whine and curse while the bass blurts and the guitar chops, precedes 'Blues', a scratching dancetrack with no vocals at all, only a switching background of recorded interference which makes disconcerting reference to drugs and illness.

Rubella Ballet play with clattering style, play with contradictions (as on 'Me' — all marching hi-hat and dissenting guitar) and make a nuisance of themselves.

"Ballet Bag' is an album of bits-to-wait-for (The Buzzcocks used to play the same game), an album of nine songs, nine crackers ('kinnel, even 'The Gift' has got a *couple* of naff tracks) and a smattering of real classic one-liners (junk them playground marxists the Gun Ho 4 and try this right revolutionary little raver: *"News At Ten! News At Ten! — not you boring fartz again"*; great analysis, John). An album of intelligent pop — this one nails it.

X. Moore

SURFACE LAUGHTER

DISLOCATION DANCE

Music, Music, Music (New Hormones)

THE EASY option is to harp on for columns about how wacky and batty Dislocation Dance are, to goo-goo at something called shambolic charm, patronise them as novelty and naive nonsense, and explain them away as some kind of jumping muzak to which you peel the spuds. Don't accept such softness of the head.

Alright, there is little in the way of utter pain involved. This record *is* a rare old sparkle. DD have continued in their hurried business of grabbing madly at a million common noises, throwing them in the air and freezing the random permutations into sound and song. They're good at it, they're funny and they're flimsy. But they should not be thrown away.

Into their blend, they've thrown jobs, parents, nostalgia, spy films, unhappiness, laughter, domesticity and idiocy. As their dapper, daredevil mix of jazz, reggae, celluloid pop and fragmented jump-rock hints at infinite combinations, their opinions, musings and sniggerings reflect a sense of ironic amazement at the maze of what goes on.

Dislocation Dance jump in, step back and make remarks. They insist that life can be soothed by surface laughter, by encouraging a delicate eye for detail, and a healthy pleasure in day to day living. Dislocation Dance renew your faith that there is indeed jam in the doughnut of life.

Dave Hill

Smith and Scanlan in typical hi-tech habitat. *Pic: Anton Corbijn.*

THESE FALLISH THINGS

THE FALL

Hex Enduction Hour (Kamera)

"Everyone gets too serious about The Fall."
Mark E Smith, November 1981

LET'S GET serious. Let's see The Fall as the scabrous prowlers of the grey area between rackety garage playing the guilty code of songwriting mechanics, chords and tunes and stuff like that. Or let's see them as the first and only anti-rock rock group fuelled on an invective indiscriminate in its attack on the buttresses of the machine. Or as the ashen, hungry spectres in the phantom zone of prole art.

Or, more realistically, as none of these. The Fall have never been what they seem. They have become an apotheosis of alien abstraction. Outside of the Magic Band — whose other-worldly imaginings of rock's coarsest R&B roots question any categorisation anyway — there is no other group to harness rock's primal raw-nerved energy with such an intuitive sense of destructuralisation that extends from Smith's sawn-off lyrics and uncannily provocative vocals through the inspired rule-breaking in the actual playing to the stubbornly anti-resonant production. Hence tags like 'northern rockabilly' or 'modern folk'. Only The Fall, among English groups, manipulate such a recognisable, repetitive rock primer to such desperate extremes. The Fall's return to an older order is despised partly because its insularity cannot be breached.

'Hex Enduction Hour' is sixty minutes of The Fall with all their previous incarnations toughened to a bitterly frightening degree. Though it's easy to charge them with being infuriatingly obtuse in the past it is now clear that Smith has disciplined the *progress* of his group with an iron logic. Listening to 'Hex' is as biliously purgatorial as listening to 'Dragnet' was in 1979, but the steps forward are tangible. The advances eked out over the series of 45s and LPs between the two poles — principally, a strengthening of studio sound without resorting to glamourisation and the diversification of the internal combustion peculiar to a Fall tune when it lurches into life — were imparted like a gradual rediscovery of turmoil; until 'Slates' and 'Fantastic Life' presented a group of enormous intensity. But still one resolutely attuned to the spirit of a primitive piece like 'It's The New Thing'.

More than ever, 'Hex' perpetrates the idea of The Fall blurred into a single, rabidly ugly, threshing rock hobgoblin. Smith's vocals are habitually decentralised and emerge like a loudhailer harangue from a fog of guitar scratch that unscrambles into any necessary riff as if by magic. The only new clarity is in the two-drum base which literally flays most of these — songs.

Or clammy dissertations, spewed outrages, acrid monologues . . . Mark Smith's latest chain of thought really makes no concession to the accessibility he mentioned the record would have last year. When Smith's scabbed commentary is decipherable only odd phrases come through, often shown in the scrawled montage on the cover: it is enough that his scumhouse rhetoric is intact, perhaps. Only 'Hip Priest', a self-denial of deification laden with curmudgeonly sarcasm, seems at all clear.

What is most vital is the assertion of the other players. Whereas previous Fall LPs always drew the ear straight to that incomparably scurvied voice, 'Hex' makes Smith take his place beside the severe concentration of the others. 'Winter' and 'Winter 2' fade in and out, formless, ragged rambles that sound like a backing track which runs endlessly through their heads, forever recycled with a ghastly compulsion. Beside these, the insolent, bullet-hard expression of 'Jawbone And The Air-Rifle' or 'Fortress/Deer Park' seems almost a perversion; just as the closing ten minutes of 'And This Day', a sick sea of raddled fuzzbox assault and a blubbering drumbeat that's a second cousin to 'Pena', reassures us of their bloody-mindedness.

As for the drear, muted 'Hip Priest' and 'Who Makes The Nazis?', or the improvised-in-Reykjavik ghostworld of 'Iceland', The Fall approach such sparer atmospherics with the same revealing sureness.

The dilemma now would seem to be where Smith can take them next, before diminishing returns eventually set in. Deprived of their audience — the blighted proletariat Smith's work draws on are too busy buying Jam records to bother with The Fall — their problem lies in how to evolve further a music which has already turned in on itself. Because Mark Smith is determined to play rock music (does a secret rocky reactionary sometimes squirm behind those pullovers? Remember 'Lie Dream Of A Casino Soul' or *"For God's sake don't start improvising?"*) of the most elemental kind The Fall have sealed their isolation: they can never be an influence because nobody can progress on what they have done except The Fall themselves.

Either way, what they have done on 'Hex Enduction Hour' is create their masterpiece to date. Seriously.

Richard Cook

JOKE

EMPIRE SONG
NEW SINGLE/WITH
BRILLIANT
MALICIOUS DAMAGE

GROWING UP

GARLAND JEFFREYS

Rock & Roll Adult (Epic)

GARLAND JEFFREYS has been around for years; yet, in spite of success in his native America and more recently in Europe, he's never found a niche over here. Maybe the British can't quite cope with the contradictions, which as a vocalist and songwriter, he presents to an audience: he's black but his soul can sound blue-eyed; his roots are in R&B but his flowering (in the early '70s) was in hard rock.

If all this makes Jeffreys hard to place, it can also make him hard to take, especially on a live album where a satisfactory synthesis of styles and influences is often less of a possibility than it is in the studio.

Mind, 'Rock & Roll Adult', recorded at gigs in New York and Lyon, has its moments. 'Wild In The Streets' is blues funk rendered into rock and it certainly shows Bob Seger how to write an anthem. 'R.O.C.K.' is in a similar vein but never quite makes it; it gets pompous in the way Springsteen can, though without any of his ability to carry off rhetorical flourishes. Nevertheless, you're left wondering whether Springsteen as a teenager listened to Jeffreys like he did to Gary US Bonds.

The E Street Band did, in fact, make an appearance on Garland's much-acclaimed last album 'Escape Artist'. So did Big Youth and Linton Johnson. However, the songs with a reggae feel on 'Rock & Roll Adult' (eg 'Bound To Get Ahead Someday' and 'I May Not Be Your Kind') are the least successful. The vocals never acclimatise themselves to the rhythms; there's a failure of nerve and intensity, accentuated all the more by the fact that backing comes courtesy of members of The Rumour: you're left wanting one of Graham Parker's attempts at a reggae-R&B fusion. Just like on the crooning of 'Matador' you're left wanting Van Morrison. Jeffreys can't shape a song like these two.

This is why his cover of '96 Tears' is such a disappointment, but also why the much less emotionally fraught '35 Millimeter Dreams' is spot on: it comes over like good mid-period Stones ('Sticky Fingers' to 'It's Only Rock 'N' Roll'), shallow and stirring at the same time, a more enlightened 'Starfucker'.

This only leaves 'Cool Down', a rousing piece of R&B which degenerates into a long rhyme-less rap about schooldays and authoritarian fathers — funny, but mostly boring and obviously included to heighten the 'live' atmosphere.

Garland Jeffreys, like his long career (signings to Arista, A&M Atlantic, CBS etc) comes at you in bits.

Paul Tickell

Pic: Keith Morris.

Ian Hunter does his famed Marc Bolan impersonation.

IT'S ELVISH!

MARC BOLAN AND T. REX

Across The Airwaves (Cube)

FOR THE Bolanoid who has everything — some more. Rescued from their dust-gathering obscurity in the BBC archives, these 21 tracks are taken from Radio One sessions broadcast between 1969 and 1971.

Apart from its obvious value to the complete-ist collectophile, the chief virtue of this compilation is the way it documents Bolan during his dramatic transition — the time when the whimsical acoustical mystic pixie was busy mutating into a fully-blown electronic rock star, a sort of Elvish Presley, you might say. So you get six from the original duo, with Steve Took on bongos, ten more from the Bolan/Finn days, as the Tyrannosaurus shrank to a T, and a final five from the four man band incorporating Bill Legend and Steve Currie.

Almost all the cuts are alternative versions of stuff from the early albums, though the quality is mostly good enough to stand comparison with the "official" counterparts. But a couple of songs merit special mention. There's a slightly rough re-working of the eerily dreamy 'Once Upon The Seas Of Abyssinia' which, like 'Misty Mist', has previously surfaced only on compilations. 'Sailors Of The Highway', another strong composition, has unaccountably never appeared elsewhere at all. And, from November '69, there's the preliminary sketch of 'Hot Love', which wasn't definitively recorded till two years after.

Coming complete with lavish sleeve-notes and data, and an impressive gatefold sleeve, the very width of the material makes 'Across The Airwaves' an attractive proposition for anyone with a nostalgia or curiosity for all incarnations of early Bolan. All that really detracts from it are a few phoney intros in DJ-speak, which are especially irritating as they're not even taken from the original programmes.

Paul Du Noyer

MORISH M.O.R.

SUSAN

The Girl Can't Help It (Epic)

OH NO, not another 12 inches' worth of vapid, sugary, over-produced technopap to add to next year's Xmas presents, I sigh, glancing at the discerningly perfect and anonymous Oriental face on the cover. Well — yes and no, in that order. Bland this may be, but after a couple of listens, I have more than a sneaking suspicion that it's not just charitable journalistic duty that keeps it in the vicinity of the turntable.

There's only one thing more surprising than pleasant M.O.R., and that's M.O.R. you can get positively enthusiastic about. Listen to 'I Need Your Love', and you'll sing it all day! Better still, savour the breathy French roll on 'Nuit de Saint-Germain'. Susan sings on with less gabbling hi-speed Jap yap than the Plastics, so Takahashi's polishing production skills really show up, and contrast with, the sensitivity of the songs on which they're absent. Her e-la-stic voice, with its slight Oriental hue, carries off high pitch without sounding strained: as a pretentionless gloss-pop LP, 'The Girl Can't Help It' takes the pip where Sheena and the Nolans end up squeaking.

Leyla Sanai

Susan. That's all. Just "Susan".

THE DOWN ESCALATOR

GRAHAM PARKER

Another Grey Area (RCA)

Graham Parker does his not so well-known Graham Parker piss-take. Pic: Adrian Boot.

OH, *DEAR*. Talk about unfortunate titles ...

For lo these many years, Graham Parker has rated considerably more approbation than obloquy for the blend of love and anger — passion and bitterness — which has flowed so soulfully through his work. Drawing on mid-'60s soul and 'Blonde On Blonde' Dylan, he drew together the tough, smart end of pre-punk pub rock, the pitiless vision of an unusually powerful songwriter and a brass-driven soul-boy stance to produce a series of fine albums which peaked with 1979's scarifyingly brilliant 'Squeezing Out Sparks'.

However, that was followed up with the US-recorded AOR-oriented 'The Up Escalator', which buried him in a tidal wave of sub-Springsteen bombast and ended up representing his last collaboration with The Rumour. He was then supposed to be working on 'an acoustic album', but what we have here is the inimitable Geep cawing as savagely as ever against a background of the most lumpy, tedious, uninspired and uninspiring rock ordinaire that you could possibly (not want to) imagine.

This music is so fucking boring that it's virtually beyond belief. A couple of the songs ('No More Excuses' and 'Thankless Task') are set to some of the worst white reggae ever heard, effectively negating whatever merits the songs may have had in their original form, and 'You Hit The Spot' could have had a nice Chic-y groove if the New York session men who performed it hadn't had lead boots on at the time. Parker, you can *dance*. How could you bear to saddle your songs with music like this?

Parker even takes a co-production credit on this one, alongside ex-Alice Cooper and Aerosmith alumnus Jack Douglas, so it can't even be blamed on those horrid yanks (in other words, he can't do a 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' cop-out here). In one of the songs, he informs us that he's *"not crying for attention / just screaming to be heard,"* which might suggest that he's prepared to make music this boring if he could thereby crack the duller end of the American market.

Now it may help to sell records in America if you're boring, but it's not essential. This collection of songs could've been quite exciting if he'd hooked up with a young, energetic Talking Heads-influenced band, but this gang of overpriced session musicians do Mr Parker no credit at all. Another grey area? More like another black hole.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE JONES GIRLS

Get As Much Love As You Can (Philadelphia International)

1979: 'YOU GONNA Make Me Love Somebody Else' by The Jones Girls: a marriage of the sensual and the synthetic made in heaven: Gamble and Huff off-the-cuff: classic disco synth sprouting off a bass hook lifted from 'Boogie Oogie Oogie', metronomic click on the offbeat, minimal orchestral embellishments, and the most discreet Philly electric piano in memory. Above all, one moment of vocal timing so sublime it virtually made you throw up your heart.

1982: 'Get As Much Love As You Can' by The Jones Girls. That the above digression must serve as the main import of this review speaks painfully enough of the dearth of wonder in its official subject. Formulaic musical techniques give rise to equally formulaic critical vocabulary. All I can say is that whether the songs here are hard or soft, sensual or sentimental, their treatment, arrangement, and delivery are all deplorably unimaginative and standardised.

All the great Philly artists have made me love somebody else.

Barney Hoskyns

LIGHTNING STRIKES

THE BREAKFAST BAND

Dolphin Ride (Breakfast Music)

A LIKEABLE group to accompany your toast-making, The Breakfast Band's groove is in pans and congas alike: a round trip taking in Trinidad and Latin America, with a buttering of sax and mild-tempered synthetics. None of the tunes register very strongly and only the occasionally unusual colours make you listen with much attention. A pleasant but unremarkable indulgence.

Richard Cook

SPARKS

The History Of Sparks (Fresh)

WOULDN'T IT have been cheaper to re-release 'The Number One Song In Heaven' as a single, and abandon the rest to die gracefully?

Leyla Sanai

JON HASSELL

Dream Theory In Malaya (EG)

AMBIENT encounters of the ethnic kind, pleasantly repetitive and featuring Hassell's distinctive trumpet playing. (That's the asthmatic, wheezing sounds that make you clear your throat in sympathy). Eno's involved, of course, as is renegade conceptualist Walter DeMaria. Quite a soothing slip of a disc, but a little lacking in what the technically-minded among us call "pizzazz". Or, as gourmet listeners have it, too easy on the pepperoni.

Andy Gill

MOTHER GONG

Robot Woman (Butt)

GONG GANG get their show back on the road. Gilli Smyth and Harry Williamson are leading lights here; many others lurk behind, like Didier Malherbe and Hugh Hopper. 'Robot Woman' is a sci-fi story, wrapped in electric hippie whimsy. Lots of funny voices and undistinguished music.

Paul Du Noyer

AFRAID OF MICE

Afraid Of Mice (Charisma)

THE NAME might be new to you, but the ideas are old — and sounding tired. Afraid Of Mice, in fact, sound like the kind of group that record companies sign out of blind hope rather than intuition.

Tony Visconti produces this four-piece; they go for vaguely mode-ish titles like 'Video Queen'; and someone bought them new clothes for the photo session. But nothing helps.

Underneath, AOM are leaden and conventional, and inclined to overdo the lyrical drama — like a 1978 new wave group regressing into pomp rock.

Paul Du Noyer

ROUGH TRADE

Avoid Freud (Stiff America)

VOCAL HISTRIONICS, leaden non-melodies and intimations of decadance. Avoid this album.

Richard Grabel

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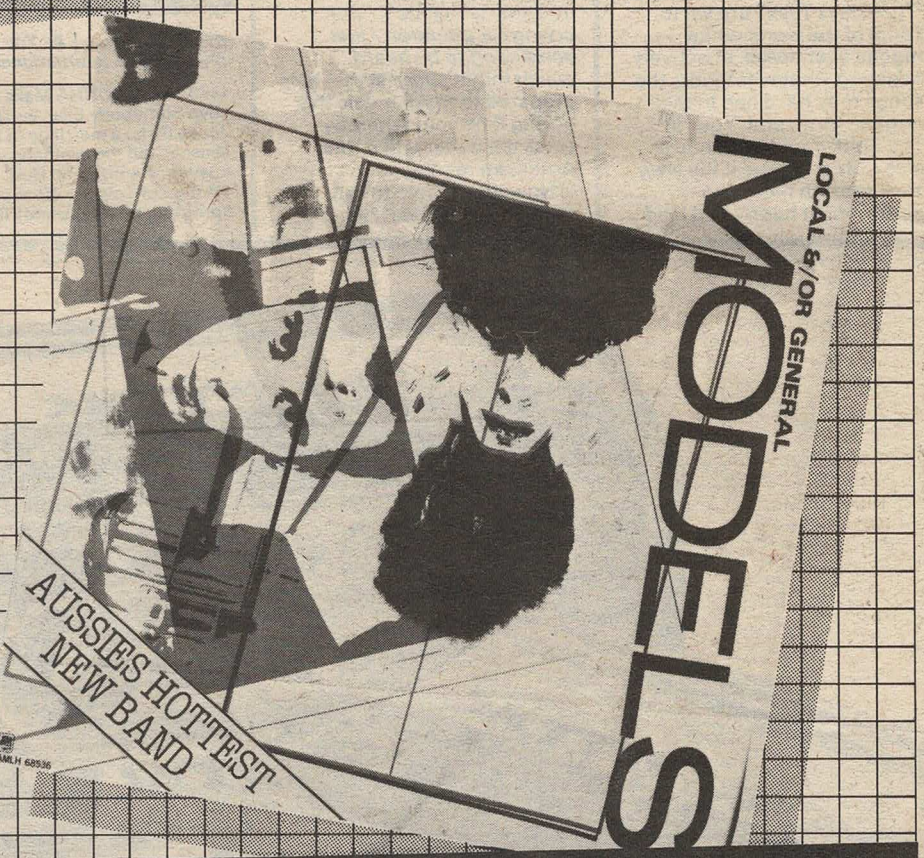

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Secret Affair: business as usual

SECRET AFFAIR have lined up a string of provincial dates, coinciding with the release this week of their new Arista album 'Business As Usual'. They play Durham University (tomorrow, Friday), Birmingham Romeo & Juliets (March 18), Derby College of Further Education (19), Cromer West Runton Pavilion (20), Brighton New Regent (22), Chippenham Goldiggers (23), Plymouth College of Further Education (25) and Northampton Nene College (26). Further dates, including a London venue, are being added and will be announced shortly.

TOUR NEWS

■ THE FALL headline a one-off concert at London Hammersmith Palais on Thursday, March 25, with guests The Birthday Party and The Room. It's promoted by Outlaw, and all tickets are £3.50.

■ THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS play London Oxford St. 100 Club next Tuesday (16), as a prelude to a string of gigs next month, which will tie in with April 5 release of their new album 'Still From The Heart' (through EMI).

■ BAUHAUS have lined up three selected dates in order to preview their new stage show and backdrop — at Manchester Rotters (March 28), Birmingham Imperial Cinema (April 23) and Leicester University (24).

■ BLUE RONDO A LA TURK have now confirmed the only London date in their current short gig series — at The Rox (Southgate Royalty Ballroom) on Saturday, March 20. Advance tickets are on sale now at £3.

THE COMPLETE CURE

Rest of UK dates are now finalised

THE CURE have now confirmed the remaining dates in their spring UK tour schedule — they are at Southampton Gaumont (April 22), Leicester University (23), Newcastle City Hall (24), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Glasgow Pavilion (26), Manchester Apollo (27) and Birmingham Odeon (28). As exclusively reported last week, the other concerts are at Reading Hexagon (19), Bristol Colston Hall (20), Brighton Dome (21), Guildford Civic Hall (29) and London Hammersmith Odeon (May 1).

Tickets are on sale now priced £4 and £3.50 (Hammersmith); £3.50 only (Reading, Bristol and Brighton); £3.75 and £3.50 (Newcastle); £3.75, £3.50 and £3.25 (Edinburgh); £3.75 and £3.25 (Glasgow); and £3.50 and £3.25 (the other five venues). The band, whose new album will be issued to coincide with this outing, are then off on a world tour.

The Cure's LOL TOLLHURST

LOOK WHO'S TURNED UP — IT'S TULL BACK AGAIN!

JETHRO TULL are playing five major concerts in May, their first in this country for two years — and they're currently putting the finishing touches to a new album, as yet untitled, which will be issued by Chrysalis to coincide with the tour. Dates are London Wembley Arena (May 13), Edinburgh Playhouse (14), Newcastle City Hall (15), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (16) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (17).

Tickets are on sale from this Saturday (13), priced £6, £5 and £4 — except at Wembley, where it's £6 and £5 only. They are available by post from the venue box-offices, enclosing SAE, and cheques and POs should be made payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd." (Wembley), "Playhouse Theatre" (Edinburgh), "City Hall" (Newcastle), "N.E.C. Ltd. — Jethro Tull" (Birmingham) and "Cornwall Coliseum" (St. Austell).

They're also on sale to personal applicants at the venues — and for Birmingham, there are additional outlets at James Beattie (Wolverhampton), Harry Shaw Travel (Coventry), Artshop City Centre (Birmingham), Cavendish Travel (Leeds), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Tickets In Oxford (Oxford), Just The Ticket (Leeds), Lotus Records (Stafford) and Mike Lloyd Music Shops (Newcastle-under-Lyme and Hanley).

STILL MORE MEAT!

MEATLOAF has added still more dates to his upcoming UK tour, due to the enormous ticket demand — the two extra concerts are at London Wembley Arena (April 30) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (May 9). Tickets are available by post only, as follows:

WEMBLEY : £8.80 and £7.80. Postal orders only made payable to "MAC Promotions", and sent (with SAE) to Meatloaf Concert, MAC Promotions, PO Box 2BZ, London W1A 2BZ.

BIRMINGHAM: £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50. POs only made payable to "Kennedy Street Enterprises" and sent (with SAE) to Meatloaf Concert, PO Box 4, Altrinham, Cheshire.

LEVEL 42: CONCERTS '82

LEVEL 42 are undertaking a major UK tour in May, climaxing in a major London show. As a prelude to their outing, Polydor release their album 'The Early Tapes — July/August 1980' on March 26, which was recorded when the group were with Elite Records and was originally announced as being titled 'Strategy'. They're currently in the studio recording a single for April release, to be followed by a new album in late summer. After playing 16 dates in Europe, Level 42 begin their UK schedule, as follows:

Manchester University (May 12), Coventry Warwick University (13), Oxford Polytechnic (14), Bradford University (15), Reading Top Rank (16), Brighton Top Rank (17), Chippenham Rock Threatre (18), Guildford Civic Hall (19), Maidstone Mid-Kent College (20), St Albans City Hall (21), Loughborough University (22), Ilford Palais (23), Bristol Locarno (24), Norwich East Anglia University (26), Southend Westcliff Pavilion (27), Cardiff Top Rank (28), Torquay 400 Club (29) and London Hammersmith Palais (30).

HOLLY RETURNS MINUS ITALIANS

HOLLY BETH VINCENT, probably better known as leader of Holly & The Italians, returns to the UK later this month to play a string of London dates. Now minus The Italians, she is working permanently with Bobby Collins (bass) and Kevin Wilkinson (drums), and she'll be recording a new album with them for Virgin release in the spring. Holly will be working in new material for the LP at Middlesex Polytechnic (March 24), Herne Hill Half Moon (27), Fulham Golden Lion (29), Camden Dingwalls (30) and Clapham 101 Club (31), with the likelihood of more being added.

Return of Punilux

PUNILUX, who've been conspicuous by their absence for over a year, are back in action again. The band's current line-up includes new member Tim Magenta on guitar and vocals, and he joins the three originals Nevelluxury, Jimi Giro and Steve Sekrit. Punishment of Luxury are currently rehearsing for a British tour, and dates will be announced shortly.

Blancmange: first headliners

BLANCMANGE, who've just finished supporting Depeche Mode on the road, are now going out on their first-ever headlining tour. As reported, they recently signed to London Records (through Decca), and their first single for the label will be issued to coincide with their outing — it's a doube A-sider coupling 'I've Seen The Word' and 'God's Kitchen'. Tour dates are Birmingham Holy City Zoo (March 15), London Leicester-Sq. Maximus Disco (16), Brighton New Regent (18), Folkestone Toby's (19), Bath Moles (20), Swindon Brunel Rooms (23), Huddersfield Star Bar (25), Edinburgh Nite Club (27), Glasgow Night Moves (28), Coventry Guy's (31), Basildon Racquel's (April 1), Cambridge Sound Cellar (2), Cardiff Nero's (3), London Baker St. Barracuda (5) and Liverpool Warehouse (6). They then re-join Depeche Mode for their two Channel Island dates announced last week (April 10 and 12).

☐ **TONY McPHEE**, one-time leader of the now-defunct Groundhogs, returns from self-imposed exile to front his new Blues Band. They have London area dates at Fulham Greyhound (tonight, Thursday), Woolwich Tramshed (March 18), Kensington Ad Lib Club (19), West Hampstead Moonlight Club (31), Twickenham Black Dog (April 2), Oxford St. 100 Club (3), Putney Half Moon (9) and Croydon Star (16). A national tour will be arranged later.

☐ **THE COMSAT ANGELS** make their first-ever national TV appearance tonight (Thursday), when they guest in BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test*. The band are at present cutting a new album, and they'll be going out on the road to coincide with its release.

☐ **KEVIN COYNE** plays a handful of dates next week to promote his current Cherry Red album 'Pointing The Finger' — at Norwich East Anglia University (March 16), Manchester Band On The Wall (17), Derby Blue Note (18), Hastings Pier Pavilion (19) and Bristol Trinity Hall (20). The Nightingales support at Norwich and Bristol, promoting their EP 'Use Your Loaf', also on Cherry Red.

☐ **THE FLESHTONES**, the five-piece American new-wave R&B band, are to be special guests on the previously reported 20-date tour by Nine Below Zero — opening at Loughborough on March 17 and continuing until April 9. And they'll subsequently play some headline gigs in their own right. Their album 'Roman Gods' has just been released by A&M, and a single from the LP titled 'Shadowline' comes out on March 19.

☐ **THE ANDROIDS OF MU** headline a mini-tour for No Nukes Music, in support of the Greenham Common Women's Peace Group, culminating in a performance at that organisation's festival. The four dates are Newcastle University (March 18), Bradford Queen's Hall (19), Birmingham Fighting Cocks (20) and Greenham Common Music Gate (21).

Motorhead in holiday special

MOTORHEAD have tacked one final date onto the end of their upcoming UK tour, which starts in the latter part of next week — and it's a special Bank Holiday show on Easter Monday, April 12. It's being staged in a 5,000-capacity big-top marquee in Cambridge — known as 'The Sound City Big Top', it's being erected on the Milton Estate in Cowley Road. Tickets at £5 are available by post (with SAE) from Super Tents Ltd., 7 Highfield, Caldecote, Cambridge — or by personal application to Andy's Records in Cambridge, Norwich, Haverhill, Bury St. Edmunds, Bedford and Peterborough.

● Special guests on all UK dates are Tank, but they'll be joined at Cambridge — as well as Leeds Queens Hall (March 20) and Deeside Leisure Centre (21) — by Raven, who'll be supporting Girlschool on their May tour.

Carole King extra

CAROLE KING has added yet another date to her upcoming UK schedule, though this time at a new venue. She visits Manchester Free Trade Hall on April 9, and tickets are on sale from tomorrow (Friday) priced £6, £5 and £4. As reported, her visit is preceded by the release on Atlantic of her first album for over two years — titled 'One To One', it features ten new songs written or co-written by Carole.

Donald Byrd concerts

☐ **DONALD BYRD**, acknowledged as one of the world's top jazz trumpeters, pays a rare visit to London to play two nights at the Hammersmith Odeon on April 17 and 18 — accompanied by his five-piece band 125th Street New York City. Tickets are on sale now prices £5, £4 and £3. A new Byrd single will be issued by Elecktra to coincide.

☐ **BAD MANNERS** have added another date to their latest UK tour, announced last week — at Loughborough University this Saturday (13). And their show at Southport Floral Hall has been brought forward from March 21 to 17.

☐ **THE VIRGIN PRUNES** make four appearances this weekend — they're in Scotland at Glasgow Night Moves (tomorrow, Friday) and Edinburgh Nite Club (Saturday), then travel south to guest with Theatre Of Hate at London Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday and Monday.

☐ **TOM BROWNE** has now added three provincial dates to his two London concerts at Hammersmith Odeon on April 2 and 3. They're at Brighton Sherrys (March 30), Gillingham King Charles Hotel (31) and Dunstable Queensway Hall (April 5). As reported, these are his first-ever UK appearances, and he's backed by a nine-piece band and two singers.

☐ **THE PASSIONS** play a one-off at London Chelsea College this Saturday, prior to starting work on their third album. It's only their second live show with their two new members, Jeff Smith (keyboards) and Kevin Armstrong (guitar).

Bonnet confirmed for Schenker band

GRAHAM BONNET, who quit last year as Rainbow's vocalist, has now been confirmed officially as the new lead singer with the Michael Schenker Group — so ending weeks of speculation. He joins Schenker, Chris Glenn (bass) and his former Rainbow colleague Cozy Powell (drums) in the line-up. They are already rehearsing for a new album, scheduled for autumn release by Chrysalis, when they will be playing UK dates as part of a world tour. Meanwhile, their live LP 'One Night At The Budokan, recorded in Japan by the previous line-up — is out this week.

QUEEN TRIUMPH IN WATERLOO BATTLE

QUEEN have apparently overcome the main threat to their proposed open-air concert at Manchester United football ground on May 29 — the lack of adequate toilet facilities.

As reported last week, the ground is ill-equipped with amenities for ladies, and it was necessary to arrange for a supply of portable loos — but the entire stock had been booked for the UK visit by The Pope (who will be in Manchester two days after Queen). But now the promoters have arranged for the importation of 400 chemical toilets from America — which should provide ample relief for all concerned!

Car parking and catering requirements have also been sorted out, and all other problems eliminated — except for the objections by a number of local residents, and these will be dealt with when the licence application comes before the council committee during the next few days.

A similar situation applies to the planned London concert at the Arsenal ground on June 5, for which Islington Council has now withdrawn its objection, but a number of residents' complaints are still pending.

Promoter Paul Loasby told *NME*: "The main stumbling blocks have now been overcome, and I'm confident that both shows will go ahead. We shall know for sure within two weeks, but tickets are already being printed, and I expect them to go on sale no later than March 27. I can tell you that both concerts will run for six hours, and that tickets will cost £9 plus a booking fee."

Loasby added that, in the unlikely event of either show being turned down, alternative venues are on stand-by. "If the worse comes to the worst, other arrangements will be made, and they won't necessarily be indoors", he said.

CHAS & DAVE, HUANG CHUNG OUTINGS

CHAS & DAVE are on the road again, this time promoting their new Towerbell single 'Ain't No Pleasing You'. Their schedule, which culminates in a major London concert, comprises Cambridge Guildhall (tonight, Thursday), Harrietsham Victoria's Restaurant (this Friday for three days), Southend Westcliff Pavilion (March 15), London Epping La Taverna (16-18), Reading Out Of Town Club (19-20), Chelmsford Marconi Club (21), Nottingham Browne's (22), Bristol Civil Service Club (23), Basildon Racquel's (24), Margate Queen's Hall (25), Harlow Football Club (26-27), Swindon Wyvern Theatre (30), Scunthorpe Baths Hall (April 3), Bedford Corn Exchange (4), Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre (8), Hereford Crystal Rooms (10) and London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (15).

HUANG CHUNG start their first major UK tour this weekend, tied in with the March 19 releases by Arista of their self-named debut album. They play Cambridge Sound Cellar (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham University (Saturday), Manchester Goldmine (March 18), Liverpool Polytechnic (19), Coventry General Wolfe (20), Birmingham Holy City Zoo (22), Leeds Warehouse (25), Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic (26), Bristol Polytechnic (27), Swindon Brunel Rooms (30), Huddersfield Star Bar (April 1), Glasgow Night Moves (2) and Edinburgh Nite Club (3). Their new single 'Ti Na Na' is released by Arista this weekend, with an album to follow in two weeks.

TOUR NEWS

□ **CHINA CRISIS,** who've been supporting Orange Juice on a number of dates, play Huddersfield Star Bar (March 18) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (20) in their own right — then support The Thompson Twins at London Hammersmith Palais on April 12. More headliners are being planned ahead, the first confirmed being Manchester University on May 14.

□ **VARDIS,** whose new Logo album 'Quo Vardis' is out this weekend (complete with limited edition free live EP), have been named as special guests on the Slade tour starting later this month. On rest days in the schedule, they play Leicester Electric Theatre (March 20) and Birkenhead Sir James Club (24) in their own right, and a string of April headliners is being set up.

□ **THE THREE DEGREES** return to the UK in mid-spring, and their first confirmed booking are cabaret weeks at Manchester Golden Garter (May 10 week) and Watford Bailey's (17 week).

□ **THE BLUES BAND,** who headline the Solidarity benefit concert at London Brixton Fair Deal this Sunday (14), also appear at Keele University (tomorrow, Friday), Tolworth Recreation Centre (Saturday) and Egham Royal Holloway College (March 19) — and these will be their first dates with new drummer Rob Townsend (ex-Family and Medicine Head), who replaces Hughie Flint in the line-up. Townsend and the other members — Paul Jones, Tom McGuinness, Dave Kelly and Gary Fletcher — are also recording an EP for April 23 release by Arista.

□ **THE EAST END FESTIVAL** is being staged at the New Half Moon Theatre in London's Mile End Road currently until March 25. There are gigs most evenings, but the main interest is the all-day (noon-midnight) Rock Marathon on Sundays, March 14 and 21. Bands involved on both dates include Puffin Club, The Trams, Siren, King Pleasure, Testament Of Youth, Speakeasy, C.B. Rockers, Who Said Charge, The Silence, Stolen Property and Kayser House. Admission is just £1. There's also an all-day market at the theatre in and around the foyer.

● Hannibal Records, the independent label headed by producer Joe Boyd, release the album 'Too Late At 20' by London rock outfit **The Act** — fronted by Nick Laird-Clowes and including Mark Gilmour (brother of Pink Floyd's Dave). The band will be touring later this month to promote the LP.

● Seven-piece outfit **Kissing The Pink** have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Magnet Records. They are already busy in the studio, and their first single will be out shortly.

● The second album from Scandinavian outfit **Hanoi Rocks,** titled 'Oriental Beat', is issued on March 19 by Johanna Records (distributed by Stage One). The band are planning a short UK tour in early June.

● Release of the four-track debut single by **Conflict,** titled 'The House That Man Built', has been put back by Crass Records until mid-April due to problems with the artwork. The band are setting up a string of gigs to coincide.

● 'On The Spot' is the new single by **Brian Briggs,** who also works under the name of John Holbrook as producer and engineer for Bearsville Records. It's out this weekend on the Bearsville label (through Avatar), and is taken from his upcoming album 'Combat Zone' for March 26 release.

● 'You're So Lucky'/'Pinned Against The Wall' by **Sindy & The Action Men** is the best single of 1982. Well, that's according to Wimp Records, on which label it's released this weekend (through Stage One).

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WENDY WU

Photos wanting wider exposure

THE PHOTOS, who parted company with vocalist Wendy Wu last year, are attempting to do battle with the mighty CBS organisation. Last June, when Wendy was still in the band, they recorded their second album — which apparently is about to be released by CBS as a Wendy Wu solo set, even though (claim the remaining members) they wrote all the material themselves.

Not to be outdone, The Photos have got together the demo tapes for the album, and are having several thousand copies pressed for independent release — and they hope to have it available before the official CBS album comes out, and at an appreciably lower price. Meanwhile, the band are about to swing back into action again, and resume gigging at the end of this month.

● As the follow-up to the mini-hit 'Trouble', **Lindsey Buckingham** has the single 'The Vistor (Bwana)' out on the Mercury label. And the new single from **Cher** on the Casablanca label is 'Holdin' Out For Love'. Both are issued this week through Phonogram.

● Latest artist to come under the wing of the redoubtable Malcolm McLaren is **She Sherriff,** who makes her debut this week on Charisma with the single 'I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know About Him'. It was produced by John Collins of 'Ghost Town' Specials fame.

● **Vicious Pink Phenomena** are probably best known as backing vocalists on the Soft Cell album, and now they crop up in their own right with the single 'My Private Tokyo' on the Mobile Suit Corporation label (through Phonogram) in both 7" and 12". It was produced by Soft Cell's David Ball.

● **Alvin Lee's** latest single, out this weekend on Avatar Records, is an up-dated version of the Ike & Tina Turner classic 'Nutbush City Limits'. It's taken from his recent album 'RX5'.

● **The Members** have signed to producer Martin Rushent's Genetic label (distributed by Island), following in the footsteps of Pete Shelley. Their first single under the deal, titled 'Radio', is due out on March 29.

RECORD NEWS

Irish fiddlers join Dexys

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have a new single with a distinctively Celtic flavour issued by Mercury this weekend — titled 'The Celtic Soul Brothers', it teams them with The Emerald Express, who are an Irish trio of fiddle and banjo players! The band are currently working on their new stage revue, and — although it won't be ready for production this month, as was originally planned — they hope to have it on the road later in the spring.

● The mini-album 'Polar Exposure' by **Five Or Six** is reissued this week by Cherry Red. It has a 45rpm A-side and a 33rpm B-side, contains nine tracks and runs for 30 minutes, costing £1.99.

● **Radio Stars,** fronted by ex-Johns Children vocalist Andy Ellison, have their single 'Good Personality' issued on March 25 — followed on April 5 by their album '2 Mins Mr. Smith'. They're on the new Moonlight Records label (through Stage One), which has also set March 29 for the release of the singles 'Little Black Egg' by America's **Bebe Buell** and 'Back To Zero' by London band **The Sharpees.**

● And now for Icelandic rock! That country's top new band **Peyr,** who supported The Fall on tour in Iceland, have their first album 'As Above . . .' issued this week by Shout Records (through Pinnacle). And they'll be playing some London dates in April.

● The first **Kraftwerk** album 'Radio-Activity', released by Capitol six years ago, will be available in cassette form from next week.

● **Fashion,** who've just completed a UK club tour, have their single 'Street Player' issued by Arista tomorrow (Friday) in both 7" and 12" formats — and they'll be featuring it on *Tiswas* this Saturday morning. From the same label next week comes 'Bygones' by **Tom Browne,** as a prelude to his British visit later in the month.

● Seven-piece Manchester band **Harlem Spirit,** who've supported both UB40 and Aswad on tour, have their own tribute to Bob Marley titled 'Universal Man' issued this week. At the same time, **Atack** (comprising the twins Tim & Keith Atack) release 'Don't Wind Me Up'. Both singles are on Limo Records, with distribution by PRT.

● Cult reggae band **The Viceroys** have their debut album 'We Must Unite', produced by Linval Thompson, released by Trojan this week.

● **The Polka Dots** are a duo hailing from York who've just been signed by Secret Records, and who specialise in goodtime music. Their debut single 'Oh Rosemary' is out this week.

KELLY of Girlschool

● **Girlschool's** previously reported 'Wildlife' EP, for Bronze release on March 19, is now being pressed in blood red vinyl. The girls are currently finishing work on their third album, as yet untitled, for release to coincide with their May UK tour.

● **Logic System** is the collective name for Hideki Matsutake and his battery of computers, and they have an album titled 'Venus' issued by EMI next Monday, followed a week later by the double A-sided single 'Be Yourself'/'Domino Dance'. Hideki is computer operator for the Yellow Magic Orchestra.

● **The Scorpions'** single 'No One Like You' (out this weekend on EMI) and their album 'Blackout' (March 22 release) are a prelude to the band's previously reported UK tour next month.

● Paris-based band **The Staff,** whose lead singer is former Vogue model Mary Ella, have their single 'Tcha Tcha Tchina' issued by PRT Records this week — and they'll be playing some UK dates in the spring. From the same label comes another World Cup anthem, 'We Love Bulldog Bobby' by **Night People.**

ELTON JOHN has a new single out on Rocket on March 19 titled 'Blue Eyes', said to be much in the style of 'Song For Guy'. It's taken from his upcoming album 'Jump Up', scheduled for April release.

TODD RUNDGREN & Utopia have their long-awaited new album 'Swing To The Right' issued by Bearsville (through Avatar) on March 26. It contains ten new songs, nine of them written by Rundgren and the band, who also jointly produced the set.

THE PINK FAIRIES are to have their 'Live At The Roundhouse' album, currently being mixed at Wessex Studios, issued by Big Beat Records in early April. And Ace Records are reissuing 'Smash It Up' by The Damned in its original sleeve, but now pressed in translucent red vinyl. Both labels are distributed by Pinnacle.

DOLLAR follow their hit single 'Mirror Mirror', which reached No.3 in the *NME* Chart, with 'Give Me Back My Heart' — again produced by Trevor Horn, who also wrote it in conjunction with Simon Darlow. It's released by WEA on March 19.

XTC follow their biggest-ever hit 'Senses Working Overtime' with another single taken from their 'English Settlement' album — titled 'Ball And Chain', it's issued by Virgin on March 19. There are two brand new tracks on the B-side, 'Heaven Is Paved With Broken Glass' and 'Punch And Judy' — plus a fourth track on the 12-incher only called 'Cockpit Dance Mixture', which is a dub mix of 'Down In The Cockpit' on the current LP.

COMPILATION LPs

● A punk compilation album is released by Abstract Records on March 19, distributed by Pinnacle and selling at a maximum of £3.99. Titled 'Punk And Disorderly', it features **Vice Squad, The Addicts, UK Decay, Disorder, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Disrupters, Red Alert, Blitz, The Dead Kennedys, The Partisans, Demob, The Insane, Abrasive Wheels, Chaos UK, The Outcasts** and **GBH.**

● The 16-track compilation cassette 'Git Dayn!' features eight Portsmouth bands — **Plastic Turtles, Astral Bodies, Body Count, Private Eye, T-Bone, Right Profile, Sister Romance** and **Vivienne Encore.** It's available at £2 (including P&P) from Dave Jordan, 45 Clarence Parade, Southsea, Hants PO5 2EU.

● Eleven bands from the Reading area are showcased on the album 'Beyond The River', issued at the beginning of April on the town's Open Door Records label. They are **El Seven, Dig Dig Dig, The Ballistics, Shrinking Men, Access, The Stills, Movita, A1 Vegetables, Beating Hearts, St. Vitus Dance** and **The Erection Set.**

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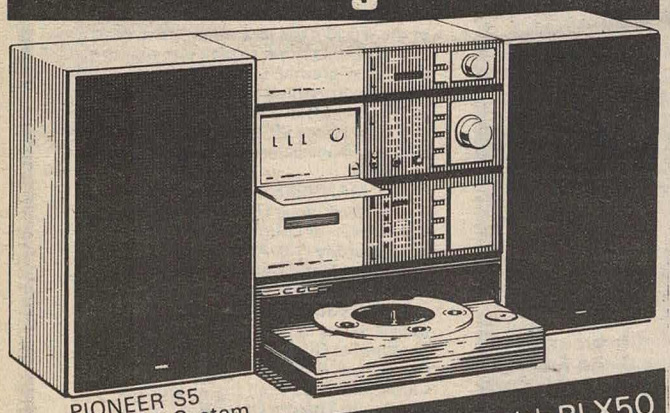

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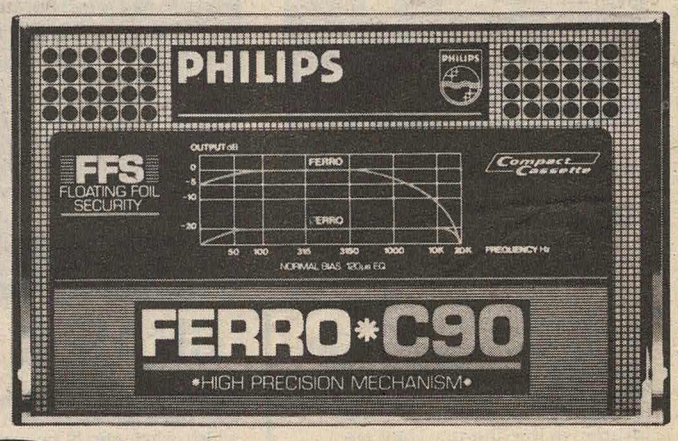
Philips Ferro C60	59p	75p
Philips Ferro C90	79p	95p
Philips Ultra Ferro C60	89p	£1.10
Philips Ultra Ferro C90	£1.15	£1.45



Boots

for the Special Touch

Pic: Peter Anderson

UB40 Fair Deal

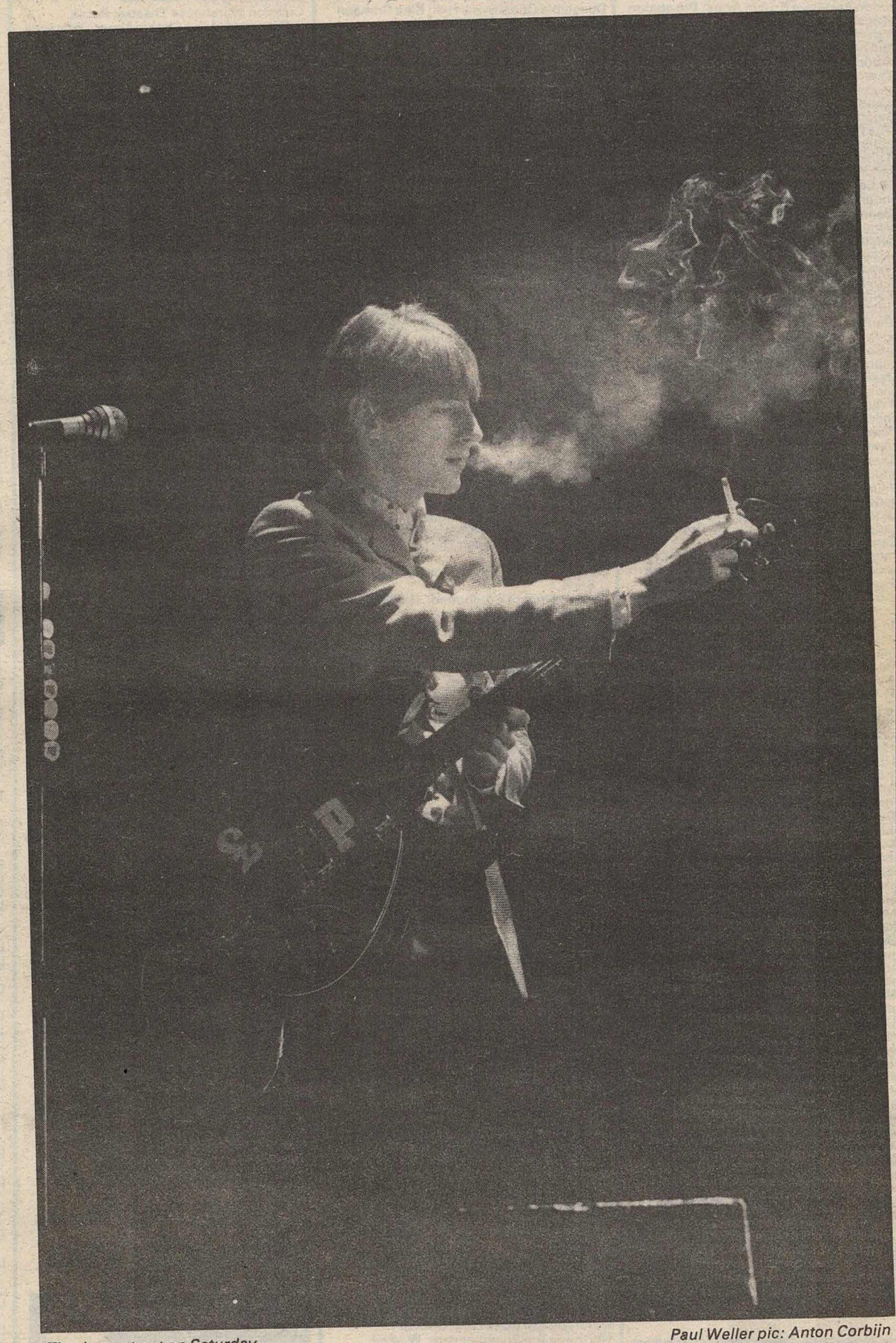
nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 11th

Anfield Plain Smugglers Arms: **Passion Trade**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton The Gaiety: **Rivington Raves**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Boys From The East**
Brighton New Regent: **The Birthday Party / This Colour**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Animal Magic / Scream And Dance**
Bromsgrove North Worcester Polytechnic: **Moscow Philharmonix**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Chas & Dave**
Cambridge King's College: **Fox In Socks**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Language From Memory / The Agents**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Fast Eddy**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Bright Red Band / Bop With M'Cow**
Coventry Warwick University: **Bad Manners**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Keef Hartley Band**
Crumlin Woodbine Villa: **Hazard**
Derby Blue Note: **Shakatak**
Dublin McGonagles: **Theatre Of Hate**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **The Breakfast Band**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Boots For Dancing / The Delmontes**
Edinburgh The Buccaneer: **Thurn / Taxis**
Frodsham Golden Lion: **Wild Weekend**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Juke**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Belle Stars**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **The Grip**
Guildford Civic Hall: **King Crimson**
Hatfield The Forum: **Judie Tzuke**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Backlash / 25th Hour / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Lazy / Steala**
Hitchin The Regal: **Papa Michigan & General Smiley**
Hull Oriental Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Leeds Barcelona Club: **Dave Berry**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Goff Jackson & The Huns / Little Brother / The Ankh**
Leeds Warehouse: **Q-Tips**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Tony Bennett**
Leicester Magazine Hotel: **Mandela**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool The Pyramid: **Now Is The Time To Forget The Whimpering Child / Become The Warrior**
London Acton White Hart: **Desolation Angels**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Maddy Prior Band / Kristo Hughes**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Monochrome Set**
London Brixton Town Hall: **Black Slate / Attila The Stockbroker / Seething Wells / Natural Scientist**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Blue Cats**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Chuck Farley**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Mets / Carved To A Noise**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airport & Dean**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **St Valentine's Day Orchestra**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
London Epping Blacksmiths Arms: **The Albion Band / The McCalmans / Waterfall / Colin Reece & Ian Cutler / Brian Stone**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **10c.c.**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Megaton**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Boobies / Room 13**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **The Dark / Martyr**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Kid Cairo**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Steve Boon & Dance Hall Style**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Mile End New Half Moon: **Exposure / The Avengers**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bryce Porteus**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Tangent**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Beatroots**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Midnight Movie**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Putney White Lion: **The Exclaimants**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Sammy Rimington Quintet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Dream Cycle**
London Victoria The Venue: **Toots & The Maytals**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Short Stories / Mouse & The Underdog**
London W.1 Club Left at the Whisky A-Go-Go: **Vic Godard & Subway Sect**
London W.1 (Greek St) Le Beat Route: **Sahara**
London W.1 (Shaftesbury Ave) Avenue Bar: **Harfoot Brothers**
London W.14 The Kensington: **The Waves**
Manchester (Ashton) Tameside Theatre: **The Dubliners**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Cayenne**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **Undercovermen / Gods Gift / The Dials**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Thompson Twins / King Trigger**
Manchester The Dancing Weasel: **The Pale Fountains**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **UK Decay**
Newcastle The Soul Kitchen: **New Order / The Wake**
Newcastle University: **Crawling Chaos / Danger In Paradise / Nothing**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Wasted Youth**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Rock City: **Haircut 100**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Lethal Dose**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Preston Guildhall: **Mike Harding**
Preston Warehouse: **The Verukas**
Prestwick Queen's Hotel: **All The Rage**
Retford Porterhouse: **Pigbag / Pinski Zoo**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Slough Alexandra's: **B-Movie**
Solihull Civic Hall: **021**
Spondon Anglers Arms: **Linda & The Limpets**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **The Troggs**
Walsall Pelsall School: **Victorian Parents**
Wokingham Angies: **The Nashville Teens**

friday 12th

Aberystwyth University: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Ashford Hospital Herons Club: **Electric Affair**
Bath Moles Club: **Skat**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Ever Readies/The Duracells**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Earth Wind & Fire**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham University: **Mood Elevators**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Iron Maiden**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Mingus Dynasty / Stan Tracey Big Band**
Bradford University: **Dave Edmunds Band / The dB's**
Bristol University: **Black Roots**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Bow Wow Wow**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **True Life Confessions / The Stools**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Alien**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **King Crimson**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The 45's**
Croydon The Star: **Results**
Dunoon E.M. Club: **Red Ellis**
Durham University: **Secret Affair**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Belle Stars**
Folkestone Toby's: **13 At Midnight**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Roxette**
Gillingham King Charles Hotel: **Bam Bam**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Glossop Surrey Arms: **Private Sector**
Harrietsham Victoria's Restaurant: **Chas & Dave (for three days)**
Harrow Technical College: **Richard Jobson & Richard Strange**
Hitchin The Regal: **Hawkwind**
Keele University: **The Blues Band**
Kendal Brewery Arts Cente: **Jo-Anne Kelly's Second Line**
Leeds Barcelona Club: **Dave Berry**
Leeds Warehouse: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Leicester Fosseway Hotel: **Mandela**
Leicester (Shearsby) Bath Hotel: **Willy Wangers / Bombay Dux**
Liverpool Everyman Theatre: **A Formal Sigh**
Liverpool The Pyramid: **The Diagram Brothers / The Balcony**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Rock Band**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **UB40**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Adrian Mitchell / Sensible Footwear / Felix The Cat**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The BMT's / The Prams**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Grapes: **Kenny Clayton Group**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Central Polytechnic: **A Blue Zoo**
London City Polytechnic: **The Faraway Stars**



The Jam set out on Saturday

Paul Weller pic: Anton Corbijn

THE BUSIEST week since before Christmas — but, in spite of the many big-name acts setting out on their travels, it's not difficult to pinpoint the highlight. And that has to be the opening of THE JAM's extensive tour, which takes them initially to Brighton (Saturday and Sunday), South London (Monday), North London (Tuesday) and Shepton Mallet (Wednesday.)

The most significant event of the week is the official opening of South London's 5,000-capacity Fair Deal in Brixton, with UB40 topping the bill on Friday. There's a Solidarity benefit on Sunday, with THE BLUES BAND and JOOLS HOLLAND, among others — with The Jam headlining on Monday. And many exciting names are in the pipeline for the Fair Deal, which is obviously going to be an extremely prestigious venue.

BAD MANNERS are creating chaos on the circuit once again, from tonight (Thursday) when they're in Coventry . . . At the same time, across country in Hatfield, JUDIE TZUKE begins a massive schedule of around 45 concerts . . . And up in Leeds, Q-TIPS are engaged in their farewell tour, prior to disbandment . . . Also on Thursday, the recently re-formed KING CRIMSON play Guildford at the outset of a four-date mini-tour.

Others commencing countrywide treks this week are SECRET AFFAIR (starting in Durham on Friday); A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS (Hamilton on Wednesday); and NINE BELOW ZERO, whose special guests on all dates are American band THE FLESHTONES (Loughborough on Wednesday). Additionally, TOOTS & THE MAYTALS fly in for a couple of nights at London The Venue (Thursday and Friday) . . . and BOW WOW WOW are playing a few short-notice gigs, the first two confirmed being at Cambridge (Friday) and Aylesbury (Saturday).

EARTH WIND & FIRE are at Birmingham NEC on Friday and Saturday, returning to the Wembley Arena for four nights from Monday . . . THEATRE OF HATE reach the climax of their tour when they visit London Lyceum on Sunday and Monday, with VIRGIN PRUNES and THE METEORS as special guests — and the PIGBAG outing also reaches London, with a Tuesday show at Hammersmith Palais.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Clapham 101 Club: **King Kurt / 24 Hours**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Georgie Fame / The Tee Vees**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Johnny M & His Uptown Rhythm**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Desolation Angels**
London Elephant & Castle Southbank Polytechnic: **Tour De Force / Jam Today**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Prime Cut**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Larry Wallis & The Pork Torpedoes / The Hamsters**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Four Tops**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Blue Cats / Step By Step**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Red Beams & Rice / Dancette**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Screen 3 / Natural Scientist**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **The Violators / Stress**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Jo-Anne Kelly Band**
London Kensington Imperial College: **The Squirts**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Tank**
London Mile End New Half Moon: **Adesa / Jazira**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Santax / Sharp Practice**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Ian Carr's Nucleus**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Tumblin' Dice / Promise**
London Putney Half Moon: **Chuck Farley**
London Putney White Lion: **The Docs**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Al Grey & Buddy Tate (for three days)**
London Southall Americas Club: **The Cry**
London Stockwell Old Queens Head: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Shakatak**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **Radio Lovesongs**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Horseshoe: **Steve Boon & Dance Hall Style / The Reverbs**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **The Troggs**
London University Union: **King Trigger / Lanzel / Pinski Zoo**
London Victoria The Venue: **Toots & The Maytals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Decoy Ave / Jump Squad**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Cuddly Toys**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Xamaica**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight: **The Gift**
Manchester University Owens Park: **Q-Tips**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Vice Squad**
Newcastle City Hall: **Tony Bennett**
Northampton Black Lion: **The Psy-kicks**
Norwich East Anglian University: **Bad Manners**
Nottingham Nags Head: **Linda & The Limpets**
Poole Arts Centre: **10c.c.**
Preston Guildhall: **Mike Harding**
Reading University: **Pigbag / Pinski Zoo**
Retford Porterhouse: **Budgie**
Salford University: **Haircut 100**
Salisbury St. Edmunds Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Southport Theatre: **The Dubliners**
Sunderland Annabelles: **R'n'B Spitfires**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Second Image**
Tamworth College: **Data Control / Ulterior Motives / Classified Ads**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **Juan Foote 'n' The Grave**
Weymouth The Hall: **The Androids Of Mu / The Mob / The Review**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ground Zero**

saturday 13th

Aylesbury Friars: **Bow Wow Wow**
Bedford The Angel: **The Psy-kicks**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Natural Scientist/Fundamental Furniture**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Earth Wind & Fire**
Birmingham University Lake Hall: **Q-Tips**
Bishops Waltham Church Hall: **82nd Switch**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia/Cayenne**
Bridgwater Arts Centre: **The Androids Of Mu/The Mob/The Review**
Brighton Centre: **The Jam**
Cambridge Raffles: **Skat/Sindy & The Action Men**
Cambridge The Racehorse: **The Agents**
Cardiff University: **Mari Wilson & The Imaginations**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Blue Cats**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Rye & The Quarter Boys/The Escorts**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Derby Blue Note: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Dunbar Goldenstone Hotel: **Twisted Nerve/Pre-War/Rebel Youth**
Dundee University: **The Belle Stars**
Dunoon E.M. Club: **Red Ellis**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **King Crimson**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **23 Skidoo**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **The Dubliners**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Moscow**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Hailsham The Crown Electric Theatre: **Chelsea**
Harlow Square One: **Short Stories**
Harrow The Headstone: **Dream Cycle**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Nashville Teens/Worlds Apart**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Papa Michigan & General Smiley**
Hull Wellington Lane Community Centre: **Bushfire/Bocks O'Phroggs**
Isle of Sheppey Stage 3: **Shakatak**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Whammer Jammer**
Leeds University: **Haircut 100**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Theatre Of Hate/UK Decay**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Acton St. Peter's Hall: **Kabbala**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Papers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Book 'Em And Risk It**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pirates/The Cannibals**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J. J. & The Flyers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers/The Daughters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Hollywood Killers/Competition**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Strange Fruit**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Soul Band/Earplay**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Limehouse**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Denny Wright/Digby Fairweather/Jeff Klein**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The High Tide/The Doctor**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Notleys/Not The Notleys**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Republic/Civilisation**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Disorder/Chaos UK/Wet Paint Theatre Company**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Cold Fish**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Fenzyx/The Guests**
London Lee The Centre: **Inside Out Show**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Kitty Grime/Phil Lee Trio**
London Marquee Club: **No Dice**
London Mile End New Half Moon: **John Bennett Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Wish/Re-Flex**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **Dave Burland**
London School of Economics: **B-Movie/Crown Of Thorns/The Loved One**
London Southall White Swan: **Electric Affair**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tufnell Park North Polytechnic: **The Beatroots**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Chuck Farley**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Tour De Force/Fasinators**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **Georgie Fame**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Dana Gillespie**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Xamaica**
Manchester University: **Dave Edmunds Band/The dB's**
Northampton Arts Centre: **Leon Rosselson/Frankie Armstrong/Roy Bailey**
Northampton Black Lion: **C-Saim**
Northampton Roadmenders: **Wasted Youth/Asylum/Play Dead**
Nottingham Admiral Duncan: **Linda & The Limpets**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **10c.c.**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Black Roots**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Racing Cars**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Teardrop Explodes**
Reading Target Club: **Rune**
Redditch The Fox: **Natural Mystiques/The Privates**
Retford Porterhouse: **Bikini Atoll/Childs Play**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Microdots**
Southport Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Stratford-on-Avon Green Dragon: **Collapse/Withdrawal/Third Circle**
Sunderland The Old 29 (lunchtime): **R'n'B Spitfires**
Tamworth Chequers: **Ideal Husbands**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **The Blues Band**
Tonypandy Naval Club: **Ohibo Paronti**
Wakefield Pussycat Club: **Dave Berry**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **French Lessons**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Alien**
Wolverhampston Lafayette: **The Bloomsbury Set**

sunday 14th

Aberdeen Copper Beech: **Candy Cube / Alone Again**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Norfolk Gardens Hotel (afternoon): **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vision**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Art Ensemble Of Chicago / Bobby Wellins Quartet**
Brighton Centre: **The Jam**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **B-Movie**
Bristol Locarno: **Pigbag**
Bromley The Northover (luchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Manufactured Romance**
Clydebank Oasis Club: **The Venetian Blinds**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Little Sister**
Croydon The Star: **Vendetta**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Anne Clarke/Almost Fabulous**
Dunoon Tor Na Dee Hotel: **Red Ellis**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Glasgow City Hall: **The Dubliners**
Glasgow Joanna's: **Second Image**
Hartlepool Birds Nest: **Passion Trade**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering Kings Arms((lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) amd Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **10c.c.**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo (lunchtime) / Roadworks (evening).**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **The Blues Band / Jools Holland & His Millionaires / Alexis Korner / The Cheaters / Pinski Zoo**
London Camden Grapes: **Barney Kessel / Kenny Clayton Trio**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Results**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Shea Ramah / This Issue**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Easy Action / Dumb Waiters / The Notleys**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Julie Monley Trio**
London Finchley Torrington: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dana Gillespie**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Greatest Show On Legs / Hieronymous Bosch**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre: **The Albion Band**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Tilt / King Kurt**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Time Limit / Fear**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Splodgenessabounds / The Ovaltinies / The Nifty's**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Squirts**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Steve Boon**
London Marquee Club: **The Drivers:**
London Mile End New Half Moon (all-dayer): **Puffin Club / The Trams / Siren / King Pleasure / Testament Of Youth / The Silence etc.**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Syco & The New Yorkers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Waso**
London Putney White Lion: **Quick Gill & The Chasers**
London Queen Elizabth Hall: **Paco Pena**
London Stoke Newington Pagasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Theatre Of Hate / The Meteors / The Virgin Prunes / UK Decay / The Defects**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tottenham-Court Road The Horseshoe: **Overkill / Fokker Triplane**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Straight From The Ground (lunchtime) / Jive Affed Spooks and Blind Venetians (evening)**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **David Essex**
Luton Tiffany's: **Shakatak**
Mansfield Emerald Isle Club: **The Machines**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Dave Edmunds Band / The dB's**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Mike Harding**
Poole Arts Centre: **King Crimson**
Slough Henry's Club: **Dave Berry**
Southend (Leigh) The Grand: **The Convicted**
Southport Theatre: **The Four Tops**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Buzzz**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Ohibo Paronti**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Eye Witness**
Wokingham Angie's: **E.S.P.**

monday 15th

Batley New Frontier: **The Four Tops**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Brighton Top Rank: **Pigbag**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Desolation Angels**
Chatham Central Hall: **Mike Harding**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Steve Boyce Band**
Dunoon Tor Na Dee Hotel: **Red Ellis**
Durham Fowlers Yard: **The Stingrays**
Edinburgh's Playhouse Theatre: **Iron Maiden**
Edinburgh Queen's Theatre: **John Cooper Clarke / Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Gateshead The Honeysuckle: **Footprints**
Gateshead Wheelers Club: **Second Image**
Glasgow The Warehouse: **del Amitri / Apes In Control / The Cartoons**
Hull The Dolphin: **Whammer Jammer**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **10c.c.**
Lincoln Lindsays Disco Bar: **Static Distortion**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **The Jam**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Results / Kleen Heels / The Blisters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Strop's Hop**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Art Ensemble Of Chicago**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Polkadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Avengers / Silent Running**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Airstrip One / Brunel / Mouse & The Underdog**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Dan Russell**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Rozz / The Prams**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Dave Edmunds Band / The dB's**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Last Touch / Cold Fish**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Ghost Train / The Three Laws**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Xena Zerox**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Rosemary Squires (for a week)**
London Marquee Club: **Tytan**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Sanity Clause**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Lou Donaldson / Elaine Delmar (for two weeks)**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London School of Economics: **Shakatak**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Cannibals**
London Strand King's College: **Kathy Stobart Big Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Theatre Of Hate / The Meteors / The Virgin Prunes / The Defects**
London Stratford Green Man: **Paragon**
London Wembley Arena: **Earth Wind & Fire**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Room: **China Doll / Harmonic Distortion**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **Maximum Joy / Diversen**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Dream Cycle**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **David Essex**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Afraid Of Mice**
Manchester (Clifton) Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Hot Gossip (for a week)**
Oxford Scamps: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Sheffield Marples Club: **Infra-Riot / The Enemy**
Southend (Westcliff) Pavilion: **Chas & Dave**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Lessons**

tuesday 16th

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Holy Zoo: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Birmingham Locarno: **Haircut 100**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Four Tops**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Ian Carr / Lennie Best Quartet**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Tranceformation / Deathwish / Medium Wave**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Foot Loose**
Derby Blue Note: **Cousin Joe From New Orleans**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Mike Harding**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Moscow**
Grimsby Community Centre: **UK Decay**
Lampeter St David's University: **The Mo-dettes / Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
London Alexandra Palace Pavilion: **The Jam**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Inner City Unit**
London Camden Grapes: **Stan Greig**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Avenue**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Muhal Richard Abrams Quartet / Trevor Watts Moire Music**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Second Window / False Pretences**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The A Band / The Attic / The Escorts**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bob Dorough & Bill Takis**
London Epping La Taverna: **Chas & Dave (for three days)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Wall / A Dark Design**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Pigbag / Belle Stars / Mouth**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Fear Of Flying / The News**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Assassins Of Hope / Flack / Rudimentary Peni**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Feelers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **25th Street**
London Marquee Club: **Cuddly Toys**
London Mile End New Half Moon: **Mischief/ Hidden Extras**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Q-Tips**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazz Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The 45's**
London Wembley Arena: **Earth Wind & Fire**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **10c.c.**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dawn Trader / Jump Squad**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda: **The Cuban Heels**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Satellites**
London W.1 (Gt. Prtland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **13 At Midnight**
London W.1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Nick Plytas**
Luton The Mad Hatter: **Apocalypse / Renegade**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Howard Riley**
Manchester The Ritz: **John Cooper Clarke / Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Newcastle City Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Newcastle The Casablanca: **Posh Monkeys/ Yellow Jellies**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Kevin Coyne**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Theatre Of Hate**
Rochdale Lamplighter: **Arabesque**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **David Essex**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Barney Kessel**
Torrington Plough Arts Centre: **The Albion Band**
York Old World Club: **The Plainsmen / A Volcano Dances**

wednesday 17th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Motorhead**
Aberdeen Valhallas: **The Bluebells**
Batley New Frontier: **The Stylistics (until Saturday)**
Beeston The Greyhound: **Linda & The Limpets**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Locarno: **Pigbag/The Bloods**
Birmingham Odeon: **10c.c.**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **The Four Tops**
Brighton Dome: **Mike Harding**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **The Belle Stars**
Burnley Centrespot: **Abrasive Wheels/Blitzkrieg/Raw Reality**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Dave Edmunds Band/The dB's**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Chemical Alice/Karran Dash**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry Guys: **Pete Shelley & The Machine Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Risky Zips**
Exeter University: **The Albion Band**
Feltham Football Club: **Electric Affair**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Red Ellis**
Hamilton 3D's Club: **A Flock Of Seagulls**
Hull City Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Hull Tower Ballroom: **UK Decay**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool The Masonic: **The Chase**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Mixtures**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **The Tremeloes/The Troggs/The Mersybeats/Johnny & The Hurricanes**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The London Apaches**
London Camden Grapes: **Dill Jones Trio**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Timeless All Stars with Harold Land, Bobby Hutcherson etc./Martin Drew Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Europa/Nice On The Ice**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Europeans/Troops For Tomorrow**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bob Dorough & Bill Takis**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The B.M.T.'s**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions/The Gymslips**
London Fulham Peterborough Arms: **Isaac Guillory/Roger Brooks**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Gents/Virtual Image**
London Harlesden Ye Olde Crown: **A Bigger Spash**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Dead Wretched**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Bob Guthrie**
London Knightsbridge The Groove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **The Cuban Heels**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Riffs/The Czechs**
London Poplar Brunswick Arms: **Mischief**
London Putney Stars: **Avenue**
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: **The 01 Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Waso**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chip Shop Show**
London Stoke Newington Town Hall: **Leon Rosselson/Frankie Armstrong/Roy Bailey**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **Juice On The Loose**
London Vauxhall Bridge Rd. The Surprise: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Wembley Arena: **Earth Wind & Fire**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **These Bridges/Mxyztplk**
London Willesden Grosvenor Rooms: **Papa Michigan & General Smiley**
London W.1 (Charlotta Street) Sol y Sombra: **Civilization**
London W.14 The Kensington: **Ray Shields Combined Services Orchestra**
Loughborough University: **Nine Below Zero/The Fleshtones**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Kevin Coyne**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Theatre Of Hate**
New Romney The Seahorse: **The Breakaways**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Haircut 100**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Wolf**
Nottingham Rock City: **John Cooper Clarke/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Runcorn Cherry Tree: **Rockin Horse**
Sheffield City Hall: **Iron Maiden**
Shepton Mallet Royal Bath & West Showground: **The Jam**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts County Club: **Head**
Sunderland Castle View: **Passion Trade**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **The Genes/Bex Bissell**
Windsor Blazers: **David Essex (for four days)**
Wokingham Angie's: **San Jacinto**

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARD HOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 11th March (adm £2.50)
TENPOLE TUDOR
Plus The Helicopters & Jerry Floyd

Friday 12th March (Adm £2.00)
TANK
Plus Paul Inder & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 13th March (Adm £2.00)
NO DICE
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 14th March (Adm £1.50)
THE DRIVERS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Monday 15th March (Adm £2.00)
TYTAN
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 16th March (Adm £1.50)
CUDDLY TOYS
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 17th March (Adm £1.50)
CUBAN HEELS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 18th March (Adm £1.50)
RANDOM HOLD
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

SPECIAL OFFER: 25p off any drink only with this advertisement

DINGWALLS
RHYTHM 'N' BOOZE
CAMDEN LOCK, CHALK FARM RD, LONDON NW1 01 267 4967

THUR 11 — ROCKABILLY NIGHT
THE BLUE CATS
KING KURT
FRI 12
B.M.T.s
SAT 13
THE PIRATES
SUPPORTED BY THE CANNIBALS
£3.30
MON 15
RESULTS. KLEEN HEELS. THE BLISTERS
ROCK £1.75
TUES 16 — ALTERNATIVE ROCK NIGHT
INNER CITY UNIT

WED 17 — REGGAE NIGHT
BLACK ROOTS
THUR 18
FROM USA, MOTOWN SPECIAL
MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS
Advance tickets available from Thursday 11 only from the Box Office £3.75
COMING UP....
SAT 20
FROM NEW ORLEANS USA
COUSIN JOE
THURS 1 APRIL
THE MIRACLES
WED 21
THE CHI-LITES

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
OUTLAW PRESENTS
JUDIE TZUKE
MONDAY 24th MAY
7.30pm
TICKETS £4.50 £4.00 £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Derek Block presents
PIGBAG
THE BELLE STARS
Mouth
TUESDAY 16th MARCH 7.30pm
All tickets £3.25
FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748-2812 KEITH PROWSE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE; AND ALL USUAL AGENTS

Also appearing at:
14th MARCH — **BRISTOL LOCARNO** 8 pm
* support **Mouth** All tickets £3.25
15th MARCH — **BRIGHTON TOP RANK** 8 pm
* support **Mouth** All tickets £3.25
17th MARCH — **BIRMINGHAM LOCARNO** 8 pm
* support **Mouth The Blondes**
All tickets £3.25

Tickets available now
Check local venues

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THEATRE of HATE

SUN 14th MON 15th MARCH at 7-30
TICKETS £3-00 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday 13th March 7.30pm
GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY
BOW WOW WOW
Tickets £3.25 available from Earth Records, Aylesbury, Scorpion High Wycombe, Old Town Records, Hemel Hempstead, FL Moore, Dunstable, Luton & Bletchley, DJ Holland, Leighton Buzzard, Hi-Vu Buckingham, Music Market Oxford or £3.25. Where snakes in the grass are absolutely free.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
OUTLAW PRESENTS
LEVEL 42
WITH D.J. MICK BROWN
SUNDAY 30th MAY
7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.75
FROM BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE; LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS. (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES)

101 CLUB
101 St. John's Hill, SW1
233 8309

Thursday 11th March £1.00
THE METS
Friday 12th March £1.50
24 HOURS / KING KURT
Saturday 13th March £1.50
SAD AMONG STRANGERS
+ The Daughters
Sunday 14th March £1.00
SHEA RAMAH
Monday 15th March £1.00
THE AVENGERS
Tuesday 16th March £1.00
SECOND WINDOW
Wednesday 17th March £1.00
EUROPA

KINGS HEAD
4 Fulham High St SW6 736 1413

Thursday 11th March £1.50
BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Friday 12th March £1.50
S.A.L.T.
Saturday 13th March £1.50
RED BEANS AND RICE
Sunday 14th March £1.00
THE FEELERS
Monday 15th March £1.00
GINGER
+ STINGRAY
Tuesday 16th March £1.00
FOREIGN LEGIONS
Wednesday 17th March £1.00
KISSING THE PINK

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Wednesday 10th March £1.00
3 P SWEET
Thursday 11th March £1.00
KID CAIRO
Friday 12th March £1.25
JOANNE KELLY BAND
Saturday 13th March £1.00
COLD FISH
Sunday 14th March £1.00
THE SQUIRTS
(ex Man, Ducks Deluxe)
Monday 15th March £1.00
XENA ZEROX
Tuesday 16th March £1.00
THE FEELERS
Wednesday 17th March £1.00
WIPE OUT

MCP presents
Motörhead
Special Guests SAXON
ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH
FRIDAY – MONDAY 26th – 29th MARCH inc.
7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 £4.50 £3.50
Available from B/O Tel. 01 748 4081 Keith Prowse, LTB, Premier

THE Venue
160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 828 9441
Doors open 7.30pm Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 11th March £4.00
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS
Friday 12th March £4.00
TOOTS AND THE MAYTALS
Saturday 13th March £3.00
O.K. JIVE
Monday 15th March £2.00
B.M.T.s
+ THE PASSION PUPPETS
+ PHOTOGENIX
Tuesday 16th March £2.00
SCARLET PARTY
+ RYE AND THE QUATERBOYS
Wednesday 17th March £2.50
MORRISEY-MULLEN
+ Yeow Band
Thursday 18th March £2.50
DEPARTMENT S
+ The Decorators
+ The Sneezes

COMING SOON
Friday 19th March £3.50
SNIFF 'n' THE TEARS
Saturday 20th March £3.50
KOKOMO
+ Souls Valiant
Tuesday 23rd March £3.00
PETE SHELLEY
Wednesday 24th March £2.00
ROBYN HITCHCOCK
+ THE D.B.s
+ MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
Thursday 25th March £2.00
LIGHTNING RAISERS
+ DIRTY STRANGERS + T-34
Friday 26th and Saturday 27th March £3.50
Q-TIPS
All ticket prices include FREE BROCHURE

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Harvey Goldsmith & Outlaw present
Shakatak + GUESTS
Sunday 2nd May 7.30 pm Tickets: £3.75
from Box Office & Usual Agents
NEW ALBUM AND SINGLE **"NIGHT BIRDS"** out soon on Polydor.

Kiltorch present
GIRLSCHOOL
plus Raven
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
TUES. 4th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.00, £3.50 from Box Office tel. 0632 20002
GLASGOW APOLLO
FRI. 7th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.00, £3.50 from Box Office tel. 041-332 6055
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURS. 13th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.50, £4.00 from Box Office, Queen Caroline Street, W6 tel. 01-748 4081 and usual agents
PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
FRI. 14th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.00, £3.50 from Box Office tel. 0705 24355
COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL
SUN. 16th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.00, £3.50 from Box Office tel. 0272 293891
LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
THURS. 20th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.00, £3.50 from Box Office tel. 051-709 1555
BRIGHTON DOME
MON. 24th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.00, £3.50 from Box Office tel. 0273 682127
IPSWICH GAUMONT
WED. 26th MAY 7.30
Tickets: £3.00, £3.50 from Box Office tel. 0473 53641

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MCP presents

Toyah

Plus Special Guests

ODEON THEATRE, HAMMERSMITH

FRI/SAT 25th/26th JUNE

8.00 p.m.

Tickets £5.00 £4.50 £4.00

Available from B/O Tel: 01 748 4081 L.T.B., Premier B/O & Keith Prowse B/O's & ALBEMARLE (subject to booking fee)

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

the Damned

VICE SQUAD

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES

LYCEUM

STRAND, W.C.2

SUNDAY 28th MARCH at 7-30

TICKETS £3·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

DONALD BYRD

PLUS SUPPORT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SAT 17 & SUN 18 APRIL

Performance at 8.00pm Tickets: £3.00, £4.00, £5.00

Box office Tel. No: 01-748 4081

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1 Phone 468287

Thursday 4th March — Q-TIPS — Farewell Tour

Friday 12th March — PETE SHELLEY

Thursday 18th March — PRIVATE LIVES

Monday 22nd March — A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

Late bar 9 - 2 am

THE GREYHOUND

175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Thursday 11th March £1.25
TONY McPHEE's BLUES BAND ex Groundhogs
+ Wipe Out

Friday 12th March £2.00
LARRY WALLIS & THE PORK TORPEDOES
+ The Hamsters

Saturday 13th March £1.50
THE SOUL BAND
+ Earplay

Sunday 14th March £1.00
HULLABALOO: THE GREATEST SHOW ON LEGS & THE BOX BROTHERS present
an evenings of crazy cabaret featuring
makeshift Shakespeare, Deptford Dustbin Dancers & Romans in Britain Cha Cha Team
(as seen on OTT) + Hieronymus Bosch

Monday 15th March £1.25
ROZZ
+ The Prams

Tueaday 16th March £1.50
THE WALL
+ A Dark Design

Wednesday 17th March £1.50
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+ The Gymslips

MARSHALL ARTS & CAPITAL RADIO 194 PRESENTS

TOM BROWNE

PLUS SUPPORT AT THE

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

FRIDAY 2nd, SATURDAY 3rd APRIL at 8pm

TICKETS: £5, £4, £3 FROM ODEON BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081 AND USUAL AGENTS

AGENCIES TICKET SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEES

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

OUTLAW and FRONTLINE ENTS present

THE The Fall BIRTHDAY PARTY

+ THE ROOM

THURSDAY 25th MARCH

7.30pm

ALL TICKETS £3·50

TICKETS FROM BOX OFFICE AND USUAL AGENTS ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK & THE VENUE, VICTORIA

Theatres

"A SIDE-SPLITTING SUCCESS"
THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

"LAUGHTER UNLIMITED"
DAILY TELEGRAPH

"PREPOSTEROUS AND GENUINELY FUNNY"
SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

"THE LAUGHTER NEVER STOPS"
SUNDAY MIRROR

Michael White by arrangement with The Cambridge Theatre Company Ltd. presents

WILLIAM RUSHTON
JOHN FORTUNE MADGE RYAN
and PETER JONES
in

PASS THE BUTLER

a new comedy by ERIC IDLE

with ANDREW C. WADSWORTH

Designed by Saul Radomsky

Directed by JONATHAN LYNN

GLOBE THEATRE

01-437 1592

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS

Derek Block presents

Dave Edmunds

THE DANCE BAND

thedB's

MONDAY 15th MARCH 7.30pm

ALL TICKETS 3.50

IN ADVANCE FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748-2812 KEITH PROWSE; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS & USUAL AGENTS.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH
12 UB40
14 Theatre of Hate
15 Dave Edmunds
15 Jam
16 Pigbag
16, 17, 18 Earth Wind And Fire
18 Buddy Rich
19, 20, 21 Van Morrison
20 Iron Maiden
22, 23 Maze
25 The Fall
25 XTC
26–29 Motorhead
28 Thompson Twins

APRIL
4 Anti-Pasti
4 Mighty Diamonds
5 Loverboy
7 Elkie Brooks
9-12 Country Music Festival
11 Graham Parker
11, 12 Carole King
17 Classix Nouveaux
17, 18 Donald Byrd
21, 22 Miles Davis
21, 22, 23 Sky
23 Scorpions
23-27 Elkie Brooks
27 Blackfoot
30 Meatloaf

MAY
1 The Cure
2 Shakatak
3-9 Status Quo
4 Gladys Knight
13 Girlschool
17 Nick Lowe
24 Judie Tzuke
27, 28, 31 Ry Cooder
30 Level 42

JUNE
2, 3, 4, 5 Diana Ross
25, 26 Toyah

TELEPHONE CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS ACCEPTED.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME.
SEND SAE FOR FREE LIST OF LONDON GIGS.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS

96 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. Phone 439 3371

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100 CLUB
100 Oxford St W1

Thursday 11th March
live Reggae
THE BEATROOTS
+ support

Tuesday 16th March
ANGELIC UPSTARTS
+ support

A ROX SPECIAL PRESENTATION

BLUE RONDO A LA TURK

AT THE ROYALTY SOUTHGATE N14
(1 min. Southgate Tube)

SAT 20 MARCH

8.00 till late

WITH 100MPH MUSIC MAN PETE TONG

TICKETS £3

from
Royalty box office.
Tel 01-886 4112
and axoim at the great gear market.

Jazzcentre

100 Club — 100 Oxford St., W1

Friday 12th March
8.30 am – 1 am

IAN CARR'S NUCLEUS
+
ROBIN JONES QUARTET
featuring Esmond Selwyn

£2.00 JCS / 100 CLUB :: £3.00 others

KINGSTON POLY RAG '82
presents

THE BLUES BAND

plus

GB BLUES CO featuring ROOT JACKSON

Saturday 13th March
Doors 7.30
Tickets £3.00 students/UB40
£3.50 guests

Tolworth Recreation Centre,
Fullers Way, North Kingston,
Off A3 nr Station/Tolworth SR.

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

AIRPORT & DEAN

THU. 11. High tech pop on Polydor. Comes over as a cross between Jethro Tull and Depeche Mode.

AN EVENING OF JAZZ & RHYTHM & BLUES WITH:-

GEORGIE FAME

FRI. 12 MAR. & THE TEEVEES

HOLLYWOOD KILLERS

SAT. 13. Tight mix of rock 'n' raunch, with an ear for hooks and the Hot 100.

SUN. EASY ACTION + DUMBWAITERS + THE NOTLEYS

MON. AIRSTRIP ONE + BRUNEL + MOUSE & THE TRAITORS

TUE. THE 2 BAND + ATTIC + THE ESCORTS

DOUBLE BILL! THE EUROPEANS

WED 17. + TROOPS FOR TOMORROW

RODDY RADIATION

THU 18. & THE TEARJERKERS

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 + till late, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 + till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M. till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES ST. OLD COVENT GARDEN PHONE FOR LIVE MUSIC INFO: 836 1928 PHONE FOR RESTAURANT INFO:- 240 3961

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

MOONLIGHT — STARLIGHT

100 West End Lane — West Hampstead Tube

Sundays 7.30 — 10.30

Thursday 11th March £1.50
SHORT STORIES
+ Mouse And The Underdog

Friday 12th March £1.75
DECOY AVE
+ Jump Squad + Flex

Saturday 13th March £1.50
TOUR DE FORCE
+ The Fascinations

Sunday 14th March 12-2 Free Adm.
STRAIGHT FROM THE GROUND

Sunday 14th March £1.00
JIVE AFFT SPOOKS
+ The Blind Venetians

Monday 15th March £1.50
CHINA DOLL + Harmonic Distortion

Tuesday 16th March £1.50
Hard Rock Night
DAWN TRADER + Jump Squad

Wednesday 17th March £1.50
THESE BRIDGES + MXYZTPLK

Thursday 18th March £1.50
COLD FISH + The Giants

Thursday 11th March £1.50
THE BOOBIES
+ Room 13

Friday 12th March £1.50
RED BEANS AND RICE
+ Dansitt

Saturday 13th March £1.75
THE NOTLEYS
+ Not The Notleys

Sunday 14th March £1.00
THE TIME LIMIT
+ Blitzkreig

Monday 15th March £1.00
GHOST TRAIN
+ The Three Laws

Tuesday 16th March £1.00
FEAR OF FLYING
+ The News

Wednesday 17th March £1.00
THE GENTS
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CINEMAS

ABC West End Film Guide EMI

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2: **MAD MAX 2 (X)**
Progs 2.45, 5.20, 7.55 Sun: 5.15, 7.50
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3: **WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY (AA)**
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Silver Screen

Fonda and Hepburn, sailing into folklore On Golden Pond.

On Golden Pond

Directed by Mark Rydell
Starring Henry Fonda, Katharine Hepburn and Jane Fonda (Universal)

THE TETCHY foibles and indignities of old age rarely go to make up good movies. For every serious study like *The Whisperers* there are a dozen entries where sentiment blooms like a swollen begonia and a wagonload of touching eccentricities displaces the awful universal fear of growing old.

Taking its cue from the latter side of the genre, *On Golden Pond* has its marshmallow heart set in a fluffy story of an old domestic sore healing up at last. Ethel and Norman Thayer, 48 years of apple-pie regular marriage behind them, are spending their summer and Norman's 80th birthday at their usual lakeside house by Golden Pond in New England. Their daughter Chelsea, long estranged from her crotchety father, arrives with boyfriend and boyfriend's son Billy; they leave the boy with the old-timers awhile, and Norman's friendship with Billy leads to the cure of the ancient rift after a narrowly averted tragedy.

Henry Fonda is almost perfect as the (not always) mildly caustic Norman Thayer, and if a gold statuette does go his way this year it won't be such a sentimental choice. Thayer is not a man afraid of death — though he is forever making references to 'not being here soon' —but is disturbed at his mental rather than physical decline.

"You think I *like* being old?" he barks at a couple of smirking garage boys. Both Fonda and Katharine Hepburn as Ethel seem improbably spry for their years — then you remember that they are as old themselves.

Though Fonda relishes all the crabby wisecracks he is tough enough to drop notes of exasperated resignation at old age's revenge on a free spirit and make them cut surprisingly deep. There's always something interesting about an actor as intelligent as Fonda approaching a role which demands a quota of self-portrayal, and his dedication transcends the general soapiness of the rest of the film.

Katharine Hepburn is burdened by a silly, flighty role that would make an undignified decline for the wiry lady in the pictures with her beloved Spencer Tracy. Jane Fonda actually gets little to do as the errant and rather dislikeable Chelsea, and seems needlessly overcome by playing opposite her dad. The camera lingers on their final embrace and triggers tears for the old illusions of life and art.

See if for Fonda senior, though, and study on a method which cherishes its individuality still.

Richard Cook

Impostors

Directed by Mark Rappaport
Starring Peter Evans, Ellen McElduff, Charles Ludlam and Michael Burg (BFI)

MARK RAPPAPORT is a New Yorker best known over here for *The Scenic Route* which in 1978 won the British Film Institute's Sutherland prize as "the most original and innovative film of the year".

However, most American experimental movies — very little to do with adventurousness since the drying up of the cinematic Underground in the early '70s — always look better on paper, and Rappaport's latest film *Impostors* (made with the help of German TV and billed as an "unholy alliance between *The Maltese Falcon* and *Remembrance Of Things Past)* is no exception.

This alliance is only skin-deep — paper-thin. A few references to Proust and the introduction of a character called Peter who, like the narrator of Proust's novel, is in love with the idea of love (ie he's a fucked-up, jealous voyeur, consumed by his own romantic introspectiveness) takes care of the literary side of *Impostors*. Or *Impostures* — given that the general tone is oh so camp, arch, clever and parodic, with nothing so mundane as a challenging scene.

The film isn't avant-garde in any abrasive sense, more like a terminal joke or a series of interminable references (ah, this must be that cinematic *Maltese Falcon* side of the alliance) to silent movies and Bette Davis weepies and melodramas.

You can brush up on your history of Hollywood mainly in the scenes which centre around a set of twins (one homo, the other hetero) who are magicians, who are looking for hidden Egyptian treasure which their assistant Tina may or may not know about. Peter the 'amour' boy is of course in love with Tina, who loves a previous girlfriend of his, Gina, who . . . Hooey, in other words.

Hooey revisited: after Warhol and Paul Morrissey is there any need for another film looking at the world from the vantage point of professional coy queen-ness? These days that kind of camp only works accompanied by dollops of grossness and satire in the manner of John Waters. Waters is pure Baltimore, Rappaport New York, a lofty boho running on the spot with a camera and a home (as in dogs' — remember this is camp) movie to prove it.

I've seen worse. At least *Impostors* has some nice colour and one or two deadpan one-liners ("We'll screw like lunatics — at the beginning anyway"). But I've seen better, for instance Benny Hill's *Imposteriors* which won the Argyll prize as "the most innovative and original TV series of 1978". *Anything* can look good on paper.

Paul Tickell

"Ten bob for a tube of glue, guv?"

APUNKALYPSE NOW!

Mad Max 2

Directed by George Miller
Starring Mel Gibson, Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells (Warner Bros)

ANOTHER UNSEEMLY ballet of shattered bodies and twisted metal, *Mad Max 2* reduces the sledgehammer point of its predecessor — warlord bikers and lawless wastelands of gas-hungry scavengers as the evolutionary zenith of freeway euphoria and cops'n'robbers violence — to a pulpy zero.

Its purpose is to stage ever more fanciful pile-ups, again and again until the arena is cleared of vehicles, the senses of reaction.

The lone driver Max's solipsistic vigilantism is dissipated by the setting this time. He stumbles on a makeshift refinery in the ravaged desert, under siege by the deranged hordes of the lord Humungus, and falls in with the desperate besieged in return for a ration of their petrol. The source of this carnival isn't difficult to divine and Gibson's moody Eastwoodisms are perhaps mandatory.

The hollowness of the carnage eventually grows wearisome. Director George Miller, clearly besotted and adrift after the enormous box office success of the first picture, is so eager to hurl his squiggly little puppet people into the grisliest of wrecks that his film concertinas into a blur of pointless mayhem.

***Mad Max 2* fails as a futurist western because there is no shoot-out tension, just an endless crash-crash of gradually deadening impact.**

Some of the gallery of grotesques who make up the marauders (plenty of mohicans here — so *this* is the future of punk!) are briefly funny in their fatuous dog-like tenacity. Otherwise the story just stumbles through the routines of a cash-in sequel.

By the time of the all-chokes-out final pursuit we no longer even flinch. When Jerry holds the hammer over Tom's head we *know* what's going to happen, don't we? The only difference here is that skins are actually broken. Although, of course, that isn't real either.

Richard Cook

DIRTY MACS

Insatiable

'Directed' by Godfrey Daniels
Starring Marilyn Chambers and John Holmes
(Amanda Films)

A TITLE like *Insatiable* promises one of two features: a European visual treatise on the perspicacious indices of desire (preferably with Depardieu as a truck driver, Huppert as a poppet on the hitch, and both of them dead by the end) or a slobbering piece of porn. How'd you guess? I know — you know I wouldn't be caught dead reviewing the former!

Insatiable is the latest bid for the international porn market — out of the hard board booth and onto the big soft screen. As with previous takeover attempts, it has a female figurehead (though more figure than head); Marilyn Chambers is the selling point, as Sylvia Kristel and Mary Millington were before her.

The film is bolstered (or would have been, but for the censor's yardstick) by the 'presence' of another porn world star, John 'The Wad' Holmes — and no, girls, it isn't the bulge in his wallet. It never rains but it pours — not only has John's best profile (clue: perpendicular) been thoroughly erased from *Insatiable*, he's currently up for Murder One in the states, through hanging out *(sic)* with the wrong class of person.

Insatiable is old as the actress, and since our introduction is a screenful of self-amused nipple, the chances of a Henry James-style delineation of character are obviously low. Marilyn 'plays' Sandra Chase, a dirty rich fashion model — although a profusion of details in the critics' synopsis are absent from the film itself; maybe synopsis was script before shooting began. Low budget these porn things, you know. *Insatiable* — even allowing for the usual flimsiness of porn narrative — has a number of omissions and pretensions that can only be called baffling.

The central issue is Sandra's insatiability — but since post-coital debate is generally hemmed out of soft porn as excess baggage, it's never clear quite what's awry. Sandra's declaration that sex makes her "tingle all over" sits uneasily with the aggravated states of grimacing un-climax she gets herself into. Our one clue is a thought-bubble voice-over: "If only she knew how I need someone who can keep up with my sexual appetites." That's about as far as the signposts take us along her mental life.

Insatiable is very much a '60s film: the action takes place either in Sandra's swinging country mansion, or on a stroll through a brochure London town.

Even its sexual licence is very '60s and conventional, *coy* even — taking no risks with the proportions bodies assume, or stretching sexual bent into something extra-coital like voyeurism or S&M. Even the masturbatory finger only gets as far as Sandra's stocking-top.

The climactic — "legendary" — coupling between Marilyn and Big John takes place on a snooker table, and makes hilariously inept symbolic use of balls and cue — Benny Hill should be so subliminal!

There are no male members allowed in this club — at all moments when the dreaded thing encroaches, the screen splits up into a kaleidoscope, and all that remains is kinaesthetic collision. There's an inadvertent near-glimpse of one chap's, but it unfortunately clashes with Marilyn's nose, rendering his portfolio a feat of squinting.

As far as sexual 'acting' goes, the cast are frankly unconvincing, achieving a sound effect less like the throes of carnal abandon than a bicycle tyre being pumped up. It all ends with a strange, interminable sequence in which Sandra/Marilyn is plunged into a dark, hellish abyss of frustration — there is just *no end* to it all; no-one, no one bout, is sufficient.

For a moment I thought I'd misjudged the film — there was something BEING SAID here! Then I realised it was just the cue for *Insatiable II*.

What's missing most in a film such as this is, funnily enough, sexiness; the comedy and aesthetics of eroticism are denied, there is no flirtation, no *language*, no intimacies or difficulty. Sex is 63 minutes of sinews, and that can become a bit of a strain.

My mind flashed to sex in a different cinematic world, where Audrey Hepburn coos to Cary Grant: "Won't you come in for a minute? I don't bite, you know, unless it's called for. "Now, isn't that a better way for sex to come out of a person's mouth?

Ian 'The Wick' Penman

Now hands that do dishes can be soft as . . .

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"LADIES AND Gentlemen, notice the captain has turned on the no smoking sign, please be seated and fasten your seat belts, we're approaching home. This is flight number 77. Thanks for flying on Solomonic. Hope you enjoyed your flight home . . ." is the way of introduction to the new single by **Bunny Wailer** issued in Jamaica on the translove airwaves of his own label. Entitled 'Back To School', the recording dispenses a further interesting sidestep for this inventive artist, with the Wailer performing vocal gymnastics on a nursery catchism with a rap in soul mould that displays his usual intelligence and wisdom.

Also from JA the duo of **Yellowman & Fathead** — both of whom make their disc debut with 'Soldier Take Over' for Tanks last year — rejoin forces on a pair of new titles: commenting further on military theme with a version of the Itals 'In A Dis Ya Time' rhythm for 'Operation Eradication' (Spider Man); and adapting an island folk rhythm on 'You Wrong To Send Come Call Me" (Observer).

Meanwhile, the duo of **Papa Finigan & Junior Ranking** swap exchanges in observance of 'Guiding Star' for the High Music imprint, and from the same source **Anthony Chambers** exclaims 'Jah Foundation'.

Other new 7" pre include a semi sung **Lone Ranger** comment in the direction of Mr Too Bad for 'Johnny Make You Bad So' (Dynamite); a follow up of 'No Respector Of Persons' by Junior Walker as **Junia** with 'So Much' (Jusic International); **Bobo Shanty,** Devil Beating Stick' (Creation Rights); **Barrington Levy** interpreting 'You've Made Me Very Happy' (Hit); **Philip Fraser,** 'If I Was A Pauper' (Youth Promotion — YP 006); and **Freddie Chambers,** 'Remember Hon Robert Nesta Marley' (Kings Crown).

Released on Trojan is a various artists compilation of mid 60s rock steady sides and brief early 70s resurgence: 'Gems From Treasure Isle or Real Cool Rock Steady' (TRLS 206). Featuring a dozen titles, the album opens with its **Alton Ellis** nomenclative, includes a couple of free blowing **Tommy McCook** tunes 'Mabrouk (Wailing)' and 'Soul For Sale', original vocal of 'Only A Smile' by the **Paragons** and **U Roy's** 'Flashing My Whip' version, likewise **Techniques'** 'You Don't Care' and **Dennis Alcapone's** 'This Great Woggie' toast, also **Phyllis Dillon, Ken Parker** and **Three Tops.**

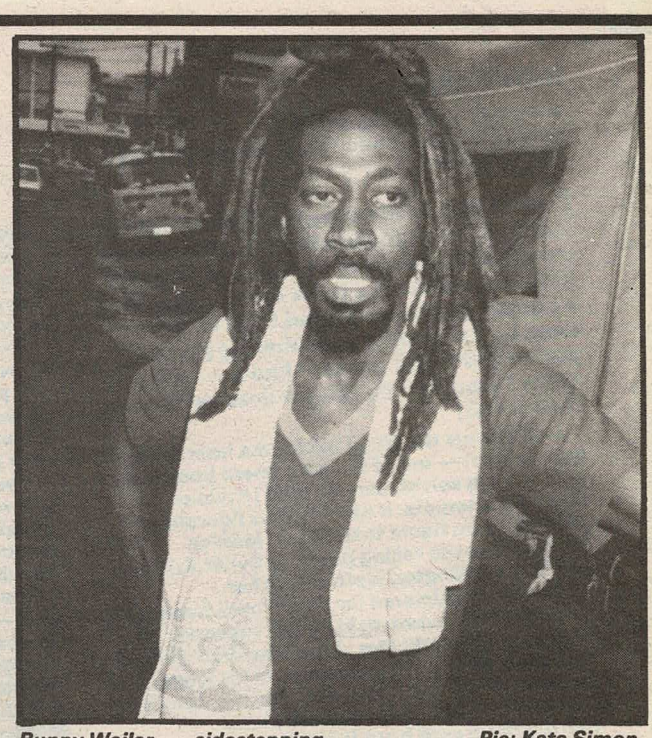
Revealed among the Pickwick club's exploits is the neology proscribed 'Reggaebility' (SHM 3106) as performed by the **Cimarons** quintet. Conceived by Paul McCartney and working 11 of the songs to which he retains ownership, the album was produced by Chalk Farm studio stalwarts Vic Keary and Sid Bucknor and ranges from outernational standards like 'Poor People Of Paris' and 'Arriverderci Roma' through Buddy Holly and the Four Seasons to Mr McCartney's own celebrated compositions on 'Love Me Do', 'Mull Of Kintyre' and others.

A pair of **Linval Thompson** productions new on discomix: **Meditations,** 'Carpenter Re-Build' c/w **Lee Van Cliff,** 'Different Style' (Jackal JAD 1); and **Viceroys,** 'Can't Stop Us' c/w 'Rock' (Music Hawk — MHD 1); and lends his own voice alongside **U Brown** for 'Poor People' (A1 — DO4), this though produced by Winston Sonny Tabannoc.

Other new 12": **Ranking Dread,** 'Shut Me Mouth' (Greensleeves — GRED 82); **Little Roy,** 'Natty Yard' c/w 'Life To Think About' (Love Linch — LL 024) — produced by M Jackson; **June Lodge** with Omellie's 'Stay In Tonight' c/w 'Someone Loves You Honey' (Joe Gibbs); **Sister Love,** 'Don't Tell Him' (Future FT 001) — produced by A Rookwood; **Winston Francis,** 'Tonight' c/w 'Let's Go To Zion' (Red Nail RN 0034) — produced by Dennis Bovell; **Sammy Dread,** 'Dreadlocks Reggae' c/w **Donnavan Smith,** 'Mr Walker' (Love Linch — LL 023) — produced by C Simpson; **Junior Brown,** 'Warriors' (Jah Shaka — 822); and **Sugar Minott,** 'In A Dis Yah Time' / 'Industrial Unrest' (Live & Love — LLDIS 201) — produced by J Lynch.

Fashion shape currently popular JA rhythms for two new titles on their new mode 10" Top Notch platter: **Papa Face,** 'In A Jamaican Style' / 'Yard Style Dub' c/w 'Forward Home' / 'Twelve Tribe Fashion' (TOP 001); and **Carlton Lewis,** 'Sweet Soul Rocking' c/w **Golden Wonder Dub,** 'Jungle Fresh' (TOP 002).

Penny Reel



Bunny Wailer . . . sidestepping. ***Pic: Kate Simon***

Observer pre

1 **WE'RE IN THIS LOVE, Bingy Bunny (Mor Well Esq)**
2 **BACK TO SCHOOL, Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)**
3 **QUIET PLACE, Winston Francis (Music Lab)**
4 **DANCE PON CORNER, Gailads (Night Child)**
5 **OPERATION ERADICATION, Yellowman & Fathead (Spider Man)**
6 **JOHNNY MAKE YOU BAD SO, Lone Ranger (Dynamite)**
7 **JOHNNY DOLLAR, Roland Burrell (Taxi)**
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LIVE!

Release the chaos *Nick Cave. Pics: Peter Anderson*

PRIMAL PAIN AT THE PSYCHOS' PARTY

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY

Venue

WHEN The Birthday Party last desecrated this tabernacle of modern nightlife, a generally sloppy show produced the intemperate engorgement of 'Drunk On The Pope's Blood', so their return here after a two-month tour of Australia was to be anticipated with some trepidation.

Add to this the fact that bassist Tracy Pew is back home doing time on a labour farm, and that his temporary replacement, the great Barry Adamson, had only been through one rehearsal, and things weren't altogether looking bright.

But any fears that may have existed within the capacity audience were promptly allayed by a volley of intense and hectic songs which reduced most of the spectators to speechlessness. Adamson, moreover, was clearly in complete control.

Let us make certain things clear from the start: a proper Birthday Party concert is a sacrilegious entertainment *about* entertainment, embarrassing only those who expect some purity of intention on a stage. In the guilty world of modern pop, they appal by revelling in the pain of artifice — the desperate drive of will to emotion through exhibition. To witness them is to be swamped by a genuinely ritualistic theatre of lustration, a farrago of sound so visceral and primogenous it can only produce gestures of exhaustion and despair. Some terrible void at the heart of human energy has been reached here — in its very exorcism.

As Nicholas Rothwell wrote, "buried within these songs is a prolonged and obsessive quest to uncover the unconscious origins of desire, which should be written as pure loss." Those who would not see such conscious madness practised on their live persons can only flinch in atavistic piety.

On Friday night, the group revisited their surreal junkyard of forms and images with a higher intoxication than ever. They may choose to be "buried neck high in British snow", but the songs they bring back from the antipodes boil the coldest native hearts. That forlorn and shimmering ballad 'She's Hit', already aired on several occasions before their Christmas departure, has taken on added starkness and splendour, perfectly brought out on this occasion by Adamson's langorous, acoustic-sounding bass.

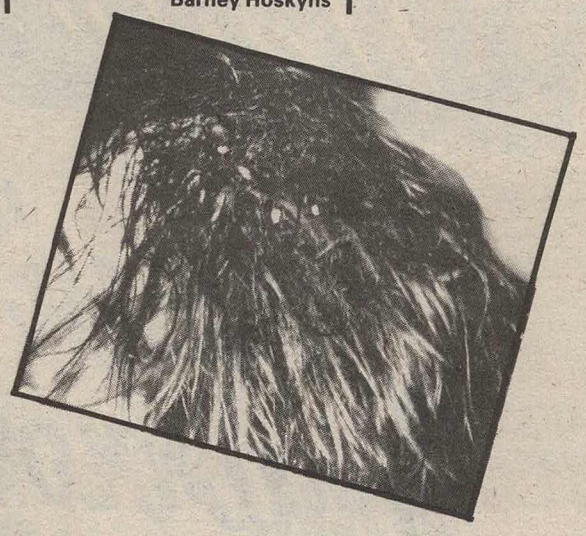
Unheard before were 'Dead Joe' and 'Hamlet', two brutal mythopoeic parables shorn even of the group's usual semi-jazz structures: here rhythm is compressed to a disconcerting on-beat stiffness and vocals to a mere gutteral rambling. The effect is compulsive. Some of the earlier numbers still prove troublesome, for there's no doubt that more than one of the group's arrangements outstrip their current musical capabilities. 'Zoo-Music Girl', for example, has grown too shambolic for its own good, putting too much stress on drummer Phil Calvert to hold together a rhythm that is already lost.

Chaos, however, is one of The Birthday Party's specialities. With the stage in its normal state of disarray, bouncers and stage hands scrambling about madly in pursuit of overturned microphones and tripped wires, Nick Cave was at his most gloriously irresponsible. So perfect a parody is he of the rock'n'roll egomaniac that he possesses an almost intimidating innocence. Performing as a kind of Shakespearian fool, a grotesque medieval clown, he plays up to his audience and negates it in the process. He is, in turn, each of the abominable characters that flaunt their obscenities in his lyrics — once Nick The Stripper, now Dead Joe and a modern-day Hamlet-as-psychopath. Cave will always be in his birthday suit, for he is the convulsive, prostituted body of exhibitionism itself. Even his stigmata of sorcery and sacrilege are less an identifying theme than a comic emblem of degeneracy. Love him while you may.

This group is an explosion of sensuality and laughter at the desensitized mediocrity of our lives. They are our new Rolling Stones, but holding back their profiles in shadow, in the penumbra of myth. In them jazz races with punk and rock'n'roll slips on funk, a collision of forms whose domain is lust suspended in the timeless zone of excess — bodily exhumation and spiritual disease. Here Jerry Lee Lewis meets 'The Modern Dance', and sex meets death.

The Birthday Party could not be billed with more fitting equals than The Fall, as they are in a fortnight, and it is equally fitting that Mark Smith should feel more in common with these aliens than he does with any British groups. Who is really experimenting as acutely and as angrily as The Fall or The Birthday Party? Who else is using words so stridently as a musical medium of rhetoric? They are the religious conflagration of melos itself.

Barney Hoskyns



BLUE POLAND
VOX ARCANA

Liverpool.

THIS IS Erics Revisited, a club in the city centre with an easy going atmosphere, loads of people, and, above all, a group with fresh ideas.

But before the fun there was Vox Arcana. A tarty bunch of surrogate Pete Burns, lacking any of the power or presence of Their Hero. Quite apart from that they were too ugly to even get hyped through photos. Their music is boring and derivative, an ugly mish-mash of plagiarism and mere germs of original ideas.

I wanted to like them, I wanted to rave about what a wacky thing the Liverpool Scene is, I wanted to be constructive, but it was so pitiful and disillusioning to see young minds already tainted with the idea that a bit of everything ever sung or performed in popular music could be ripped off for Instant Fame, that I have to resort to cheap mouthings of Give up, don't drop your day jobs etcetera.

Blue Poland on the other hand, gave us something a lot more inventive and promising. They're a five piece with three vocalists and oodles of potential. Steve Thomas' drumming provides a sturdy rhythm for Neil's impassioned (if sometimes repetitive) vocal style. Things are most enjoyable however when Melanie (maracas) and Nige (guitar) add their weight to the singing/chanting lark, making the group a much more formidable proposition.

Their performance started well with the ringing, confident 'Mute' but fell away until the penultimate song 'Household Gods'. Suddenly Blue Poland were the wonderful new group I'd been told about. A fiery, tight rendition of a song with few musical reference points. If you want a map then think of the driving energy behind the guitars bass, singing and drumming on your favourite songs. Blue Poland is somewhere round there but you won't be able to put your finger on it.

The final song, 'Puppet Nation' which veered between sensible funk and reckless heavy metal (!) was another gleam of something special but the encore 'School For Scandal' dragged a bit, suggesting that there's still a lot of work to be done before BP can captivate throughout a whole set.

Still, Blue Poland are at least trying something a little different and whilst they're not yet The Best Group In The History Of The World Ever, they're certainly playing their part in brightening up a little bit of my wor;d.

Paul Mathur

LIVE!

SLAVE
BOHANNON

New York

WITH the Bohannon show, dance music runs once again into the old studio/stage bugaboo. As a disco auteur, the writer, producer and arranger of his records, Bohannon sews a seamless web of sound, perfectly crafted and very functional music. His latest, 'Let's Start To Dance Again', is a sure-shot floor filler. But his live show is strictly Dullsville.

His set designers (I can't believe he even does that himself) have managed to turn the large Palladium stage into a near-perfect replica of a small, tacky suburban disco lounge, the kind of thing you'd find in a New Jersey shopping mall. Against this laughably hideous backdrop stands a stiff-necked band going through the paces without a sign of life anywhere.

Behind the band sits Bohannon at his drums, keeping dull metronome time. I can understand that the man's genius lies in the studio not the stage, but the man's a drummer, and he's not even trying to look alive.

The only cheers from the crowd came when the Bohannon stage set is finally wheeled away.

Slave, on the other hand (or dancing foot) are delicious live. The only problem with their set is that they come on like gangbusters in the first number, and can never top it after that. But what a first number! An all-stops-out performance, pouring on dance routines of incredible choreography, chilling-to-the-bone masterful funk, massed instruments and voices playing intricate and heavenly games.

I turned to my friend next to me and we both had the same thought — good God, this is only the first number, what happens next? — but they couldn't keep it up.

Slave come out of Dayton, Ohio, a happening scene that has spawned the Ohio Players, Junie Morrison and Lakeside. They are in the Players-Lakeside school of funk performing — spacey costumes, tricky dancing, an overwhelming effect.

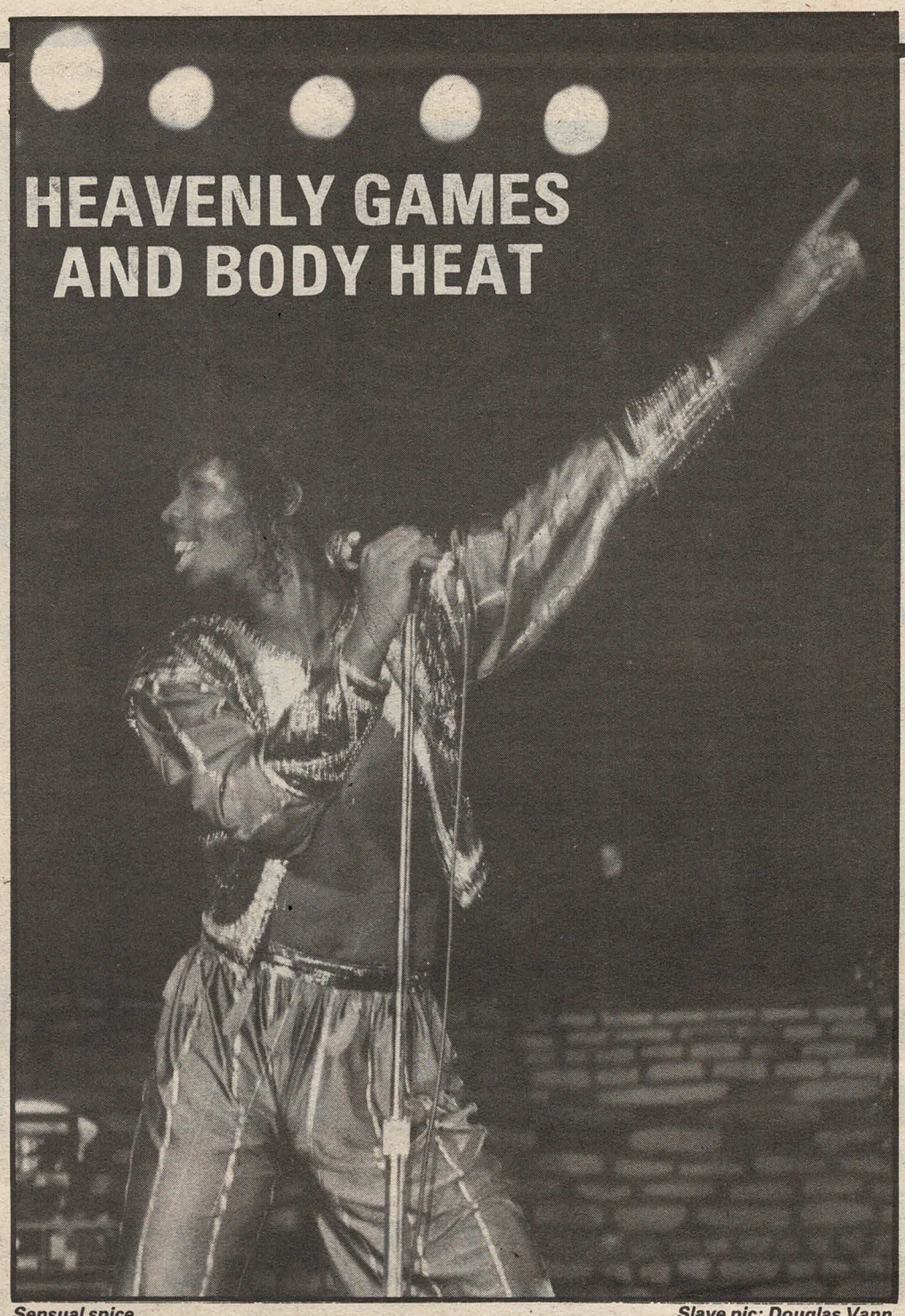
But Slave aren't just big and slick, they're also sly and subtle. Their single 'Snap Shot' deserves to be the smash hit it is (in the "black music market" only), it's a shimmering aural seduction that sneakily penetrates your defences and gets under your skin. They bring that same slyness to the stage, blending voices, instruments and visuals in a way that pulls you in without clueing you in to the process too much. This lets you relax and take your pleasure without worrying (because you never realise) that you're being snowed. That's entertainment.

One thing bothers me. It's so fragmented here. So far from being one nation under a groove. There are so many walls between cultures.

It was weird, being in the sold-out Palladium (normally a "rock" venue) and sitting with four other white journalists, and we were the only white people in the place. How can all those white people live without music like Slave's? Don't they want to move? To laugh? To be seduced and abandoned by a glorious fantasy?

No, I guess not.

Richard Grabel



Sensual spice *Slave pic: Douglas Vann*

DOLLY MIXTURE

Marquee

ISOLATED BY their sex, their staid stance, their traditional method and the twee connotations of that sugary name, Dolly Mixture at the Marquee promised a pitiful spectacle. Three girls working within the shoddy routine of the ennervating rock circuit rather than using the fresh possibilities offered by more women making music seemed only to add to those tainted aspects of an entertainment crafted with insufficient vision or care.

Strange then that I should walk away cherishing a warm respect for a group who scored a firm and gentle triumph. Dolly Mixture transcended the venue, the preconceptions, the suffocating status quo of such an event, even the innately conservative nature of their own music and turned a depressing prospect into a potent gesture of quiet defiance.

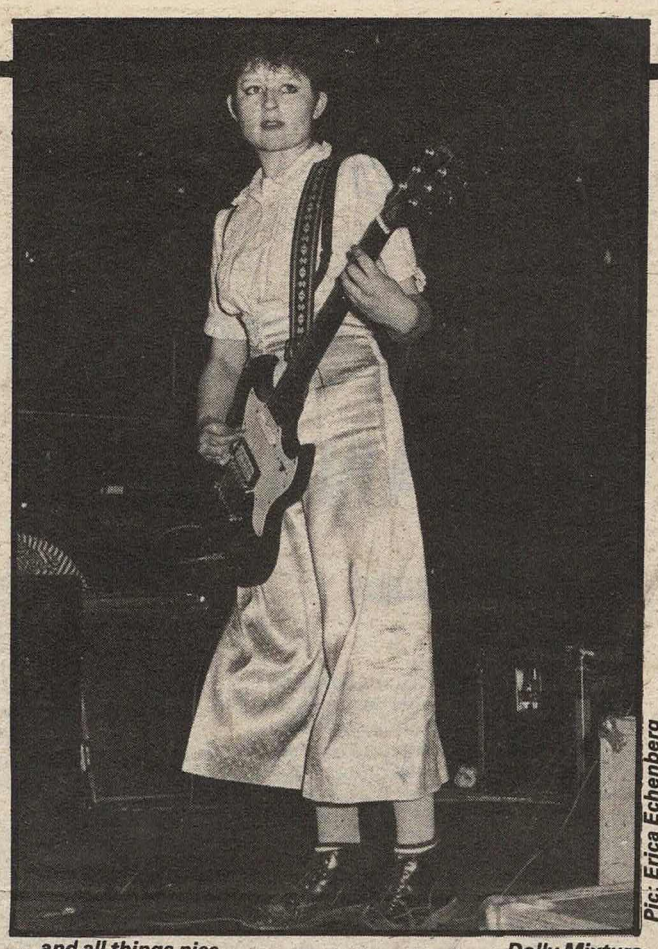
An ostensibly placcid trio in drably pretty dress, musically, if not visually, their reference points are in the swinging innocence of the early '60s. The encores, and incidentally the only songs treated with the sort of enthusiastic assurance that clearly showed what they could do with more confidence, were covers of

I

Central London Poly

AT THE FIRST sight of I, you think along the lines of "uh-oh, the Hare Krishna revival", accompanied by a kind of sinking feeling in the stomach. Oddly enough, though — very oddly — your spirits spend the rest of the set on a steady upward course. For a group who count their major influences as religion, Buddha and Nietzsche, these people called

SUGAR FREE SWEET



. . . and all things nice — *Dolly Mixture*

Pic: Erica Echenberg

'Don't Walk Away Renee' and 'The Locomotion'. Their clean, calm, shiny pop revolves around neat, sweet melodies and voices which form a graceful, emotive empathy with one another.

Dolly Mixture's rapport with their audience rests on honesty, temerity and humour and their delicate but resolute stage presence flares up into a soft sparkle with a great deal of uncontrived charm. There's no condescension, artifice or distance in a relationship free from horrid heckling and with a high female proportion for such a place. Dolly Mixture's apparent fragility is set against a tangible sense of self-respect and they give the impression of having very carefully cleared the space for a unique and well-defined identity.

What they left was a clear, unsickly sense of sweetness and cool light fortified by an artless, heartfelt purpose that spoke of a presence potentially as simple, cogent and celebratory as a Depeche Mode, an Altered Image or a Haircut 100. What Dolly Mixture need to do now is to move in larger leaps, to incorporate more widely and wildly, further free themselves from format and stop feeling their existence is so slim that they can't chance too much change. Maybe all this will take is more time.

Lynn Hanna

I seem well able to play some enjoyable music. I were fine, and I was confused.

Fronted by a crop-haired extrovert singer, Dill, the five-man Coventry outfit look like escapees from some exotic monastwry: beads and baggy white clothes, dabs on the foreheads, worringly intense stares (apart from Dill, who's unnaturally happy, radiant with goodwill). I'm told that they're connected with no cult or sect, in fact that Dill is the only deeply spiritually-minded member, and that if you like, you can just enjoy the music. Study their lyrics, however, and you're invited to think on topics like God, and selfhood and existence.

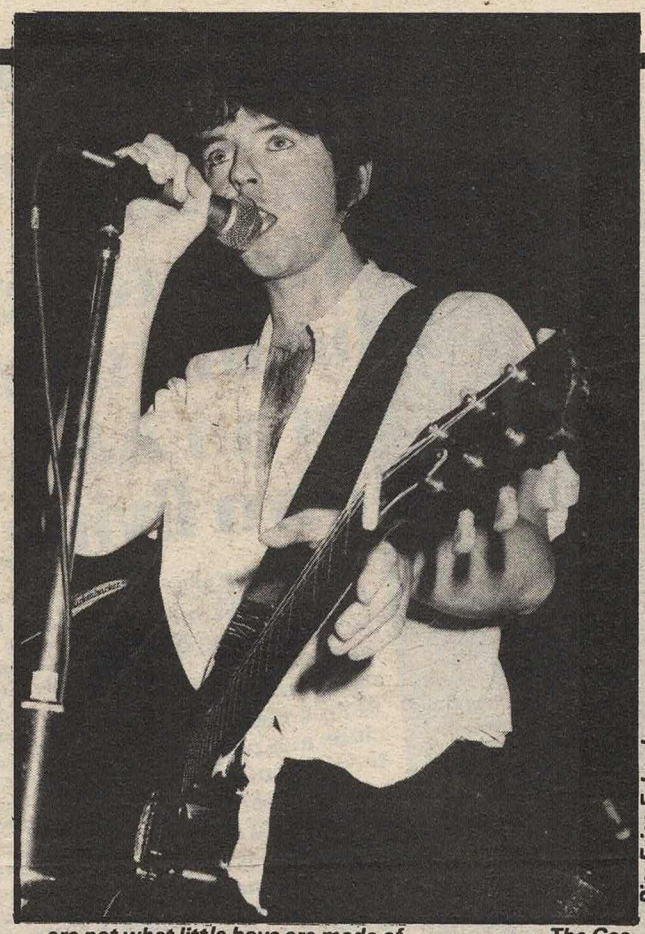
I play — that is, *they* play — a strikingly confident blend of high-energy pop, toughened with rhythms wandering through rock to funk and home again. Songs like 'Paradises Children' and 'I Believe' hook inside the mind with ease and speed. But most impressive of all is I's way of generating excitement: after just a couple of small London gigs, they command a tiny yet fanatical following. At one stage, they literally have the entire audience down on its knees . . . Being more of a devout NUJ member, your observer chose that moment to look for the bar. But tonight, my scepticism was badly dented, all the same. I aren't kidding, and neither am I.

Paul Du Noyer

SMALL SCREEN SAFETY

THE GAS 'EMOTIONAL WARFARE' VIDEO

The Rock Garden



. . . are not what little boys are made of — *The Gas*

Pic: Erica Echenberg

WHAT do you do when the soundtrack bears no relationship to the video? You watch the blinking lights regardless, that's what you do; or, at least, that's what tonight's audience does.

Whether this is someone's idea of a conceptual joke is not clear, but it does illustrate one thing: that the video image, whatever its substance, does exercise a peculiar pattern over large numbers of people. It's not mystical,(far from it), and it's not that there is nothing else to do (if a band is bad, you go to the bar; and if the bar is bad, go home). Rather, a video is safe. A live band makes demands on an audience that a video, seen through the tube, darkly, cannot. I've yet to be spat at from a screen. So if confrontation is what you're after, forget it, but sleep safe.

Now, up until a few months ago, there were two kinds of video. Either you pack up your band and your imagery and send them to create in Austria, or you film a live show with enough cameras to cover every hair under the drummer's armpits. But then there is The Gas' home-made video 'Emotional Warfare', which is something else again.

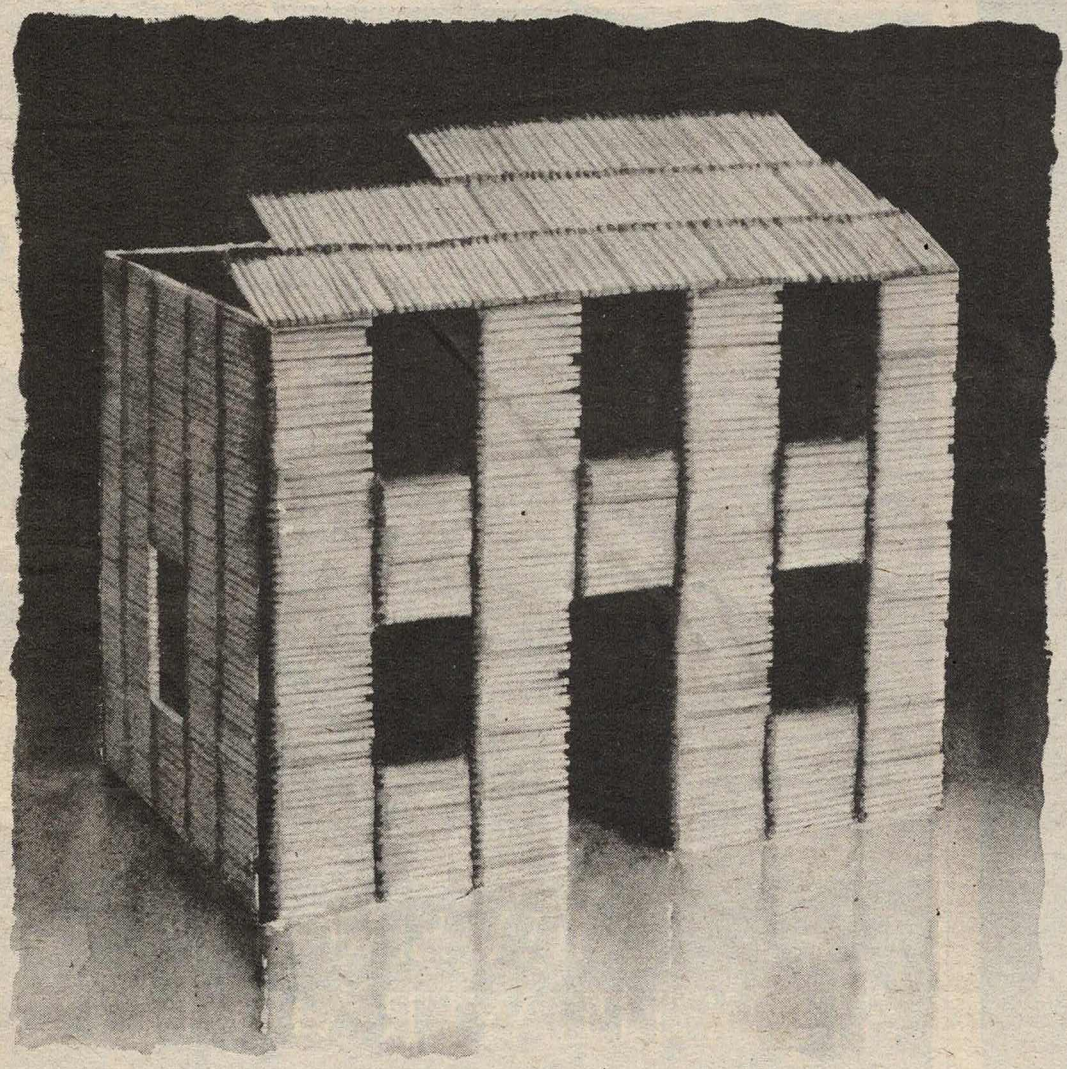
It's certainly rough, by Toyah's standards, with each song filmed by one camera in one take; it also has moments of pure awfulness, like the dreadful visual pun of a guy dressed as a doctor singing *"I'm losing my patience . . ."* The 'live' performances are fresh and actual because The Gas do not display the I'm-On-Film-So-I-Must-Act mentality. They are left to their own ingenuity to provide correlatives for the music without the aid of studio gimmicks so the shock tactics of 'Fade To Grey' are out of the question. As a result, 'Emotional Warfare' will stand as many (and probably more) repeats than *Sound of Music* at Christmas.

The Gas on stage are a counterblast to their own chosen alternative medium; there's no substitute for sweat. Audiences like to applaud (or otherwise) and clapping a screen seems . . . well, inappropriate and slightly embarrassing. The Gas are not musical groundbreakers (history will show that they are in Videoworld) but they do what they do well. The 'Warfare' set is varied by new songs, characterised by whether they are fast or less fast. It's good dance music with a sense of humour, and they are lucky that it comes over so well on screen.

Are you going to force me to choose between TV Gas and Stage Gas? I wouldn't switch either off.

Mark Mitchell

RANDOM HOLD



The Album

Burn The Buildings

AN EVENING WITH RANDOM HOLD

18th March – The Marquee, London
25th March – The Fridge, Brixton
1st April – The Marquee, London
8th April – The Fridge, Brixton

RCA

New Musical Express 27th February, 1982

First with the news of the independent video LP, single, jukebox — and now . . .

How to audition in the comfort of an A&R man's own living room

"GROUPS AND SINGERS: Would you like to be seen by the major record companies, independent labels, top clubs and promoters . . . throughout England and Europe? We can offer you 80 auditions within 30 days."

That was the wording of an enticing little ad which appeared in last week's *NME*. The company who placed it were called On Video — and after responding to the ad ourselves, we here at *Videosyncrasy* have decided that On Video have hit upon a grade A brainwave.

The scheme goes like this: you're an unsigned group who wants to get seen by all the most important people in the business. Up to now, groups in your position have had to "do the rounds" carrying tatty little demo tapes which you know are destined for the oblivion of an A&R man's bin, while trying hopelessly to attract London-based execs to your gig in Bolton. But now, if you've got a couple of hundred quid to spare — and at the risk of sounding like On Video's PR — your troubles may just be over.

If their plan works out, every month from now on On Video will be delivering a free 'video audition tape' to all the major record companies, leading labels, clubs, promoters, etc. Each tape will have about 30 different bands and singers on it — for which privilege the artists concerned pay an £80 service charge plus the cost of making a video (though they can, if they wish, supply their own).

As Marquee Club booker Nigel Hutchings observes: "It's a great idea. It means I can sit down once a month and look at 30 bands. Things have obviously got to start moving in this direction."

On Video is the brainchild of three partners — PR man Mike Foot, photographer Michael Hinton, and artist Paul Morgan, who has family connections with Morgan Studios. After six months research "to find out what people want in a demo video", they've set up shop in Camden, North London, with three cameras and a long contacts list.

Groups wishing to appear on the video audition tape can supply their own soundtrack, whether in demo tape or single form, or they can be filmed playing live.

How much you pay for making your video depends how quickly you get it right — about £100 for a typical six-take session is Foot's estimate.

The audition tape is then sent out to 100 recipients (20 have been added since the ad appeared), along with a biog sheet. In return, the record execs and promoters have to fill in a comments sheet (which is passed on to the artists) before they receive the next month's tape. But the videos themselves stay on the recipients' shelves — so that even if you don't get any action right away, you could possibly get a call six months hence from someone who's just checked back through the archives . . . And bands also get to keep their own session, so they can hawk it around themselves too.

The demo tape we saw was of good quality, both colour and sound-wise, and On Video assure us that all tapessent out will be of comparable standard.

Paul Blyth of Strutz, the Fife band who pioneered the indie video single, was immediately enthusiastic when we told him about it.

"It's a good idea — especially with it going to the clubs. London agents just aren't interested in out-of-town bands usually, but you'd definitely stand more chance of getting gigs this way. I'll definitely be getting in touch."

— PHIL McNEILL

ON VIDEO

This article appeared only two weeks ago.

We are pleased to announce our first video audition tape is now being released this week. We would like to take this opportunity to thank the Music industry for their interest and enthusiastic support.

Our next release is now being compiled. For further information, call Martine on 01-267 0238

Or see us at the International Music Show, Wembley Conference Centre, 13th/18th March.

LIVE!

THOSE SCOTS BOYS GO BANANAS!

THOSE FRENCH GIRLS

Glasgow

UNASHAMEDLY SMUG, the costumed audience at this Charities Dance have spent the day on the streets rattling cans for contributions and indulging in some jolly old buffoonery . . . Heard the one about the dolphin and the banana? Surrounded by unconvincing schoolgirls, weary ghouls, and a few right clowns, we escape to the balcony to observe the group.

You probably know them actually — been kicking around for years: used to play in pubs uptown (cover versions of rock standards and a couple of their own numbers). Went a bit New Wave — started wearing tight black satin pants and white sandshoes, vests and futurist boots . . . bought a synthesiser, borrowed a few of the 'right' sounds, and conned someone into paying them to make anonymous, uselessly inadequate records for public consumption.

"Students love this kind of thing" remarked my companion as we followed their alarmingly predictable set through to the bitter end. Having unburdened his props (a half-eaten banana, a pillow, and a tatty bunch of flowers — in that order 'though the significance eludes me) on the over-appreciative audience, the balding singer bawls "AFRICA AWAKEN!" over a wailing guitar and staunchly solid rhythm, then writhes his naked torso around the floor a bit, while the chap on synth attacks his machine with a frustrated longing, it seems, to grab an electric guitar, toss his head back, and contort in feigned agony in time to a screeching solo.

The audience gurgle and cheer for more : and suddenly the re-release of 'Layla', the high-charting of the J. Geils Band, and Frankie Miller's constant ability to pack 'em in, fall smack into place.

No self-respecting fanzine round here ever gave Those French Girls as much as a stapled corner. We have still more riches to discover and delight at; the exhilarating James King And The Lone Wolves, The Jazzateers, the very wonder ful Bluebells, the near-legendary Pastels and more . . . 'Tender Object', 'Upwards And Onwards', 'Satellite City' (this week) on the stunning Orange Juice LP . . . and I digress . . .

The Revillos, the main attraction, trashed their frenzied pop routine to death ages ago.

It's time they hung their winged boots, glittering epaulettes and Betty Rubble ballgowns away for good — lest they grow old playing supports on the student circuit, described on posters as being 'zany' and 'whacky'. There's a new, softer, more subtle cabaret being perfected by the likes of Sophisticated Boom Boom, The French Impressionist . . .

Their irrevocable redundancy and particular shoddiness is more saddening than maddening, but my friend is muttering dark comparisons and I think he said Uriah Heep . . . Fay and Eugene are shakily jerking and duetting a murdererous version of 'Hippy Hippy Shake' as we slip out. Incidentally, Kirk Brandon's ears — utterly fascinating as I'm sure they must be — have absolutely nothing on Fay Fife's knees. In fact Fay Fife's knees, it has to be said, are pure sex.

Kirsty McNeill

FASHION

NEW SINGLE
STREETPLAYER-MECHANIK

«7" (17.78 CM) ARIST 456 » « 3. TRACK 12" (30.48 CM)
ARIST 12456 » « PRODUCED BY ZEUS B HELD»

ARISTA

The Michael Schenker Group

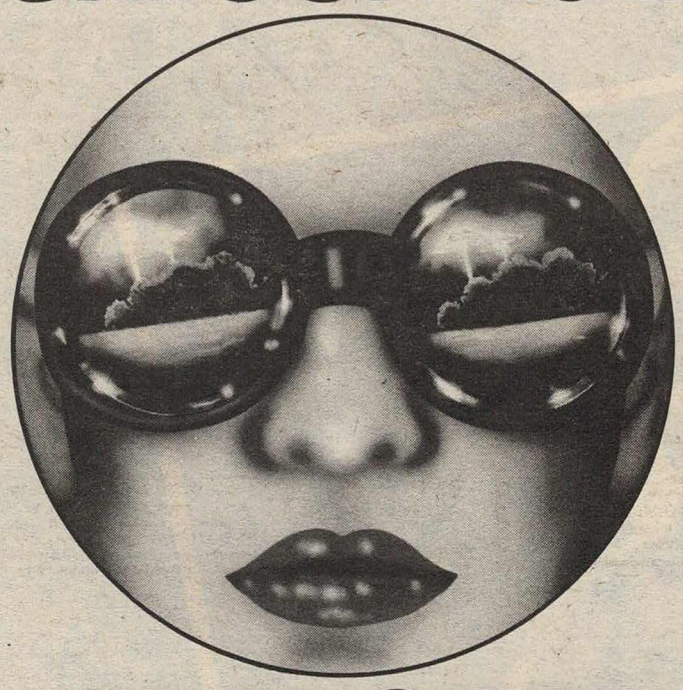
One Night at Budokan

MSG 'One Night At Budokan' ★★★★★
I PREDICT that if this short-fused, double barrelled dose of dynamite gets released out of the Land Of The Rising Yen and into the U.K. at a price harmonious with the depths of British pockets it shall bloweth all cobwebs off every dozing closet axe hero on these isles.
PHILLIP BELL/SOUNDS

SPECIAL LOW PRICE DOUBLE LIVE ALBUM

Chrysalis

THE BEAT OF WINGS OVER THE SILICON AGE



A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

I RAN

JIVE

THE NEW SINGLE
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SEAGULLS MARCH-APRIL TOUR

MARCH 17	HAMILTON	3 D's
MARCH 18	GLASGOW	NITE MOVES
MARCH 19	EDINBURGH	NIGHT CLUB
MARCH 20	LOUGHBOROUGH	UNIVERSITY
MARCH 22	LEEDS	WAREHOUSE
MARCH 24	KIRKLEAMINGTON	COUNTRY CLUB
MARCH 25	MANCHESTER	POLYTECHNIC
MARCH 26	NORWICH	GALA BALLROOM
MARCH 27	CARDIFF	NEROES
MARCH 28	BRISTOL	TRINITY HALL
MARCH 30	LIVERPOOL	PICKWICKS
MARCH 31	HUDDERSFIELD	POLYTECHNIC
APRIL 1	BRIGHTON	EXTREMES
APRIL 2	BATH	MOLES CLUB
APRIL 3	COVENTRY	GENERAL WOOLF
APRIL 5	BIRMINGHAM	HOLY CITY ZOO
APRIL 6	LONDON	T.B.A.

RECORDED AT BATTERY STUDIOS

Don't Touch That Dial!

BY ADRIAN ORLOWSKI

Illustration: Mark Fairnington

Fight back against those faulty products

AIN'T GONNA STAND FOR IT!

LAST MONTH I wrote about the poor standard of records and tapes — as if you needed reminding! Probably no-one who has bought records can put their hands on their hearts and swear to being perfectly happy with the quality of records. Now there's a thought for you...

Yet when buying a record means taking a chance — when you're not sure if you'll like the music — isn't the quality of the product going to influence your decision more? If you knew the record itself was going to be excellent — no scratches, rumbles, static, distortion, etc — how many of you would be more willing to take that chance?

So I say to the record companies: if you want to sell more records give people something they want to buy. Make a better product which offers value for money and take away the incentive from home taping.

Don't believe anyone who says it can't be done. You have only to look at some of the practices that go on in manufacturing records to see the contempt in which record companies apparently hold their product, and by extension, you the consumer. Some examples...

When western economies took a hammering from the increase in oil prices in the early 70's, record companies took to 're-processing' old records for the vinyl in them. What this means is they go straight into the mix, label and all. Scratch the label and you find bits of another one underneath. And it doesn't do much for the music, having bits of old label just under the groove.

Suppose a record company finds it has an unexpected hit record on its hands, or wants to reissue an old one, but — wauuggh! — the master tapes have gone missing (it does happen). What to do? Find an existing copy, sputter it with metal, and use that as a master for your mothers and stampers.

I came across one recently which I'll swear had had this treatment (the record company won't tell me) — it sounded like the stylus had suddenly dropped off my cartridge. Someone even had the gall to label it 'special edition — pressed in West Germany'. And it was too. But nothing there that infringes the Sale of Goods Act...

Finally a report from a UK manufacturer of quality turntables who went along to various companies' cutting studios because he was looking for a decently cut test disc. To his horror and amazement he found that some cutting lathes had not been oiled in the ten years since their installation. He says he tried to make some suggestions as to how they could be improved in simple ways for much better performance, but was told in no uncertain terms to mind his own business..!

Admittedly record companies are aware of problems. Reps frequently collect bundles of faulty records from retailers with no more than an Oh well, can't win 'em all. Recently more and more pressing is being done in Germany, where for some (not so) mysterious reason the final product seems to emerge in rather better shape.

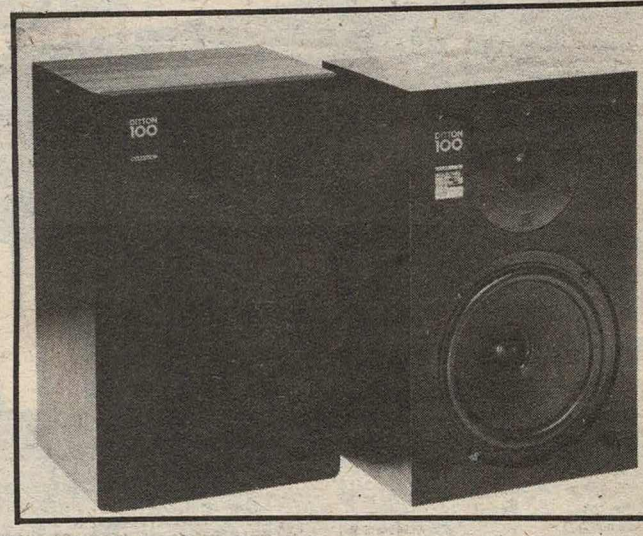
But standards are still far below those the Japanese regularly achieve in their plants at no extra cost to the consumer. (If you get ever to Tokyo, I advice you to buy as many records as you can bring back — they will all be immaculate). If you want to buy a good quality record in this country it seems you have to pay at least 100 per cent more for an 'audiophile' version, which frankly is rather pushing it — but I'll come back to these delights at a later date.

In the meantime, if you're dissatisfied with the quality of any record you buy, TAKE IT BACK! This way you'll end up with a decent copy if you persist long enough. But you'll also be taking ammunition away from record companies who justify the status quo by pointing to low rates of return.

One company recently wound up its returns department because it estimated the cost of dealing with each one separately was in excess of £100. Presumably they'll now be just sending out replacements, which may or may not be better than the ones they had returned.

Like any capitalist monolith the record companies seem imperturbable. But if enough people return records, they will have to change their practices.

CHIRPY CHEAPIE CHOICE



CELESTION 100

This small speaker is a new cheapie Celestion added to their range at £70 the pair. Celestion are currently making a stir with a remarkable new speaker in the £250 bracket which incorporates new technology and we'll look at that soon. But it seems some of that has been incorporated in this model.

In chipboard with a synthetic finish the 100 is for use on an open bookshelf, and its small size and light weight will bring no problems here. But you're strongly advised to leave the grille off, as the treble sounds more uneven with it in place. Amp matching won't be a problem.

I liked its sound very much. The sonic effects of small budget speakers have been cleverly disguised. No soft or (alternatively) hard and grating cymbals, no stodgy bass, and no boxiness.

Sound is open and clear right into the treble, although deep bass in missing. Instrumental separation is good and stereo is ambient, and music comes over boldly. In fact it's perhaps a shade too forthright, but when this quality is absent in a lot of budget gear or confused, it seems no bad thing. Recommended.

Adrian Orlowski

VEGA FROM PAGE 15

Suicide we're not doing the next two nights. Big scandal."

Do you get tired of taking abuse from audiences?

"I don't think so. But I think I do actually. I say it doesn't bother me, I'm used to this shit, but then I go home and start hitting the walls or something. I feel embattled sometimes, but sometimes I don't. (Laughing) It's all I can get right now anyway. It's all I can hope for on this tour. Hey, I don't ask for much. They haven't hit me with anything yet. And I've managed to last this one out. I did almost get thrown off after the second date for using obscenity.

"It was in Philadelphia, and the crowd was being rowdy. I said Give me more — and I got it. After the gig, Dave Hill (The Pretenders' manager) comes and asks me, Alan can you take it? And it turns out he saw me with Suicide in England on that Clash tour, in '78, when I was walking off the stage bleeding every night. I told him to get lost.

"That Clash tour was like going to hell. Talk about crazy audiences. I still wake up screaming sometimes from that one. It was the blood tour. Every night we thought we were going to die.

"I hate this kind of tour 'cause you can't get to the girls. When I played the clubs I always thought, boy, I can't wait to play big tours where all the girls come around. But it's like the army, the security is so tight, no one can get backstage. The girls can't get there."

Don't let all this loose talk fool you. Vega is loyal to his woman, Anne Deon. He's even producing a record for her, although he swore after 'Collision Drive' that he would never produce again.

"When I get up there and have my own thing going, I'm only gonna let girls backstage. We'll have light girls, sound girls, lawyer girls, road manager girls. . ."

In the end, there's a laugh. Nothing's that serious. Vega keeps his humour through a dialectic in which two views of himself work out to a healthy balance. He is an artist who knows he has created moments that will last. And he is a street kid who knows he has to hustle always, and that most of the numbers running are scams anyway.

"It amazes me when I make any money on this business. And look, my being in this thing got you guys on a weekend up here. You must feel pretty good when you pull off something like this. You guys are hustlers too, just like us."

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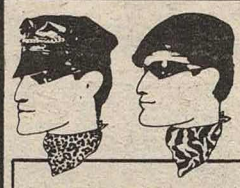

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RATS

FROM PAGE 34

disagreed with her. Yet it's me who is villified! It's me who's fucked in the face!"

Old wounds obviously take a long time to heal, Still nervous of their motivations being misinterpreted, The Boomtown Rats are now wary of playing a Solidarity benefit they'd previously expressed interest in.

"We really wanted to do it," says Geldof, "because the only way we can help is through music. Personally I think the military takeover should have had the same effect as the Spanish Civil War on people in the '30s, when people joined the International Brigade because they believed fascism was something to be stopped. That's how I feel about Poland. Of course. El Salvador is just as bad, but the point is you have to express your moral outrage about *all* these things. Which is why we want to do it. But what's stopping us is because our motivations for doing it will be doubted. It will be seen as such a fucken liberal thing to do, even though I'd do more if I could."

It's absurd that someone of Geldof's position should be so lacking in self-confidence that his conviction might be frightened into second place by the anticipated sneers. Still, it is a measure of the hurt the man feels. Just so the hours spent submitting a lengthy defence of the Rats at the expense of discussing broader interests. But after two years of self-imposed press silence, he obviously felt he had plenty to get off his chest.

Now the air has been cleared, maybe we can get onto something else . . .

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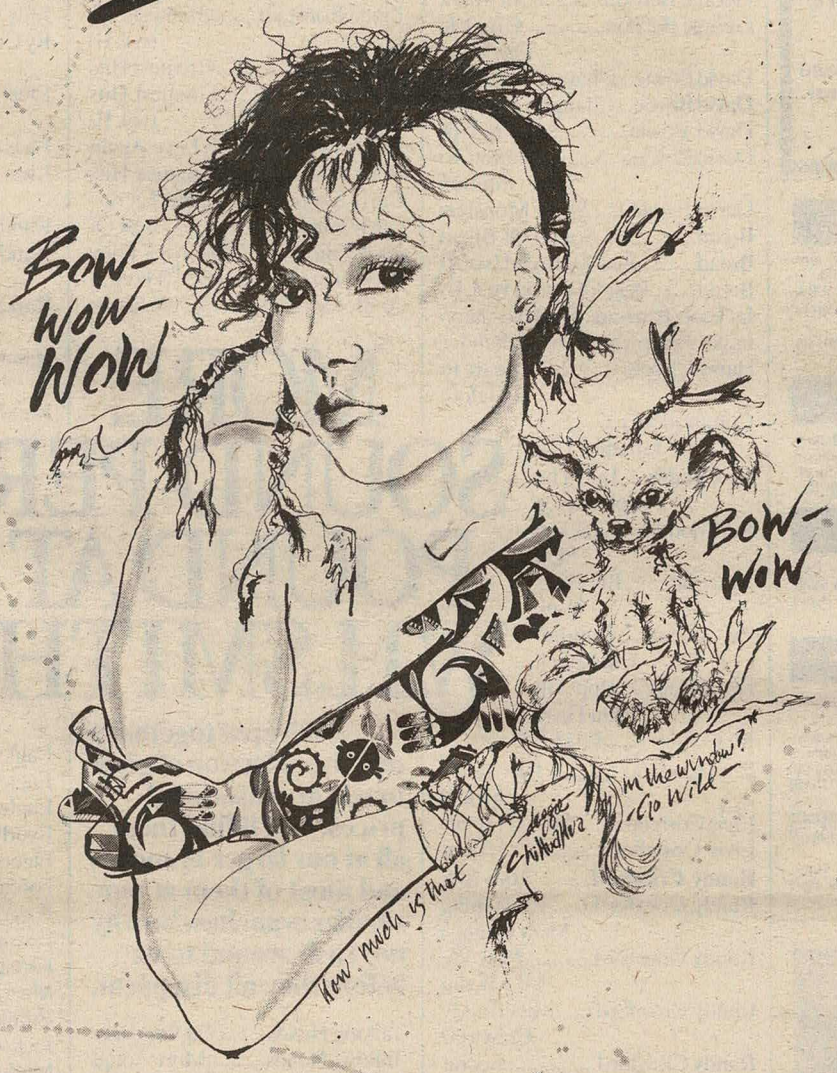


Illustration by Connie Jude

Chewing Your Bones of Contention: Paul Du Noyer

IN THE DOGHOUSE — PART ONE

That fellow Morley again. Hypothesis: that because his controversial articles continually arouse widespread anger, then the regular expression of dissatisfaction from the majority of an interestingly declining readership somehow justifies his position on the *NME* staff and his position as an important journalist. That his position is to shake up the sterile minds of the mass of the readership, wallowing comfortably in the acceptable sounds of yesterday. And to celebrate (from within) a new culture embracing music, fashion and (life)style.

His importance and success is thus seen in terms of the regular and generally angry response he evokes. Controversy equals thought and discussion, awareness and change. A similar style/attitude to the way that Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill wrote big bold controversies against the excess and stagnancy of the mid-'70s, and what/whom they later saw to be cheapeners and exploiters of punk. However, whereas their refreshingly bold writing aroused fuel for thought, controversial journalism evoking an angry response *and* a necessary questioning that coincided with an increase in the sales and popularity of the paper, Morley's style looks to achieve similar ends, but fails hopelessly as the style/movement he champions is of 'nice' lightweight music, and a (life)style on a fervently-created pedestal of self-importance, an essentially hollow smug cocktail elite.

Much of 'rock' is stagnant, but what's being pushed as the alternative stinks, particularly in the light of the society, events, climate and state of the country around us. Morley's style has in theory to be commended; however in actuality it just doesn't work. Criticism can be art, but surely born out of what is being criticised, and not just total 'self', regardless.

A lifestyle so celebrated is totally alien and obscene to the majority of Normals. And in Morley, music is no longer, replaced instead with aspects of self, feign-pertaining to art, actually empty and banal.

I don't like *Errol* either.
Ross, Manchester.
Okay. Hand on heart, the last thing I wanted was a *Bag*-full of Morleymoans. By a massive majority, however, this week's *Gas*-gang shoot those poison arrows in but a single direction — PDN.

Okay, which joker gave Paul Morley the book of *How To Waffle* by Brian Donsear for Christmas? He obviously reached the final chapter in time to write his review (?) of Theatre Of Hate live. Well, it's either that, or the man is INSANE!!!
V. Van Gogh, Ealing.
Uh-oh. Ear we go — PDN

Not wishing to contribute to the sad Paul Morley/whipping boy sensation, I must declare my horror over his Kirk Brandon "review", with its insistent emphasis on Kirk's ears. I was truly shocked. Well done, Paul. Much love.
Colin, Bangor.

Pathetic is the only word I can use to describe Paul Morley's review (?) of Theatre Of Hate's gig in Gravesend. Was it a review, or just Morley fantasising about Kirk Brandon? I went to the gig and saw TOH play a damned good set. As far as I can make out, Morley is either deaf or cares more about Kirk Brandon's ears than for the band's music.

Yes, Paul, we have all got ears. They are the things on the side of your head used for hearing.I cannot see anything unnatural about Kirk's ears. Could you not stick to reviewing music? If we want a medical journal we will buy one. What has "Are Kirk Brandon's ears trivial or frigid?" got to do with the gig? Who cares what his ears are like, except Kirk himself?

Stick to music, please. It was a band who played that evening, not a pair of ears!
I. Taylor, Chatham, Kent.

If Paul Morley mentions Kirk Brandon's ears once more, I'll personally castrate him. . .
A Hate Believer, Grimsby.
Bit vicious, isn't it? Personally, I and several others up here can't *wait* for Kirk's next waxing. Uh, I mean, next record — PDN

END OF PART ONE — WHAT'S ON TV?

Could I just say that *Riverside* is the trendy-est, most wanky, posey and self-sucking pile of horse-shit ever. I don't know which is the worst: the audience, the presenters, the guest 'artists' or the salad settee. . .
An Alternative Tentacle.

I don't know about anyone else, but the only reason I watch *The Old Grey Whistle Test* is to see who's on next week!
Richard Scott, temporarily of Leeds.
Definition of an optimist — PDN.

This is 1982, over and out. Post-punk, repeat, repeat, futile, a requiem. Send the flowers to . . . Johnny Ray, courtesy of Anarchy International. Do the Headless Chicken — consume, consume, eyes closed, hedonism, anachronism. New Punk — zombie trash. Buy me: eat your way out the death circuit, merry cliche. The rise and fall of the man with no face. The ghost of Charley Bubbles eyes the whole sordid scene with distaste. Hey man, I really care, finger on the pulse. Just cute, OBVIOUS . . .

All together now. Political. Musical. Lots of cheap words bandied around (as seen herein). Futurist suckers, dance don't riot, cocktails, fashion, fun. Yeah yeah, glib talk. Really spontaneous man! Who wants Bruce Springsteen, Oi, Bushell, Blue Rondo etc etc etc etc etc. The mega-turkeys should be put down. Riots, glorious riots, discuss don't riot, talk don't riot, dissect don't riot, give, give free — consumer goods as seen on TV. I think I'll wear this tight wig to show my disgust at society's obselescence. We are the hip-trip cryptic club scene, morphine queens. New hippy, old hippy, serious — ooh! Caring — aah! Kid gloves, musos, LONDON, LONDON. 1982, spring cleaning due. Anti-nuke, la la la. This is fun. It's been a good year for the poses. Please misinterpret me.
Ian Gott, Up North Somewhere.
I wouldn't even try — PDN

Great article by Richard Cook — let's have more of this man! Belated thanks to U2 for their Lyceum concert of passion and love and joy. Carry on singing unto the Lord with thanksgiving, boys.
Basil Hume, Wesminster.
P.S. Richard Cook for Pope.
Thanks Bazz. But now, time to do more penance — PDN.

DOGHOUSE — PART TWO

NME 1981-82: Paul Morley, Human League, Blue Rondo A La Turk, Heaven, Depeche Mode, August Darnell, Salsa, *Errol*, Spandau Ballet, Perry Haines, FUNk, Cocktails, Haircut 100, Pigbag, Rockism, Wah! Heat, Echo And The Bunnymen, Norman Tebbit, U2, The Jam, Paul Weller, rape, Thatcher, CND, Ray Lowry, X.Moore, 'Ghost Town', riots, 3 million unemployed.
REALITY 1981-82: 3 million unemployed, riots, 'Ghost Town', Ray Lowry, X.Moore, CND, Thatcher, rape, Paul Weller, The Jam, U2, Norman Tebbit, Echo And The Bunnymen, Wah!Heat, Rockism, Pigbag, Haircut 100, Cocktails, FUNk, Perry Haines, Spandau Ballet, *Errol*, Salsa, August Darnell, Depeche Mode, Heaven, Blue Rondo A La Turk, Human League, Paul Morley.

Say hello, wave goodbye. From now on I will read the *Daily Mirror*'s pop page.
A. Cynic, 33 Beasley Street.
And I'm *sure* you'll find what you're looking for. They say that people see only what they want to see. But for some of you, the opposite is true: the only things you seem to notice in *NME* are the things you can't stand. Dare I suggest there are thousands of grumbling readers who'd place your two lists preciseley the other way around? — PDN.

Each week I buy the only half-decent music paper in Britain, increasingly expecting to read: *"NME* writer Paul Morley was earlier this week dragged from a night club, and driven off in a little grey van to an unnamed asylum. He was reported to have screamed, 'I'm not nuts. I'm alive. Be happy, dance'. A Doctor Finlay has since told *NME*, 'Paul's calmed down. He took no time in adapting to the routine here. He's actually quite a funny character, finding all sorts of symbolic and surrealist images in the weirdest of places. He's in a total dreamworld of course, unfortunately preoccupied with trivialities like wearing a 1¼inch turn-up on his pyjama trousers, and insisting on his cocoa being shaken not stirred'."

But instead/I find more of Morley's nonsensical articles. Showing all the awareness of a piss-artist, he uses an extensive vocabulary to hide the basic fact that he's got fuck-all to say. Yours in a friendly manner,
Wee Eck, Chiswick.

Please get rid of Paul Morley. I can't take the bastard any more. Tell him to go and work

for a crap paper like *Melody Maker* where he belongs. I blame him for *NME* going downhill. He's horrid. Ugh! *Chuck Trilby, Plop Road, Plop.*

A sad and sorry tale which, I hope, will touch the hearts of . . . well, Paul and me, anyway. I walked into work (I work in a record shop — privileged huh?) and was told with obvious relish that the latest figures revealed *Sounds* taking over from *NME* as No. 1 music rag in the U.K. I was tersely told by a colleague (they always did poke fun at my *NME*-itis) that information and facts were what the public wanted, hence *Sounds'* new-found popularity.

But *Sounds?* I could have stood the bitchiness and vagaries of *Record Mirror,* or even stuffy old *Melody Maker,* trying admirably hard to push the dinosaurs into extinction despite its readership. But *Sounds?!* Always the slowest bandwagon-jumper, always ready to con fools by — often dangerously — encouraging every short-sighted unthinking mob-fashion that emerges, using slogan-by-numbers rockspeak. I couldn't believe it!

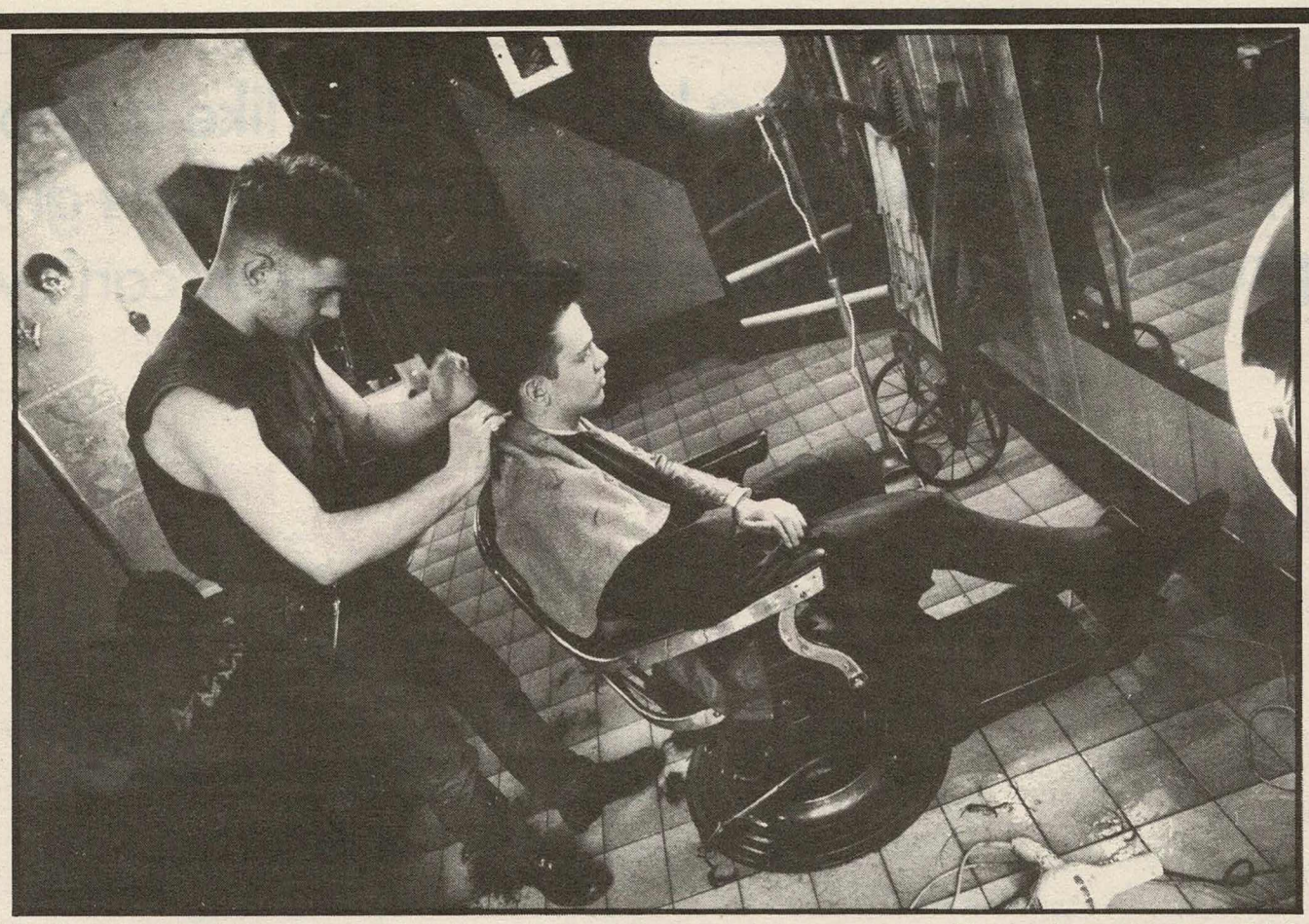
My faith in human nature was at an all-time low, as my mind scuttled round for an explanation. Surely people wanted diversity of opinion, colourful writing, social awareness and an opportunity to read about something other than, ahem, *Rock And Roll?* My theory is this . . .

Every institution/organisation has its public face, a face which takes on the features of its loudest voice. E.g. Labour Party/Benn, Nottingham Forest/Clough, The Clash/Strummer etc. In the last year the *NME*'s loudest voice has become that of one Paul (are you crying yet, Paul?) Morley. This has come about simply because he's an outstanding writer. But, outstanding writer or not, Paul's world is (on paper) one of uncertainty , vanity, rejection of working-class values and, most of all (this one's the clincher), ambiguity. Without trying to sound arrogant, I don't think your average Jam fan reader can take it.

Gasbag used to be full of these letters. You remember: "Who the hell does Paul Morley think he is?". "How the hell can Paul Morley say Pink Floyd are the greatest group in the history of mankind?" — from people who hadn't realised our Paulie was being sarcastic, even when it was so obvious. (I know my example was a little *too* obvious).

Your average rock fan wants to be comforted in the knowledge that other people are as useless, despondent and defeated as he is. This accounts for *Sounds* popularity. But I don't suppose any of this is any consolation considering how much *Sounds* can lord it over you with smug I-told-you-so's. The question is: what the hell are you going to do about it? Eh, Paul? Love,
Garry Mulholland,
Peterborough, Cambs.
If we had some sort of 'Letter Of The Week' prize, Garry, then I swear it would be yours. If people hate Paul's reviews, then stick to his interviews, which are superb. Failing that, there's always the other 95% of the paper — PDN.

Has there been a takeover bid by Paul Morley for *NME?* If it's true then how about *MME* (Morley's Musical Express)? As far as I can see there's nothing stopping him. I mean, his name crops up more times than Red Mountain Coffee. Can Paul beat the Receiver to owning *NME,* or has he done it already?
John De Lorean
Next week: lots and lots of insulting letters about Fred Dellar — PDN.



It was way back last September when* NME *introduced you to West London's Antennae shop — "the place for people who want their hair cut but hate hairdressers". After Antennae operative Roger Dunford Smith did his* Portrait Of The Artist *for us, both he and the salon picked up considerable notice, although Antennae itself has mutated from the basic demob decor visible in this month's* Face *— towards full London Dungeon-chic metallique. Now, via the miracle invention of "albolocks", strands of phoney hair braided into your own, Roger can offer you the chance to wear long hair short, and vice versa. The result is kind of tailor-made modern dread for Western heads. One aspiring hair-bert who picked up on the Antennae buzz was Jona Lewie, who bagged the venue for his video of 'I Think I'll Get My Hair Cut'.
Pic: Peter Anderson

T–ZERS

A DRINK? Well, don't mind if I do. Like the baby seal said: I'll have a Canadian Club — on the rocks . . .

And so, having just lost the readership of thousands of Animal Liberationists — not to mention several baby seals — we swing into another weekly constipation of *T–Zers.* A fairly bread 'n' butter sort of bunch from the look of them, so it seems the least we can do is stick some **Jam** on it. As follows, fellows . . .

The Jim's smash hit 'A Town Called Malice' has, apparently, caused some raised eyebrows (two per person, at a quick head-count) over at **EMI.** This is because **Polydor** issued two different versions — a 7" studio and a 12" live — under the same catalogue number — and the theory goes that large numbers of product-hungry Jam loyalists may have bought both versions, so distorting the record's chart-topping position. Interesting, yes? So the powers-that-be at EMI got in touch with chart-compilers the **BMRB,** asking for clarification. It seems the official reply is that two slightly different treatments of the same song still count quite legitimately as one record, especially as most 12-inchers differ to some extent from the basic version. Result: powers appeased, eyebrows lowered, EMI accept the ruling without objection or protest . . .

And still with EMI — not implying any manner of vendetta or nose-thumbing toward aforesaid company (honest **Brian,** we thought the **Roger Whitaker** mag was cute, really) — it might be reassuring for employers of the World's Greatest Recording Organisation to reflect on the postcode of their huge factory in Hayes, Middlesex. It starts with the digits **UB40** . . .

Backstage at **Emmylou Harris's** London show, doubtless copping a country lick or two, was **Elvis Costello** . ...

Gary Crowley, just one of the many starlets of stage and screen who got their first taste of showbiz tinsel via a stint as *NME* receptionist, began a brave bid this week to lively-up the airwaves, hosting the first of his two-hour pop shows on London's **Capital Radio.** Gallant Garfield, once dubbed "Mister Cockney" by a passing American tourist, reckons the prog could put style back into streetcred, and streetcred back into style. Bear in mind, however, that these claims come from a man whose new haircut entitles him to life membership of the cocktail set . . .

Listen out for a new album on **Hannibal,** (the label that gave you **Defunkt**) entitled 'I Remember Nino Rota'. Nino *whom,* you enquire? Well, Nino Rota wrote-a all-a da **Fellini** filmscores. And the new LP showcases his material in that line, performed by assorted luminaries of the NY jazz circuit, including **Steve Lacey, Richard Abrams, Warren Smith** and **Carla Bley.** Also sticking their perfectly-proportioned noses into the affair are **Debbie Harry** and **Chris Stein,** who guest on vocals and guitar respectively . . .

Peter *Style Wars* Yorke is to be the presenter / narrator, **Jon Savage** the scriptwriter, and **Julian Rock'n'Roll Swindle Temple** the director, in an hour-long **Granada TV** special. Subject of their elegantly-perceptive attentions is to be This Thing Called Youth Culture . . .

And yet, what price Youth Culture now — with the news that **Poly Styrene** has renounced her past, her name and her manager, and is living blissfully within a **Krishna** temple . . .

Grace Jones' upcoming LP is now, as they say, "all but finished", made up mostly of original compositions. One cover lined up, though, is **Bob Marley's** 'Kinky Reggae'. . .

HEY–UP, here it comes: *T-Zer* of the week. Free love is a thing of the past, or so we're told by **Neville Staples** of the **Fun Boy Three.** Neville was fined £150 by Coventry magistrates, on three charges of making excessive noise in his flat. This arose after a neighbour complained to police about the sounds of love-making and, er, other sexual activities, emanating from Mr Staples' bedroom after lights out. "It seems that the days of the cheap screw are over," was the 'Fun' Boy's poignant parting comment . . .

'Kid' Creole — so named because of the avalanche of false tour rumours around last year — is finally set to play UK dates in June. Er, well, they say they *might* be over then. Word on the wire, anyhow, speaks of some shows in London — possibly at the **Dominion** or the **Talk Of The Town,** but probably *not* the **Hope And Anchor** — some in the north, wherever that is, and in **Scotland** . . .

And stand by for the first 45 from ex-Depecher **Vince Clarke.** Out next week on **Mute,** it features a girl blues singer in the line-up, which goes under the collective name of **Yazoo** . . .

LAST MONTH saw both **Stevie Wonder** and **James Brown** in **Washington,** both for lobbying purposes. Stevie — with his 'Musicquarium' now in the can — performed on the steps of the **Capitol,** and spoke inside to gain support for a national holiday honouring **Martin Luther King.** Meanwhile . . .

James Brown spent 20 minutes with Vice Prez **George Bush,** discussing the position of the jobless and unskilled. Brown's idea, claims our informant, is to set up a chain of "first-class shoeshine stands in urban and rural areas" — uh, are we sure about this one? — and to name this programme **"Groom Me".** "That's where James Brown comes from," explained the scheme's co-sponsor the **Rev Al Sharpton,** who goes on to say that all minorities would be employed in the programme, with each worker having a third of his salary put aside "for college". Well it impressed George Bush at least, who then took the Godfather in to meet his **Boss.** And Brown's impression of **Reagan?** "My number one cowboy!" Oh boy . . .

Incidentally, while minds are still reeling, bend an ear to whispers re James Brown's imminent signing to A Well-Known Record Company — whose ideas for the Soul Supremo might involve taking him to **Compass Point** to work with **Sly 'n' Robbie** . . .

Apologies for the no-**Spandau**-album-review situation this week. A fighting fund has been set up in the office so we can buy the ten quid four-single box set version, and, after a frankly slow start, the pennies are now literally trickling in. Special thanks to keen Ballet fan **M. Smith** for his more-than-generous contribution of an Irish threepenny bit . . .

Headline of the week: the *Sun's* interview with **Annette Walter-Lax,** girlfriend to **Keith Moon** till his death in 1978. "I'M OVER THE MOON". . .

In fact, now we've got down to the **"Simon and Garfunkel** to re-unite?' type-*T-Zers,* it's time to go home . . .

Gazz Glitter — seen here cunningly disguised as Lee Thompson of Madness — stages his 18th come-back (this year). Here, in an especially moving moment from the new show, GG introduces his new costumier and make-up artist — Mr S Uggs, a used-carpet salesman of no fixed wardrobe.
Pic: Clare Muller

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BETTER BADGES

Top Ten W/e 13.3.82

This Last Week		
1	(—)	ORANGE JUICE — Dolphin 1"
2	(—)	ORANGE JUICE — Heart 1"
3	(9)	FUN BOY 3 — FB3 1"
4	(2)	ANTI–NOWHERE LEAGUE — Fist 1"
5	(3)	THEATRE OF HATE — Westworld 1"
6	(—)	DEPECHE MODE — Speak & Spell 1"
7	(1)	NEW ORDER — Movement 1"
8	(—)	JOY DIVISION — Unk. Pleasures 1"
9	(—)	D.A.F. — Heart 1"
10	(10)	DEAD KENNEDYS — N.P.F.O. 1"

Also in running:
U2 — October 1" BOW WOW WOW Mile High Club 1" Jam Abs. Foundations 1" ECHO Tour Crescent 1" ORANGE JUICE Dolphin ¾" & Heart ¾" & Hula 1" ANWL I hate people 1" & So What? 1" BLITZ 1" KILLING JOKE Empire ¾" JOY DIVISION Still 1".

ALL BADGES — 20p

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